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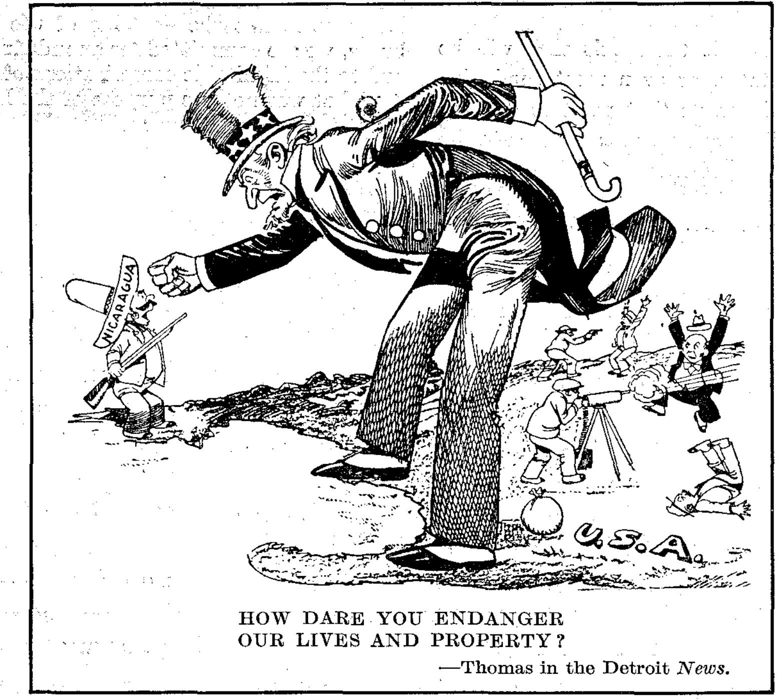
Vol. XCII, No. 5 New York, January 29, 1927 Whole Number 1919

TOPICS OF THE DAY

(This title registered in U. S. Patent Office)

OUR "IMPERIALISM" IN LATIN AMERICA UNDER FIRE

A SWASHBUCKLING, SABER-RATTLING BULLY and "imperialist"—this is the picture of Uncle Sam now appearing in the European press since our marines and bluejackets intervened to protect American life and property in Nicaragua. Thus portrayed, he is attracting almost as much attention as he did in his famous impersonation of *Shylock;* and the authenticity of the new portrait is vigorously affirmed in Central and South America. Europe, as the Washington *Star* remarks, "is fairly reveling in indignation" over the latest evidence of our "imperialism." Particularly striking is this charge when voiced by the press of Great Britain, long viewed as the arch-imperialist of modern nations by her critics here. Under the heading "Dollar Diplomacy," the London *Saturday Review*, which seldom sees any good in us, caustically remarks: "If it were customary in dealing with international affairs to call a spade a spade, we should by now be talking of the country which Mr. Coolidge represents as 'The United States of North and Central America'; for the interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine, at present put forward by Washington, gives the State Department the right to maintain in power any government which it happens to favor in any country north of the Panama Canal." "Mr. Coolidge's method of dealing with Nicaragua," this Conservative weekly goes on to say, "destroys the last vestige of justification for that attitude of moral superiority so often adopted toward this wicked and greedy Europe of ours." "The expansive tendencies which are characteristic of the modern progress of the United States have certainly not stopt at her own political frontiers," comments the London *Times*, which adds: "Not in Cuba only, but in Haiti, San Domingo, and in the smaller States of Central America the predominance of the United States in a hardly definable variety of local affairs is now widely regarded as being in the natural order of things." Mexico, resisting "the normal and noiseless development of these instinctive tendencies," commands growing sympathy, notes *The Times*, "among other Latin-American nations who are feeling acutely the economic pressure of the United States and are inclined to consider its possible political implications." "The United States is finding out, as we found out long ago, how slippery is the slope of imperialism—a slope where the best intentions prove of no avail, and where force of circumstances is always in charge."



HOW DARE YOU ENDANGER
OUR LIVES AND PROPERTY?

—Thomas in the Detroit *News*.

In Russia the Moscow *Pravda*, official organ of the Soviet Government, charges Uncle Sam with imperialism on five allegations—"the Panama treaty, intervention in Nicaragua, the controversy with Mexico, interference in the affairs of Peru and Chile regarding Tacna-Arica, and the building of ten new cruisers." In France the Paris *Temps* finds it "difficult to admit that the principles and methods which characterize America's attitude in Nicaragua and Mexico do not reveal an imperialistic policy"; and it "understands perfectly why the republics of Latin America look toward the future with serious apprehensions." "Is it to conquer Central America that the United States demands our money?" *L'Œuvre*, of Paris, ironically inquires. In Germany the Berlin *Vorwaerts*, official organ of the Social Democrats, remarks that this country's attitude in Central America, "explains the refusal of the party which had been in power since 1920 to join the League of Nations and the Hague arbitration court"; and it adds: "This is the Government which on every occasion from a high pedestal gives peace sermons to Europe and upholds the American example as ideal." And in Italy *La Tribuna*, of Rome, asks what the League of Nations is going to do about protecting the national integrity of Nicaragua and dispelling the war cloud in the Western Hemisphere.

Europe's readiness to accuse us of a purpose to make ourselves master of the Western Hemisphere by force, explains W. W. Jermane in a Washington dispatch to the Seattle *Times*, "is a vehement expression of the ill-will that has grown up against us since the end of the war, due in part to our refusal to become a member of the League of Nations, but due mostly to the way in which we have insisted on shaping the war-debt settlements." But this explanation will hardly fit the criticisms hurled against us by the Latin-American press. Whether our Nicaraguan policy is right or wrong, remarks Frank R. Kent in a Washington dispatch to the Baltimore *Sun*, "one virtually undisputed fact sticks out like a sore thumb, and that is that the ill-will felt for us by the Latin-American republics is poisonously unanimous and intense." Several articles that have appeared in our Foreign Department presenting the views of the Latin-American press are significant in this connection.

Turning to our own people, we find public opinion divided concerning the wisdom of our growing policy of interference in Latin America. Listening first to those who view our course with misgivings, we find Senator Borah, chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, arguing before the Senate for a change in our policy. He decried any attempt on our part to force upon a Latin-American people "a government which they do not want"; and he said that the Monroe Doctrine was "designed solely to protect those countries and that region of the earth from invasion or domination by foreign non-American Powers," and "if it be construed or widened so as to include the rights of the United States in any way to interfere with the complete independence and sovereignty of the South American countries or the Central American countries, it becomes a dagger and not a shield to those people." His suggestion as to the course we should pursue is as follows:

> "Inaugurate a campaign of peace; abolish the idea of force; try friendly relations; seek to establish amity; seek to get in touch with the masses, with the people themselves and we can establish a policy in Central America which will protect our interests and respect our rights."

Our present policy "is uniting Latin America in the common cause of opposition to American imperialism," says the Des Moines *Register*, which asks: "Is this the result that will be most beneficial to the United States, or even most conducive to the prosperity of the special interests that want to develop in Latin-American countries?" This question is answered in the negative by the Washington *News*, in which we read:

> "It is essential to this country's prosperity that the Government pursue a policy which will protect the interests of American business men abroad. We doubt that it is possible for our Government to give assurance of absolute safety to American investors abroad, however, just as it can not give assurance of absolute safety to American investors at home. The problem of the Government, therefore, is to pursue a course that will provide the greatest possible safety, and we do not believe the Government should damage the interests of a large number of American business men in an effort to help a small number.
>
> "There are two kinds of property. One kind of property consists of land, mines and other physical things. Another kind of property has come into being in the modern age of business. You can not see this kind of property. You can not touch it. You can not smell it. But it is very real just the same, and it is growing bigger and more valuable all the time. It is what business men call good-will. We fear that Secretary Kellogg and President Coolidge in their eagerness to protect the property of a few American business men have endangered a great deal of more valuable property earned by and belonging to many American business men. They seem to have forgotten the property interests of thousands of manufacturers and merchants. This property, worth untold millions, consists of the willingness of the people of Latin America to buy goods 'made in America.'
>
> "The good-will of our foreign customers is worth indefinitely more than the difference between a fifty-year title and an absolute title to a Mexican oil-well. Wise business men know this, and that is why they are urging Washington to pause in its misguided course in Latin America."

"Dollar diplomacy is the lion in the path of friendly relations," writes ex-Secretary of the Navy Josephus Daniels in his Raleigh *News and Observer;* and he goes on to say:

> "If American investors choose to make investments, or obtain concessions or titles to lands and property in these countries, they should do so with the understanding that their investments are subject to the laws and rules of that country. The purchase of an oil-well in Mexico does not carry the right to a war-ship from Uncle Sam to control the government of that country.
>
> "The imperialists and concessionaries in Mexico vainly sought to compel Wilson to recognize Huerta, whose hands reeked with the blood of the chosen President of that country. They inveighed against his policy of watchful waiting. They are determined that American investors in Latin-American countries shall dictate the policy of the United States with reference to those governments. They put their dollars above lives of young Americans. The people will not approve such a policy as demands force to protect investments. Latin Americans are entitled to governments of their own making, and our growing interferences have caused the whole world to look upon us as having avid eyes toward those countries. We have lost the friendship of every European nation by a parochial and selfish policy. We are in danger of losing the friendship and confidence of our Latin-American neighbors.
>
> "The land disputes between this country and Mexico should be submitted to arbitration, and we should show by generous and brotherly treatment that we are the true friends of Nicaragua, Mexico, and other Latin-American countries."

"Because the United States is forced by the Monroe Doctrine to maintain a reasonable amount of order throughout the whole Caribbean and Central American territory is no reason why this duty should be distorted into upholding with marines and warships particular governments that suit Wall Street," declares the St. Louis *Star*. "Like Britain in her empire, like Japan in hers, our safety and our interest lie in winning peoples whom we can never hope, even if we desired it, permanently to conquer," remarks the New York *World*, which continues:

> "Yesterday it was Haiti and San Domingo, to-day it is Nicaragua and Mexico, to-morrow it may be Venezuela and Peru; once we take the position that we are the guardians of the old régime on this continent, once we assert that the Monroe Doctrine is like the doctrine of the Bourbons and the Hapsburgs, we are committed for an indefinite time to the use of force and to the illimitable complications of a reactionary empire.
>
> "That was not the purpose of the Monroe Doctrine, and that is not the true and sober will of the American people to-day."

But all this criticism, we are told, will not change the Administration's policy in Nicaragua or Mexico, because in Nicaragua President Coolidge's only concern is to restore tranquillity, and in Mexico it is to prevent the confiscation of American property. As Mr. Coolidge said in his message to Congress about our course in Nicaragua: "It has always been and remains the policy of the United States in such circumstances to take the steps that may be necessary for the preservation and protection of the lives, the property, and the interests of its citizens and of this Government itself. In this respect I propose to follow the path of my predecessors." He could not do other than he has "without abandoning a policy that has been consistently maintained through the Administrations of Roosevelt, Taft, Wilson, and Harding," agrees the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*. "If this policy is imperialistic," declares this daily, "it is prompted by no desire or intent to acquire one foot of soil more than we now possess," as Wilson exprest it, but by compulsion of circumstances growing out of self-defense and the fulfilment of the responsibilities we assumed a century ago in relation to affairs on the American continents." To quote this Missouri paper further:

> "During the Administration of Woodrow Wilson the present treaty with Nicaragua was signed, the protectorate over Haiti was established, and the Danish West Indies were purchased. 'Observing the various steps by which a pacific administration had promoted an imperialistic policy,' says a historian of the year 1916, 'one could hardly view them as anything but inevitable processes in the evolution which had begun with the Spanish War and received additional impetus in the building of the Panama Canal.' That evolution is going on, and must go on, because we could not help it if we would, unless we are to turn our back to our past and betray the trust which destiny has placed in our hands."

Whether America wills it or not, it never can be indifferent to political conditions centering about the control of the Canal, which is vital to its commerce and to its security, says the Kansas City *Star*, which adds:

> "Nicaragua is only an incident in the working out of a great policy of national defense. The debate in the Senate on that

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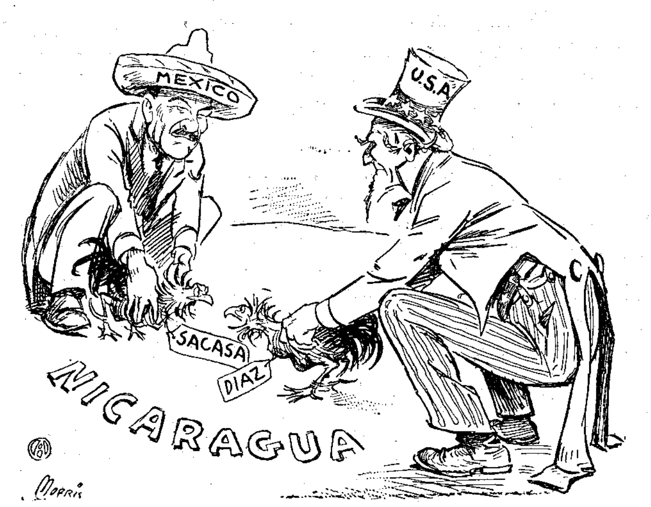
MEXICO
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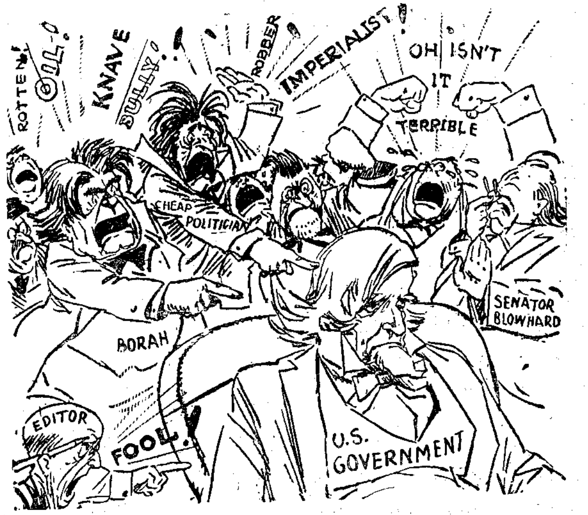
THAT CENTRAL-AMERICAN COCK FIGHT
—Morris for the George Matthew Adams Service.


ROTTEN
OIL-O
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ROBBER
IMPERIALIST
OH ISN'T IT TERRIBLE
CHEAP POLITICIAN
BORAH
SENATOR BLOWHARD
EDITOR
FOOL
U.S. GOVERNMENT

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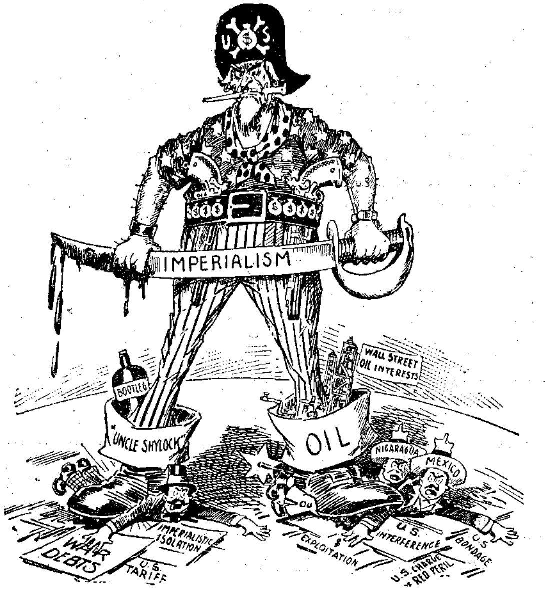
WONDER WHERE OUR FOREIGN NEIGHBORS GET ALL THE PET NAMES THEY CALL US
—Darling in the New York *Herald Tribune*.


U.S.
IMPERIALISM
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WAR DEBTS
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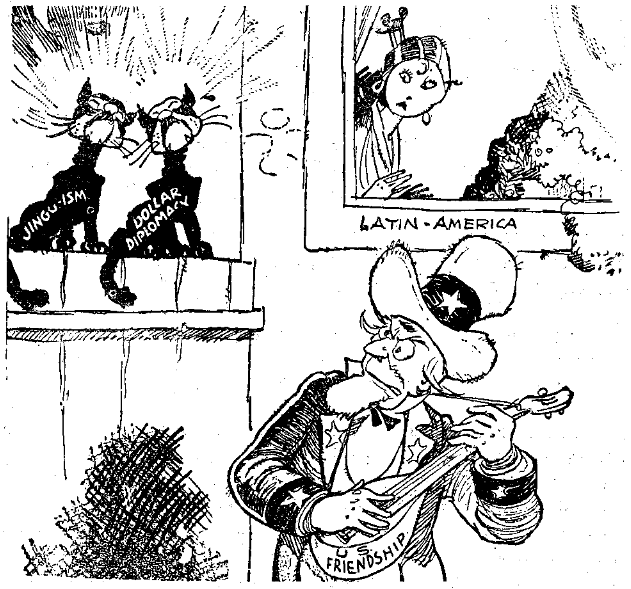
U.S. TARIFF
EXPLOITATION
U.S. INTERFERENCE
U.S. BONDAGE
U.S. CHARGE RED PERIL

AS SEEN BY HIS CRITICS AT HOME AND ABROAD
—North in the Washington *Post*.


JINGO-ISM
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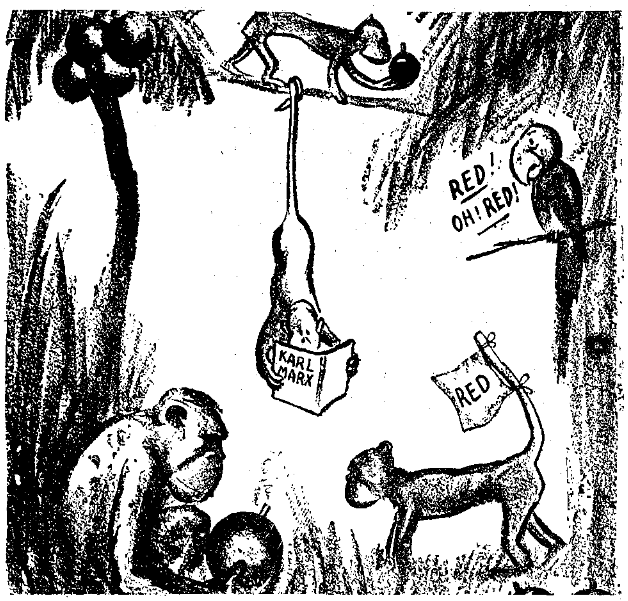
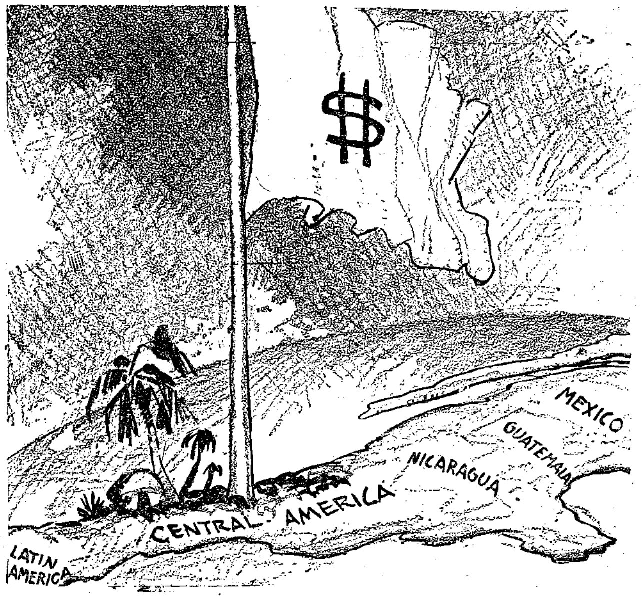
LATIN-AMERICA
U.S. FRIENDSHIP

TOO MUCH STATIC
—Thiele in the Winston-Salem *Journal*.


RED! OH! RED!
KARL MARX
RED

IN THE WILDS OF NICARAGUA
—Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*.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MEXICO
GUATEMALA
NICARAGUA
CENTRAL AMERICA
LATIN AMERICA

"OH, SAY CAN YOU SEE . . .?"
—Thiele in the Winston-Salem *Journal*.

STRANGE FRUIT FROM THE BANANA REPUBLICS

country's right to determine its own destiny can be only academic. The inexorable march of events forces us to accept responsibilities in Nicaragua and through the American tropics. We can not escape them, try as we will.

"The dominance of the great Powers over backward regions implies a trusteeship, both to the peoples thus directed and to other nations. Such oppression as was practised in the Belgian Kongo, for instance, for the production of rubber is an intolerable violation of the trusteeship. The control of India by the British, and of the Philippines by America, are examples of such trusteeship rightly accepted. The question for the United States in Nicaragua and tropical America is not how responsibilities can be evaded. It is how they can be met to the best interests of the Americas and the world."

In the Springfield *Union* we read:

"Nicaragua, when all is said and done, is a nation that must be kept under the wing of the United States. Revolution there endangers many American lives and large American properties, to say nothing of lives and properties of Europeans for whose protection we assume responsibility.

"Like Panama, it is because of its immensely important military position, and because it is the site of an as yet unbuilt canal, to which we possess exclusive rights, a nation to whose affairs the United States can not be indifferent. Whether our landing of marines in Nicaragua be called interference, imperialism, or anything else, it is a necessary step and a step that no other Power on earth, put in our position, would hesitate a moment to take. We go, indeed, much further in liberality to a relatively inconsequential nation like Nicaragua than would most of the other great Powers, which might simply annex a country so poor at orderly self-government and so important to its interests.

"To say that the United States is aggressive, imperialistic, or narrowly selfish in its foreign policy is to overlook our anxiety for disarmament; our efforts to bring about a second Washington conference, to bring peace out of the Tacna-Arica dispute, and to adhere to the World Court; our willingness to cooperate with the League, and the part of our citizens in establishing the Dawes plan. If we are imperialistic in interfering in Nicaragua, then every nation in the world is imperialistic, for none would adopt a more liberal policy than ours, and most of them would insist upon a far less liberal policy."

And in another issue the same Massachusetts paper returns to the subject with the following comment:

"Had South and Central American States been as close to Great Britain, France, Italy, and Germany as they are to the United States, and had the United States not been in the way, those benevolently assimilating Powers of Europe would have been fighting for the last hundred years for the possession of these South American countries.

"When in the last two generations did any of these European Powers now expressing indignation over American 'imperialism' lose a chance to use civil strife in a weak and distant country; to go into it with armed forces and either force concessions or acquire the whole country? The continent of Africa is an example of what would have happened to South America had Europe been as close to it as to Africa, and what might have happened to South America anyway had it not been for the Monroe Doctrine. A large part of Asia is an example of what might have happened to Central America."

"The United States is the protector of the Western world," avers the Washington *Post*, "and it will not suffer free government in this hemisphere to be destroyed by imperial or Communist or other enemies, whether the aggression come from overseas or through Communist countries in this hemisphere." And in equally unapologetic vein the Chicago *Tribune* declares:

"The American Administration wants peace in Central America, and it is endeavoring to remove the causes of disorder before they make it impossible to have order without an otherwise unnecessary and deplorable military exertion.

"Whatever our altruists may think to the contrary, the United States can not get away from its obligations, responsibilities, and duties. It had to eject Spain from the Caribbean after years of avoiding the issue.

"We are not dealing with theories of political liberty, sovereignty and self-government as applied in a competent, orderly society, but with causes and consequences. The American Government has proved its good-will, its fair intentions, and certainly its patience."

NO DODGING A SENATE SUBPENA

IMPORTANT AND ENCOURAGING, and a decided "victory for clean government," was the Supreme Court's decision confirming the Senate's right to compel witnesses to attend its investigations, in the opinion of Senators, Representatives, and editors of both parties. The decision is rendered in the case of Mal S. Daugherty, who refused two years ago to testify in the Senate investigation of his brother, former Attorney-General Harry M. Daugherty, and it will "put more punch into future Senatorial investigations," the Boston *Globe* thinks. And the Newark *News* rejoices because it puts an end to "all uncertainty over the Congress's power to conduct effective investigations, and warns the corrupters of government that they must face a day of reckoning." The history of the case thus ended is told briefly by the New York *World:*

"Mal Daugherty, ordered to appear on April 11, 1924, before the Brookhart committee investigating Attorney-General Harry M. Daugherty, refused pointblank and denied the committee's right to inspect any records of the bank which he managed at Washington Court House, Ohio. He was at once arrested on a Senate warrant for contempt. On a habeas corpus hearing, Federal Judge A. M. J. Cochran released Mr. Daugherty. He founded his decision upon the contention that the Senate was neither conducting an investigation looking toward future legislation nor investigating Attorney-General Daugherty's acts in his official capacity. The case then went to the Supreme Court. Its opinion upheld the right of the Senate to compel the attendance of witnesses in any inquiry pertaining to legislation and declared that the Brookhart investigation was such an inquiry. Mal Daugherty is ordered under arrest again."

In the opinion of the Supreme Court handed down on January 17 by Justice Van Devanter it is declared that Congress has always been conceded the power to investigate as essential to the power to legislate, and that with this power of inquiry necessarily goes the power to compel the attendance of witnesses. In the words of the court:

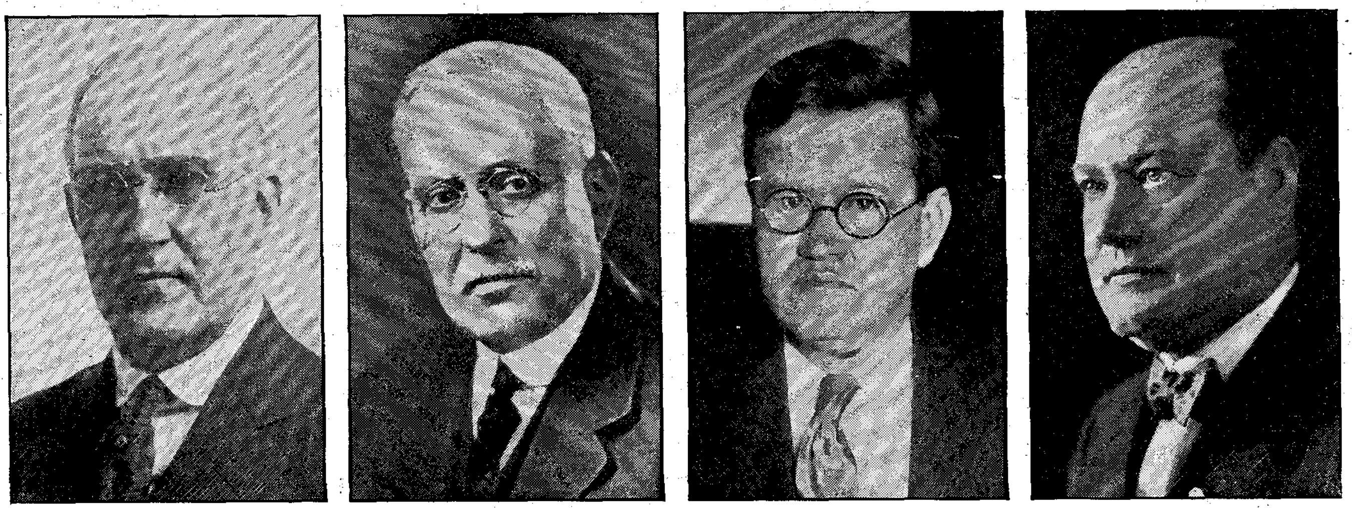
"A legislative body can not legislate wisely or effectively in the absence of information respecting the conditions which the legislation is intended to effect or change.

"Experience has taught that mere requests for such information often are unavailing, and also that information which is volunteered is not always accurate or complete; so some means of compulsion are essential to obtain what is needed."

The claim that this power might be abused is dismissed because "the same contention might be directed against the power to legislate, and of course would be unavailing." And then the argument that the Senate was really exercising a judicial rather than a legislative function in the investigation in question is refuted as follows by Justice Van Devanter: "Plainly, the subject was one on which legislation could be had, and would be materially aided by the information which the investigation was calculated to elicit."

In consequence of this decision, we read in a Washington dispatch to the New York *Sun*, Senator Wheeler of Montana, who started the investigation of Attorney-General Daugherty's office, will see that Mal S. Daugherty is brought before the bar of the Senate to answer for contempt. It is the opinion in Washington, we are told further, "that some slight form of punishment will be meted out to him even if he purges himself of contempt by declaring a willingness to answer questions and produce the books that have not been destroyed." According to the dispatches, a number of members of both Houses of Congress exprest their gratification over the decision, including Senator Wheeler (Dem., Mont.), Walsh (Dem., Mont.), Johnson (Rep., Cal.), Borah (Rep., Idaho), and Reed (Dem., Mo.), the last-named saying:

"This decision is of vast importance to the House and Senate, in that it firmly establishes the right of either body, in an investigation which relates to legislation, to punish for contempt witnesses who refuse to answer proper questions. Had the



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HESITANT WITNESSES WHO MAY FEEL THE POWER OF THE SUPREME COURT DECISION

From left to right: Mal S. Daugherty, whose attendance before the Senate Committee investigating the Department of Justice is specifically and directly compelled by the court's decision; Samuel Insull, utilities king of Illinois, who refused to testify before the special campaign-funds investigating committee; State's Attorney Robert E. Crowe of Illinois, who refused to give certain information on the same occasion; and Harry F. Sinclair, the oil magnate, who was charged by the Senate with contempt for refusing to testify in the oil investigation.

opinion of the Court been otherwise, the power of Congress would have been greatly circumscribed."

The importance of the decision, as the New York *Herald Tribune's* Washington correspondent sees it, is that—

"The Supreme Court has refused to balk the full legislative powers of Congress or either branch of it. Those who have been assailing the use of the powers of investigation by the two Houses can find no comfort in the ruling. It is expected to increase the number and scope of Congressional inquiries, and to give them added force in the future.

"The decision bears on such cases as the Harry F. Sinclair contempt case, and the cases of those witnesses who refused to answer questions before the Reed special committee to investigate campaign expenditures. The witnesses in the Smith and Vare cases who have been cited by the Reed committee for refusal to answer questions include Samuel Insull, the public utility king, of Chicago; State's Attorney Robert E. Crowe, of Chicago; Thomas F. Cunningham, of Philadelphia, and E. H. Wright, a negro ward boss, of Chicago."

Congress, notes David Lawrence in a dispatch to the New York *Sun*, has always felt that it had the full right to investigate, "but the legal obstacles placed in recent years against the summoning of witnesses have been numerous." Now a subpena from an investigating committee will be taken more seriously than ever before. Thus, continues Mr. Lawrence:

"The new decision introduces another element in the system of checks and balances in the American constitutional structure, and enables a minority party to prosecute through the powers of Congress those cases in which the Department of Justice for political or other reasons might seem negligent. While for the time being it may mean a recrudescence of the investigating power, the check against abuse will be the power of public opinion at the polls."

"What a calamity it would have been," exclaims the Boston *Herald* (Rep.), "if the court had reached a contrary conclusion!" The sentiment is shared by the New York *World*, which says:

"Congress is responsible for keeping a strict watch on the nation's business, and yet, without such authority as the Supreme Court now confirms, Congress has no eyes.

"It is the fashion nowadays to deplore Congressional investigations as meddlesome, wholly partizan, and something suddenly invented by disgruntled Democrats during the Presidency of Harding. This is a poor definition. The Democrats did not invent Congressional investigations in 1921. Neither did the Republicans invent them during the Presidency of Wilson, tho there was a time in 1919 when fifty-one Republican investigations were actually in progress at one moment. The history of Congressional investigations goes back through many honorable years to the first days of the Republic: to an investigation of the disaster to General St. Clair's Army in 1792, an investigation of the conduct of Secretary of the Treasury Wolcott in 1800, an investigation of the Seminole War in 1818, and so forth. Congress, unlike the British Parliament, can not summon executive officers of the Government to appear before it and give testimony. Its one recourse, if it is to know anything, is the clumsy method of investigation. This method it has used, and on the whole used wisely. The history of Congressional investigations is the history of much useful legislation issuing from facts which Congress has uncovered.

"The issue in the present case, the Mal Daugherty case, was whether Congress has or has not power to conduct a real investigation and not a mere parlor inquiry. The consequences of a negative decision would have been disastrous. Destruction of the investigating power of Congress would have hampered the processes of responsible government."

"The surprizing thing" to the Pittsburgh *Gazette Times* (Rep.), "is that the question was raised at all, for without the power of compulsion there would be an end of all Congressional inquiries, which would not be in the public interest." The Pittsburgh editor is a little worried over the extremes to which some investigating committees carry their inquiries, so he is relieved because the Supreme Court bases its decision on the right to investigate "for legislative purposes." This he takes to mean that Congress must confine inquiries "strictly within its legislative functions," and "this is sensible." The same "safeguard" is noticed by the Newark *News:*

"It states that Congress has no power to pry into the private affairs of citizens unless it is shown to be for legislative purposes. That is a proper safeguard, altho, so far as Congressional investigations go, it is not the private affairs of citizens as much as the public affairs of the people that need to be protected."

One of the most frankly worried papers is the Washington *Star*, which sees considerable reason for apprehension in the power given to Congress to investigate any matter "which bears directly or remotely upon any question involved in legislation":

"If there is any human interest, public or private, which does not bear in some way upon some subject upon which Congress might feel called upon to legislate, it would be difficult to imagine the nature of it. An advocate of the McNary-Haugen bill might well be called upon to tell a committee of Congress why he had so many children, or why he did not have more of them. For the number of children a farmer has certainly bears upon his cost of living as well as upon his costs of production. If a committee of Congress had curiosity to know why gentlemen prefer blondes it would not be difficult to find some matter of legislation upon which to hang the inquiry."

WHY THE DEMOCRATS DEFEATED THE TURKISH TREATY

ANOTHER CONCRETE ILLUSTRATION of how American interests in Turkey and other parts of the world suffer through "ill-founded prejudice and lack of accurate information" is seen by the Brooklyn *Eagle* in the Senate's refusal to ratify the treaty of amity and commerce with the new Turkish Government. The Republican Senators failed to secure the two-thirds vote necessary for ratification, for, while 50 Republicans voted for the treaty, 34 Democrats voted against ratification. As a consequence, says an Associated Press dispatch, "the United States will be without formal relations with Turkey after February 20, the date set for expiration of the present *modus vivendi*, which can not be extended." To the Providence *Journal* this is "deeply regrettable." Certainly, agree a number of dailies, the Senate's action creates an awkward situation.

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THE CHIEF OPPONENT

The Turkish treaty failed of ratification in the Senate, declares Senator William H. King, Democrat, of Utah, and its principal opponent, "because it did not provide for the fulfilment of the Wilson award to Armenia, guarantees for the protection of Christians and non-Moslems, and recognition by Turkey of American nationality of former subjects of Turkey."

American interests in the Near East, we are informed by the Detroit *Free Press*, are second to those of no other Power. In Turkey alone, points out one authority, Americans have invested $123,000,000 in educational and philanthropic institutions. These investments, and the native and naturalized Americans now in Turkey, we are told, will soon be without the diplomatic protection to which they are entitled, unless the State Department finds a way to meet the unusual situation brought about by the Senate's defeat of the Lausanne treaty. For this reason, thinks the Philadelphia *Bulletin*, the treaty was "the most important matter involving this country's foreign relations to come before the Senate during the present session." "We shall now be at a great disadvantage in all commercial relations, as well as in the conduct of our educational, philanthropic, and religious activities in Turkey," observes the Minneapolis *Journal*. "The Armenians have gained nothing, and American interests in Turkey have lost some definite assurances under the pact," adds *The Bulletin*.

"The opposition to the Lausanne treaty," explains the Springfield *Union*, "was largely based on a natural indignation over Turkish atrocities in the past and on the belief that the Turkish character has not changed." According to Senator King, of Utah, the Lausanne treaty was opposed by Democrats upon these grounds:

> "It failed to provide for the fulfilment of the Wilson award to Armenia, guaranties for protection of Christians and non-Moslems in Turkey, and recognition by Turkey of American nationality of former subjects of Turkey.
>
> "Obviously, it would be unfair and unreasonable for the United States to recognize and respect the claims and professions of Mustafa Kemal Pasha so long as he persists in holding control and sovereignty over Wilson Armenia—now a 'No Man's Land'—while nearly a million Armenian refugees and exiles are people without a country.
>
> "American commerce with Turkey—actual and potential—is a trifling matter of but a few millions of dollars annually and needs no serious consideration."

Other arguments advanced against ratification of a Turkish treaty written along the lines of the document rejected by the Senate on January 18 are thus listed by Ashmun Brown, Washington correspondent of the Providence *Journal:*

> "1. The Turkish Government is avowedly unrepentant in its treatment of Christian minorities and is merely seeking treaties with foreign Powers in order to be able to float a loan.
>
> "2. The conclusion of a treaty with the Kemalist Government condones the past, in which Mustafa Kemal has played an ignoble part, and compromises the future in return for advantages which are illusory.
>
> "3. Many of the Americans resident in Turkey support the treaty because pressure has been brought to bear on them by the Turkish Government.
>
> "4. The treaty affords no guaranty of religious or academic freedom in educational institutions in Turkey supported by American contributions.
>
> "5. It is claimed that Turkey already is repeatedly violating the treaties which she has concluded with other Powers, and that the same lot will fall to the United States.
>
> "6. Ratification of the treaty will enhance Turkish prestige all over the world without any corresponding advantage to the United States.
>
> "7. The treaty leaves the helpless Christian minorities without any treaty protection from the barbarity of the Turks.
>
> "8. Turkish trade with the United States is so small in volume that its complete cessation would be of little importance."

In 1925, we are reminded by the Philadelphia *Record*, "President Coolidge, yielding to the insistence of the State Department, urged the ratification of the Lausanne treaty in his annual message to Congress. But in 1926 the President discreetly omitted a renewal of his plea." Continues *The Record:*

> "The Treaty of Lausanne reflects no credit on its negotiators; and the President is aware of this fact. Aside from those Americans who have some ax to grind, and a few Republican Senators who have been misled, or who think party prestige is involved in the issue, there is no public opinion in favor of ratifying an international agreement that is not to our advantage materially, and that means a shameful betrayal of our tried friends in the Near East."

The New York *Herald Tribune*, on the other hand, characterizes the defeat of the Turkish treaty as "nothing less than a disgrace," and the neighboring *World* maintains that "we should realize that Turkey is a nation that has won her independence." In this paper's opinion, "we must learn to deal with modern Turkey on equal terms." Continues *The World:*

> "A substantial majority of Senators favored ratification of the Turkish treaty, but it failed to win the two-thirds majority that the Constitution requires. It should have that majority on some future occasion.
>
> "The debate was in executive session, but Senator King has lifted the veil of secrecy to say that the treaty was opposed upon three 'major grounds': (1) That it 'failed to provide for the fulfilment of the Wilson award to Armenia'; (2) that it failed to provide 'guaranties for the protection of Christians and non-Moslems' in Turkey; (3) that it failed to provide 'recognition by Turkey of American nationality of former subjects of Turkey.'
>
> "These reasons do not justify our failure to act. It is late in the day for the Senate, which so conspicuously rejected the foreign policies of Mr. Wilson, and particularly his Armenian proposals, to appeal now to his name and memory in support of those proposals. The Senate does not, in fact, uphold the 'Wilson award.' The only way to enforce it would be by armed force, which neither Mr. King nor any one else dreams of employing.
>
> "As for the 'protection of Christians and non-Moslems' in

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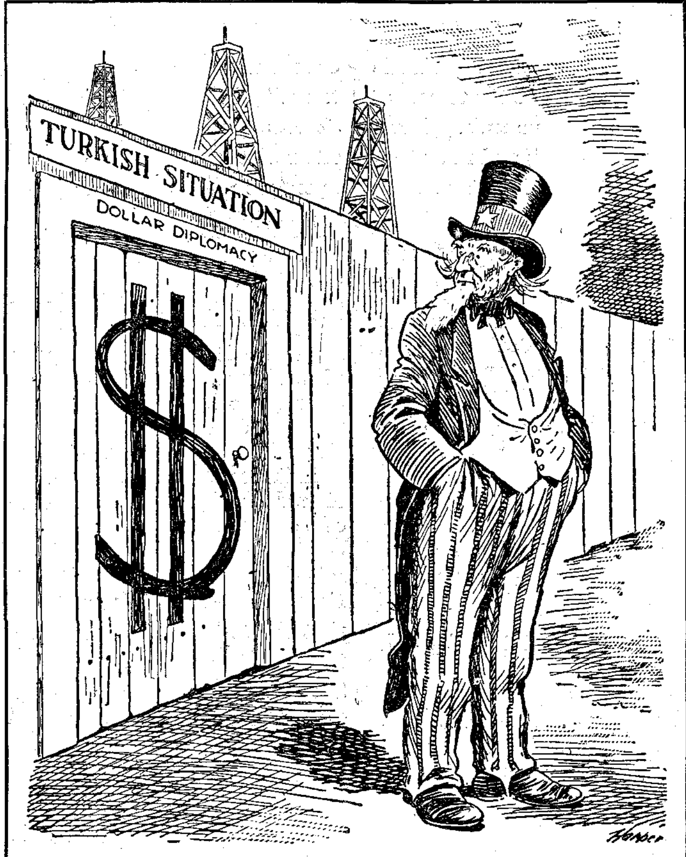
Turkey, why not let them speak for themselves? Our own citizens, to whom the Senate should chiefly listen, whether engaged in business in Turkey or conducting American schools and missions, generally favor the ratification of the treaty.

"Real difficulty may arise under the double-nationality claim summarized in the third objection—but not for the first time. Our State Department is never without perplexing cases under that claim, as any naturalized American citizen of French or Italian birth may find if he visits his homeland unprovided with proof that he completed his military service before emigrating."

In spite of the Senate's failure to ratify the treaty, the Providence *Journal* is convinced that "some way should be promptly found for a resumption of diplomatic and commercial relations with a government that is on good terms with most other governments, in Europe and elsewhere." "How are we helping the Armenians by our stand?" asks the Schenectady *Gazette*. Besides, we are reminded by the Kansas City *Star*, "the Angora Government, under Mustafa Kemal, is not the Government under which the Armenians were massacred." On the other hand, notes the Indianapolis *Star*, "it has instituted widespread reforms throughout Turkey." In fact, declares he New York *Herald Tribune*, "the new Turkey has been recognized by the European Powers as a nation enjoying sovereignty in the modern sense. Our Lausanne treaty merely took notice of accomplished facts."



NOT BY THAT DOOR

—Harper in the Birmingham *Age-Herald*.

Rejection of the Turkish-American pact also was advocated on the ground that it is part of the consideration promised by private interests to the Angora Government in exchange for the Chester oil concessions. It is possible that American oil interests are—or were—anxious to obtain oil concessions in Turkey, admits the Tacoma *Ledger*, "but why is it worse for American business to seek a footing in Turkey than for other nations to do so?" Moreover, declares the Seattle *Times:*

"The Chester contract, which was made April 12, 1923, four months before the signing of the American-Turkish convention, never was of commercial value, and was canceled December 18, 1923. Why a concession that was granted prior to negotiations for the treaty, that was worthless as a business transaction, and that was revoked after the conclusion of the pact should influence its consideration now is difficult to imagine."

The arguments of the supporters of the treaty, which failed to impress the necessary two-thirds majority in the Senate, are thus summarized by Mr. Brown in the Providence *Journal:*

"1. The American delegates at Lausanne spent many months negotiating with the Turks and secured terms as good as possible, inasmuch as no other nation was able to secure better.

"2. The treaty is drawn on the same lines as the treaty with Great Britain, France, and Italy and contains clauses which secure for the United States any and all advantages that have been granted or may be granted to any other State.

"3. With the exception of the first two articles, the whole treaty is subject to revision within five to seven years if changes seem desirable.

"4. It is useless to try to enforce the old system of capitulations as long as it has been formally and definitely abandoned by the other Powers.

"5. In the interest of Americans at present residing in Turkey, it is important for the United States to have full diplomatic representation at Angora on a par with the other Powers.

"6. Americans in Turkey are strongly in favor of the treaty.

"7. The present Turkish Government is showing an increasing stability and has undertaken a definite program of reform, especially in connection with its judicial system. Even if this government should fall, it is reasonably certain that any new government would maintain the treaty.

"8. The arguments against ratification are sentimental rather than practical, and do not sufficiently take into account changed conditions under the new régime.

"9. The treaty does not condone the past or compromise the future, but it is a practical effort to resume normal relations for the protection of legitimate American interests.

"10. It is important for American commerce that the United States should be assured a free passage through the Dardanelles."

According to the Washington *Post:*

"The opposition to the Turkish treaty is fomented by foreign business interests, skilfully appealing to the religious sentiments of American Christians by presenting false pictures of Turkish conditions. Armenian mercenaries are employed by these foreign interests to carry on this campaign in the United States.

"Every consideration of public policy requires the United States to resume diplomatic, cultural, and commercial relations with the republic of Turkey. No good can come to the Christian minorities in Turkey by a policy of aloofness on the part of the United States."

Our treaty with the Government of Mustafa Kemal was negotiated, explains the Kansas City *Star*, because Turkey refused further to recognize the special privileges—known as capitulations—conferred upon foreigners by the old treaties, under which foreign courts were set up on Turkish soil to try cases in which aliens were involved. As Paul V. Collins points out in a Washington *Star* article:

"We had a treaty with Turkey before the World War, which the Government of the Sultan abrogated because we entered the war against Turkey's allies, tho not against Turkey. The Sultan was deposed in 1922 and the new republic offers to make a new treaty parallel with what she has already made with twenty-seven other nations. This new treaty was executed at Lausanne August 6, 1923, and signed by President Coolidge, subject to ratification by the 'advice and consent of the Senate.'

"Under the terms of the treaty we lose the old 'capitulations,' including extraterritoriality and the exemption of our citizens in Turkey from taxation, but become assured of all the rights and privileges of Turkish nationals, with the same rate of taxation. All commercial relations are based upon the 'most-favored nation' clause, but these commercial clauses remain in force only five years.

"We had never held a treaty specifically giving us any 'capitulations,' beyond the clause granting us whatever rights the 'most-favored nation' held under its treaty, hence when the Allies made their new treaties surrendering their rights, that automatically carried our loss of the same."

ANOTHER "FLU" EPIDEMIC?

THE MOST IMPORTANT NEWS ITEM that appeared during the week ending January 15, in the opinion of the New York *Evening Post*, did not relate to Nicaragua, Prohibition, Mexico, China, or Washington. It had nothing to do, directly, with military movements, big navies, politics, or industry, yet this news item was a matter of concern to every person in the United States, for it informed us that influenza, in a modified form, is once more sweeping over Europe. From France, Spain, Scotland, Norway, Poland, Roumania, Jugoslavia, Greece, Bulgaria, Egypt, The Netherlands, and Switzerland, come dispatches telling the story of a comparatively mild but particularly contagious type of "flu," altho the League of Nations Health Organization is of the opinion that the epidemic has reached its peak. The scourge which added to the terrors of the World War is attacking its hundreds of thousands. Even Japan is being swept by the epidemic, we are told, and in a more virulent form. But, we read in the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger*, "there is no immediate danger of a return of the 'flu' to the United States." However—

"The Federal health authorities have taken pains to order particular care and special inspections at all quarantine stations, with a view to lessening the danger of a new outbreak. Similarly, the Departments of Public Health in this and other cities are issuing bulletins of general advice to the public on the theory that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. Briefly, the physicians advise instant and expert diagnosis of all so-called 'colds' which do not at once respond to usual forms of home treatment.

"It may be that a plague of influenza will never again be seen in the United States. As the public becomes more familiar with the simple and almost sure means of avoiding it, a general recurrence will become more and more unlikely."

Further reassurance is found in an Associated Press dispatch from Washington, which says:

"While the European outbreak is wide-spread, the American health authorities point out, there is little basis for comparison with the 1918-19 epidemic, when from December 28 to February 15 forty-six cities of the country alone had a death toll of 136,047.

"While on guard for any dangerous outbreak here, the United States Public Health Service feels confident the European epidemic will not find root in this country through immigrants to any appreciable extent. There is a prevalence of influenza in America to-day, they admit, but it is running a mild course, similar to the outbreaks of the last two years."

The possibility of the influenza epidemic crossing the Atlantic to the United States "is relatively small," believes the Detroit *Free Press*, inasmuch as tourist traffic is at a standstill at this time of the year. The Knoxville *Journal* is likewise of the belief that "nothing much is to be feared from the reported European epidemic; it is probably the usual winter epidemic of one of the lighter forms of influenza."

The New York *Evening Post*, on the other hand, situated at the gateway through which pass the hordes of European immigrants, shows more concern when it says:

"If we are not to pay the penalty of a false security regarding the danger of an invasion of influenza, we shall have to face the facts of the situation in something other than the Pollyanna spirit. It happens that conditions in Europe are exceptionally favorable for the spread of the disease. The mortality in Madrid is grim evidence of the seriousness of the scourge.

"Health authorities will render the public a poor service if they convey the impression that by some magic of science or administration the contagion can be prevented from entering our ports. The strictest possible inspection of every incoming passenger would not be any guaranty of immunity. Persons carrying the germs might have no signs of such condition.

"This is no excuse for relaxing precautions. We should redouble our scrutiny of those coming in. It would be foolish to become panic-stricken. It would be equally foolish to shut our eyes to the danger that exists."

A JOLT FOR THE FLORIDA TAX "IDEA"

"THE FLORIDA IDEA FAILS," notes one of the many more or less unsympathetic editors outside that State, commenting on the jolt recently given by the Federal Supreme Court to "those Floridians who thought Florida a delightful, tax-free Elysium." And newspapers all over the country are talking about the way "the vanishing rights of States," to use James M. Beck's phrase, are further diminished when our court of last appeal flatly turns down Florida's complaint that the 1926 Federal inheritance-tax law is unfair, discriminatory and hurtful. Florida, as the New York *Journal of Commerce* remarks, "made a deliberate attempt to lure rich men to establish residence within its boundaries by providing constitutional exemption against the imposition of inheritance taxes." It "looked like a smart idea," as the Minneapolis *Journal* puts it, and wealthy people were drawn from other commonwealths to transfer their citizenship to Florida. Whereupon, we read in the Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle:*

"This caused deep and general concern in States which saw properties moving out of their jurisdiction on which they had expected to levy a million dollars, more or less, in the way of death duties, penalizing earners in proportion to the thrift and industry they had shown during their lives. So their State and Federal officials put their heads together and concocted the plan of having Congress take action that would defeat the Florida attempt to keep taxation of its citizens at the lowest possible point. A law was put through under which 80 per cent. of the Federal inheritance tax might be remitted in cases where a State inheritance tax had been paid. This nullified the advantages offered by Florida and left her in a worse position than the forty-odd other States which have inheritance taxes."

Then Florida tried to start injunction proceedings against the Federal tax-collectors by complaining to the Supreme Court that the collection of the Federal tax was driving wealth out of the State, that it was "an invasion of the sovereign rights of the State," and an effort "to coerce the State into imposing an inheritance tax"; and that since Florida, Alabama, and Nevada have no inheritance taxes, the provision for Federal credits means that the Federal tax "is not uniform throughout the United States" as required by the Constitution. Suit will be brought later in the name of an individual Florida citizen.

The Supreme Court denies the petition on the ground that the State can not bring suit because of an injury to its citizens; that the interference with the State's powers of taxation is perfectly constitutional, because "whenever the constitutional powers of the Federal Government and those of the State come into conflict, the latter must yield"; and that the contention that the Federal law does not operate equally is without merit because Congress is not obliged to accommodate its legislation to the dissimilar laws or conditions in the various States.

"When a State challenges the right of the Federal Government to impose certain taxes because its statutes forbid like taxes, the height of absurdity would seem to be reached," declares the Tacoma *Ledger*. "The soundness of the court's ruling is apparent, but," says the Birmingham *Age-Herald*, "at the same time the injustice to States which do not impose such taxes is likewise apparent." The Chicago *Journal of Commerce* protests against the coercive powers thus confirmed to Congress:

"Congress can coerce the States into levying uniform death taxes.

"Congress can coerce the States into levying uniform automobile taxes.

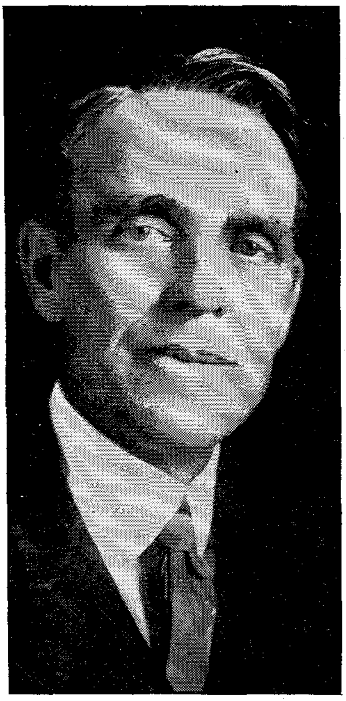
"Congress can coerce the States into levying uniform excises of almost any nature whatsoever."

Congress, insists *The Florida Times-Union*, of Jacksonville, has "enacted a law that is plainly discriminatory":

"Florida has undertaken to seek relief from this improper legislation, but technicalities are interfering. Everybody knows that the '80 per cent. rebate' is a direct slap at Florida and one or two other States where no death tax is levied."

TO MAKE THE SLACKER VOTE OR PAY

AN EXTRA TAX OF 1 PER CENT., $30 on a gross income of $3,000, will be imposed on the "vote-slacker" at the next election—that is, if Senator Capper of Kansas has his way. At any rate, this and other schemes to make the voter vote will be seriously considered at the National Civic Federation's conference a few weeks hence, when not only the slacker vote, but the direct primary and other such topics will be discust. In support of his proposed amendment to the Federal tax bill, Senator Capper mentions Australia as one country where good results have followed the adoption of a law imposing a financial penalty for failure to vote. And, observes the Pittsburgh *Sun*, "comparable fines are in force in Belgium, Spain, Switzerland, and Czechoslovakia. Furthermore, the fact that under Australia's compulsory voting law the poll has been increased from 52 per cent. of the eligible voters to 93 per cent. has led to serious suggestion of its adoption in Great Britain." And in the United States, notes the Utica *Press*, "the seeming decline of interest among voters in successive elections indicates that we may have to adopt similar measures."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THE "POCKETBOOK" NERVE

Of the vote-slacker would be affected by Senator Arthur Capper's proposed treatment for failure to vote—an assessment of an extra 1 per cent. on the offending taxpayer's gross income.

Official returns from the recent elections in all parts of the country show that, while numerically more votes were cast in 1926 than in 1922, yet when the 8,000,000 new voters gained in the four years are taken into consideration, there was actually less voting last November than in 1922. But will compulsory legislation, such as that proposed by Senator Capper, cure "the evil of slackerism," as one paper puts it? To the Cincinnati *Enquirer* and *The Christian Science Monitor*, this is an un-American and undemocratic proposal. Besides, inquires the Pittsburgh *Chronicle Telegraph*, "of what value, as an expression of intelligent public opinion, would such votes be?" But the greatest obstacle to the successful working out of the Capper plan, thinks the New York *Times*, "is that the penalty of 1 per cent. of gross incomes for not voting leaves out of account the very large number of voters who escape the income tax."

Nevertheless, agree a number of editors, the efforts to get out the voters ought not to be abandoned. As the Richmond *Times-Dispatch* reminds the American voter:

> "The foundations of the country were laid upon the principle that the people of the country would take an active part in the elections. The privilege of electing representatives, and through these representatives setting up a responsive government, was the very principle for which the American Revolution was fought. The fact that a large part of the possible electorate does not take part in the election of representatives is dangerous enough, but the fact that the percentage of potential voters actually voting is on the decline constitutes a real menace to the stability of our governmental institutions."

"We claim to be a practical people," remarks the Utica *Press*, "yet we turn up our noses at politics, which is consuming more of our income than any other one thing." Continues this paper:

> "Just why sensible men and women should be so indifferent to the most practical matter affecting their daily lives is hard to see. Taxes increased from $875,000,000 to $7,907,000,000 between 1890 and 1924—about ninefold. Federal taxes have increased eightfold in that period, State taxes elevenfold, and local taxes nine. One-sixth of our total gross earnings is spent to govern ourselves. In other words, we give up a day's income every week for governmental expenses. Politics controls the use of that money."

According to the Syracuse *Post-Standard*, "the proportion of qualified voters who go to the polls in this country is smaller than in England, France, or Germany. And it is decreasing. This is a shameful record." It was only last fall, recalls the Nashville *Banner*, that President Coolidge made a special plea to the American people in general to exercise their right to vote. But, altho there were 34 State Governors, 32 Senators, the entire House of Representatives, nearly all the State legislators, and thousands of county, municipal, and other officials to be elected, "not more than one-third of the eligible voters came to the polls," says a statement of the National Civic Federation. The Federation made one of the most intensive drives ever attempted, in the hope of getting out the vote. It had the concentrated power of press and pulpit. It had the use of the radio. To quote the Omaha *World-Herald*, "the Federation had behind it leadership, organization, brains, money, patriotism, and publicity talent. It had the active and spirited cooperation of forward-looking groups. Yet the irresistible force of propaganda was smashed to smithereens when it went up against the immovable object of public indifference."

What caused a slump in the vote last year? And what shall we do about it? These two questions challenge our editorial writers. "Some are blaming the direct primary," observes the Spokane *Spokesman-Review*, "but that is unfair." "The women have not taken advantage of the privilege of voting," is the explanation offered by the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, and the Boston *Herald* believes the custom in some States of collecting poll taxes at voting time causes not a few voters to stay away from the polls. Registration laws in some States are irksome, we are told, and the blanket ballot appals even the highly intelligent voter. The "strong tendency toward the centralization of government" is given by the Springfield *Union* as a reason for the lack of interest in State politics. But the Baltimore *Sun* believes that "as long as it takes a microscopic examination to find any difference between a Democrat and a Republican, the average voter isn't going to get excited about elections."

There are several remedies for the present lack of interest in politics, believes the Nashville *Banner*, "and one of them is a broader and better education of the masses in the significance of the vote." But, points out the St. Louis *Star:*

> "To be of any real value, the education of the voter must start away back—in the home and school, and in the church. A desire to vote must be founded on a desire for decent government and a hand in that government. A careless or unwilling voter can undo the vote of a citizen voting intelligently."

On the other hand, the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot* "sees no reason for anxiety." To this paper:

> "It does not appear that the decline in the proportion of voters who exercise the franchise has been accompanied by any perceptible decline in the efficiency of our Government or in the integrity of our public officials. Taken by and large, our public affairs are in as good order to-day as they were in the 'seventies, when the vote was proportionately far larger than it is now."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

(An extension of this department appears weekly on the screen as "Fun from the Press")

Nations should defer more and differ less.—*Wall Street Journal.*

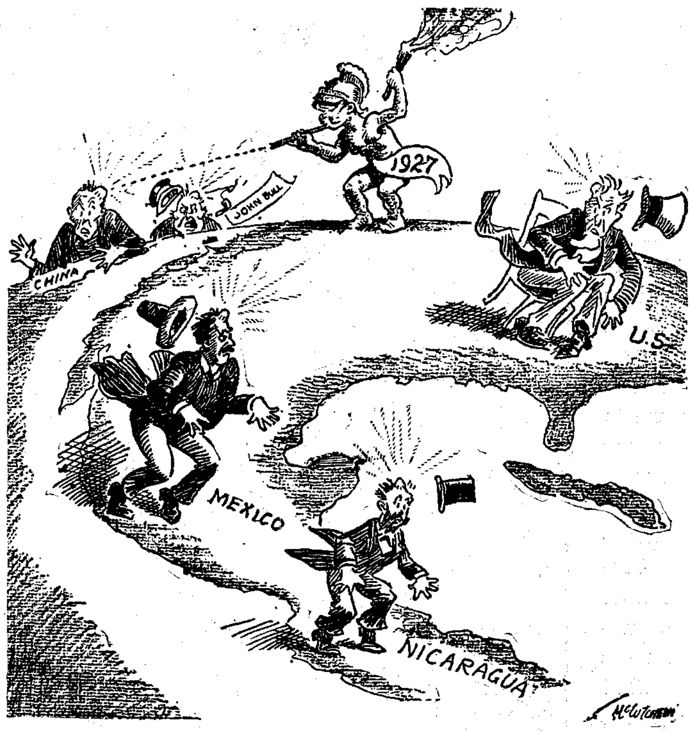
The banks seem to see nothing but the onus in bonus.—*El Paso Times.*

One objection to evolution is that it is too slow for this age.—*Toledo Blade.*

The way of the transgressor is hard, and so is any other well-beaten path.—*El Paso Times.*

Miss Helen Wills is alleged to have written a book of poems. Every tennis champion has her faults.—*Punch.*

Judging by her pardoning record, Ma Ferguson would bat better as a wife than a Governor.—*Wilmington Star.*



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SCRAPPY NEW YEAR

—McCutcheon in the Chicago *Tribune.*

A man always chases a woman until she catches him.—*El Paso Times.*

Tests show that women are excellent drivers of automobiles everywhere except from the back seat.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

A poet's chance for immortality has no effect whatever on reducing the premiums on his life insurance.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

Naturalists say birds are wise; but unless poverty really is a blessing the stork uses darned poor judgment.—*Los Angeles Times.*

If Admiral Latimer declares a few more neutral zones, the war in Nicaragua can be declared over.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Health specialist says that his hair and his teeth are a man's best friends, but even the best of friends will fall out.—*New York American.*

Don't worry about political differences. It is political indifference that is the curse of the country.—*Schenectady Union-Star.*

What America took for static in its first telephonic conversation with England may have been only Rudyard Kipling.—*El Paso Times.*

The right size for a campaign fund is big enough to help the candidate into office, but not big enough to help him out.—*Boston Herald.*

If any real effort is made to change our alphabet a lot of fellows will probably move to eliminate the I. O. U.'s.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Perhaps we can get a better idea of the difficulties of Mussolini's position by thinking of him as the Judge Landis of Italy.—*Ohio State Journal.*

A noted jurist recently declared that innocent men are seldom imprisoned. They share about the same immunity as the guilty.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

One wonders how long it will work—this policy whereby the failure to enforce one law calls for the enactment of two or three more.—*Kansas City Star.*

Uncle Sam shouldn't recognize a South American Government until it is at least ten jumps ahead of the opposition's bayonets.—*Wheeling Intelligencer.*

Our foreign relations are rapidly becoming more distant.—*El Paso Times.*

The money that makes money is the money that makes work.—*Boston Herald.*

Steel common seems to deserve a more aristocratic name now.—*Columbus Dispatch.*

More people get crooked trying to avoid hard work than become bent from too much of it.—*El Paso Times.*

Mussolini describes whiskers as a sign of decadence. Well, he is noted for his close shaves.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

Now we realize the value of the open door in China. It's easier to get out of in a hurry.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

A magazine on taxes is to be published. It will doubtless feature articles on how rich men got poor.—*El Paso Times.*

Uncle Sam could settle all these jingo countries tidily by letting them annex Herrin one at a time.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

The vast forests in Central America may have something to do with it. There's a Nicaragua in the wood-pile.—*New York World.*

We have our moments of depression when we wish President Monroe had never had a doctrine to his name.—*Ohio State Journal.*

Why complain if the canal our marines are guarding in Nicaragua is not yet built? The blue-prints must be protected.—*Detroit News.*

No doubt, it is our patriotic duty to feel bitter toward the President of Mexico for his snooty attitude toward our oil operators, but there is one thing about him we rather like. Nobody has nicknamed him "Cautious Calles."—*The New Yorker.*

By the time the Soviet gets ready for the world revolution, it will be so orthodox that a revolution won't change anything.—*Publishers Syndicate.*

Altho many of the wets insist that Prohibition is too heavy a load, it might be pointed out that the country is staggering along under it.—*El Paso Times.*

In business it is customary to charge a thing and pay for it later, but in politics the payments come first and the charges are filed later.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

Autocracy fails because it assumes one class to be better fitted to govern than another; Democracy fails because it makes no such assumption.—*New York Herald Tribune.*

One of the manifestations of old age is failing memory. Which tends to explain why the older people get the more they knock the current younger generation.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

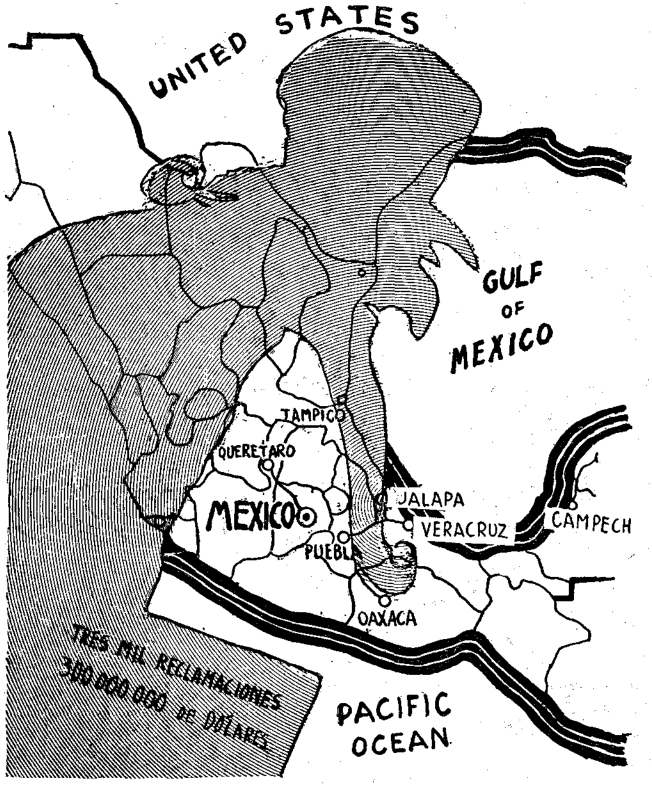
Secretary Kellogg asks the colleges to do all they can to promote Latin-American friendship for America. But so few of the colleges are equipped with marines.—*San Diego Union.*

Perhaps the convincing answer to the philosopher who argues that wars are necessary to reduce the surplus population would be to include him in the surplus population.—*Detroit News.*

FOREIGN - COMMENT

LATIN AMERICA DISAVOWS BOLSHEVISM

THE PROPAGATION OF BOLSHEVISM in the various countries of Latin America, alleged in Secretary Kellogg's memorandum to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, is rather sarcastically described as a mere bugaboo by Latin-American editors in general, who express themselves as "invaded by a mingled impression of astonishment, uneasiness and indignation." Some Latin-American journals, such as *Nestro Diario* of Guatemala, declare frankly that the whole story of Bolshevism in Central America "originates in the arbitrary policy pursued by the State Department" in that region. Vehemently this newspaper asserts that anybody conversant with conditions in Central America knows that there never has been any Communist movement in Nicaragua or in any other Central American country, and it adds that: "The fact that practically all the press of the United States accepted that bugaboo tale as true is a discredit to the information sources of impartial organs, which should have ascertained the foundation of the report before accepting it and inflaming American public opinion with the specter of Communism."



THE SPECTER SEEN BY LATIN AMERICA

"Uncle Sam's shadow advances toward Mexico and Central America, carrying a brief case marked '3,000 claims—$300,000,000.'"

—*Caras Y Caretas* (Buenos Aires).

Similar energetic denials appear in the press of Salvador, another Central American country, where it is reported there has been formed an Anti-Imperialist League, which is directed against the landing of American forces in Latin America. This organization is said to have issued a declaration of principles laying plans for concerted action to be taken in order to avoid the recurrence of clashes with the United States. In Mexico, *El Universal* of Mexico City makes fun of the so-called Communist menace when it says:

"The Bolshevist bugaboo is not a new element in American-Mexican relations, for the organs in the pay of certain oil interests have long waved the specter of Bolshevism in order to induce American public opinion to indorse wholeheartedly such rash measures as the State Department might decide to take. The object is simply to hide under cover of a social campaign the real purpose of destroying Mexico for the benefit of a few oil magnates.

"It is indeed difficult to understand how Secretary Kellogg could rely on the 'drawing power' of the Bolshevik menace to arouse the people of the United States to support his strange policy. We have long been accused of Bolshevism, but not until now have we been accused of trying to 'convert' other nations and to 'destroy' the Panama Canal. The Department of State must really have a very poor opinion of the average American intellect when it resorts to such yarns to inflame the American people against us. There is not a soul in the world, outside of the United States, who could believe for a moment that we have any interest in destroying the Panama Canal, which in no way molests us.

"The United States, through its Navy and its Army, has a firm hold on the defense of the Canal, and the United States knows that these two powerful weapons are superior to the force of doctrines and principles, for it has used them effectively on many occasions, not against social dreams of the future, such as Bolshevism, but against real and tangible things, like the 'right of self-determination' of small nations, and their right to justice and liberty without outside interference."

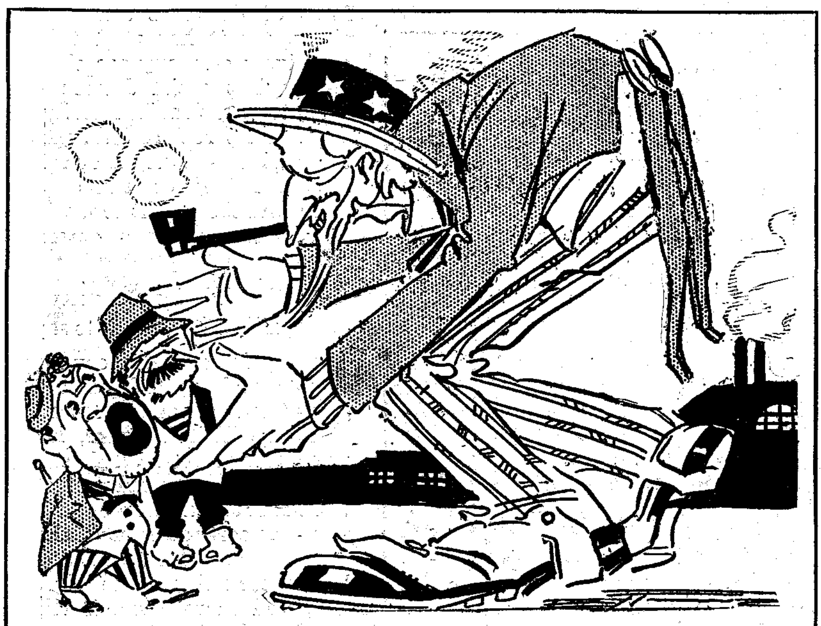
Another Mexico City newspaper, *Excelsior*, has this to say:

"Why is it that a country so powerful, so rich, and so great from all points of view, as is the United States, had to employ such miserable subterfuges, intrigues and pretexts to slander and assail a country weaker, poorer and unarmed as is Mexico? Would it not have been more noble, more dignified, and more loyal, if that word can be used in connection with such schemes, to face us frankly and destroy us instantly, supposing that justice and right were actually on the side of the United States? The fact is that truth will prevail at last, that reason still directs the destinies of mankind, and that Mexico on this occasion can raise her head high and confidently lay her case before the world and await the verdict of public opinion and of posterity."

In Cuba, the Havana *Diario de la Marina* asserts that Communist centers do not exist anywhere in Latin America, and it adds: "To work, to respect the rights of others, and to live in peace, are the only means by which may be achieved the great destinies to which America can aspire, thus assuring the independence and sovereignty of all the nations of the continent." The Santiago (Cuba) *Diario de Cuba* rebukes the United States Government for "the policy of intervention that is crushing Nicaragua and forcing upon Mexico a bloody war in defense of her liberty and the liberty of Latin America." As to Secretary Kellogg's allegations that Communist activity is rife in Mexico, this journal avers that in the light of the American interpretation of Bolshevism, "Washington, Bolivar and Juarez must also have been despicably Bolshevist, while Senator Borah is at present nothing else, and President Machado of Cuba may be accused of Bolshevism for desiring the abolition of the Platt Amendment." In Brazil, the Bolshevik reports about Central America and Mexico are stoutly attacked by the São Paulo *Diario do Estado*, which says:

"We hope that the real meaning of these issues will be made clear to the American people by men who know the situation such as Senator Borah and Senator Wheeler. They are in a position to clarify these complicated and obscure matters for their country, and to foster a trend of thought that will save the great Union from shipwreck of the principles on which it was founded, and at the same time restore tranquillity to Spanish-American countries which are justly alarmed by this scandalous and distorted misuse of the Monroe Doctrine."

In Argentina, the Buenos Aires *Diario* avers that "the very fact that these incidents have aroused public opinion from one end of the continent to the other is in itself sufficient proof that the interventions of Washington in Central America will have to stop sooner or later." *La Critica* of the same city remarks acridly that "Mr. Coolidge's policies are inexcusable and incomprehensible because he changes pretexts with the same facility that a man changes his shirt." In Paraguay the Asuncion *Tribuna* asserts that "American intervention in Nicaragua under the cover of protecting the country against Bolshevism means simply that in the United States as well as in Europe might prevails over right." Then *El Mercurio* of Santiago (Chile) charges that the excuses and explanations of the State Department are not enough to dispel the adverse opinion created throughout the world by unwarranted intervention in matters which are not a vital concern to the United States. Says the Buenos Aires *Nacion:*



LATIN-AMERICAN BITTERNESS

UNCLE SAM: "Kindly allow me to offer my services in your controversy."
LATIN AMERICA: "What do you mean by services?"
UNCLE SAM: "Well, if you must know, it means making money at your expense."

—*Corre Vuela* (Santiago, Chile).

"Evidently the President of the United States has not been able to carry conviction with his message either to Congress or to the world of the necessity for such extreme measures, which in themselves constitute an injury to the ideals and sentiments of international justice profest by all civilized countries. Nothing that was done against Americans justified military intervention without first having exhausted all diplomatic measures and resources, which the United States would have employed in the case of any nation not so weak as Nicaragua."

Meanwhile we learn from Paris press dispatches that officials of the French Foreign Office have made it clear that the various French newspaper attacks on the policy of the United States toward Nicaragua and Mexico have nothing in common with the views of the French Government. While hesitating to render an opinion publicly, we are further informed, the French Foreign Office has made it plain that, without taking any stand against either Nicaragua or Mexico, it believes that French interests in these two countries, especially in the latter, are adequately defended by the Monroe Doctrine.

CANADA'S 14,000 HELP WANTED

A LIFE JOB ON THE FARM awaits 14,000 Britishers in Canada, who will be aided in reaching that country by extraordinarily low transportation rates, and will get a good start through cooperation between the Canadian railways and the Canadian Government. The demand for farm workers is such in the Dominion, notes the London *Sunday Times*, that the Canadian Government issued a call for 14,000 men to work on the land, 10,000 of whom will be placed on farms by the Government, while the Canadian National Railway and the Canadian Pacific will each settle 2,000 on the land. According to this newspaper, this is to be an important year in the development of Canada, for it will see celebrations throughout the Dominion of the diamond jubilee of the Confederation at a time when many factors indicate the great prosperity of the country. In its basic industry, agriculture, we are told that there is invested no less a sum than $6,250,000,000, and its marketed wheat crop for the past year reached the enormous total of 350,000,000 bushels. Sir George McLaren Brown, European General Manager of the Canadian-Pacific Railway, is quoted in *The Sunday Times* as saying that the call for 14,000 men is in addition to the call for 3,000 families which was issued some time ago, and he says further:

"There is a clamant need for British people in Canada, and our organization is cooperating with the government organization in every way. Through our organization we see that the settler gets a good start. There was a definite shortage of farm workers in the last harvest. The crop in the three prairie provinces was a really remarkable one, notwithstanding rains in the middle of the harvest.

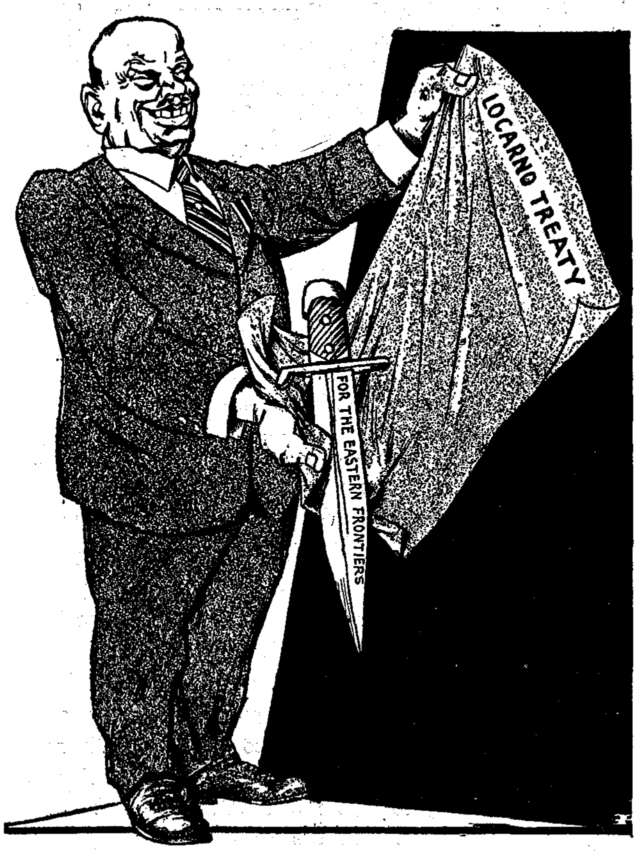
"There is development in every possible line of life in Canada. A great development of water-power is proceeding, and only the other day I received news of a big installation in the Province of Quebec where great deposits of aluminium clay have been found. It has never been found in such great quantities before.

"It is British settlers that we need, for throughout the Dominion there is a tremendous desire that the whole country shall remain British in tradition. The only conditions for British settlers are good character and a clean bill of health."

The most comprehensive scheme of assisting migration which has been framed for some years past, is the description the London *Daily Telegraph* gives of the plans for the settlement of 14,000 men in Canada, and it calls attention to the fact that:

"Every man will, however, have to sign an undertaking to do farm work. That has proved a very necessary condition in Canada as well as in other Dominions, owing to the lure which the towns, with their social attractions, exert. This problem of the drift from the countryside of settlers in new countries, with vast areas of manless land, is one that must be arrested unless the whole migration movement is to be checked. Life on a farm undoubtedly involves not only hard work, often in exacting weather conditions, but a measure of isolation. But it is healthy, and it has other compensations; while in these days of the motor-car and motor-cycle, and of wireless, the farm worker, even on the prairie, is by no means cut off from his fellow creatures.

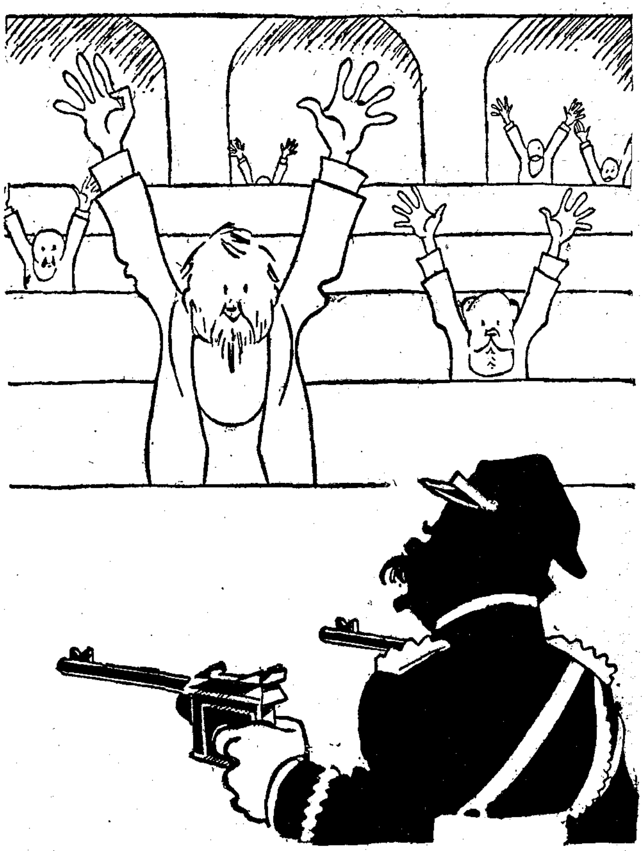
"One method of what may be called demagnetizing the towns is the family-settlement scheme which the Canadian Government has adopted. Steps are being taken to move over the Atlantic from this country no fewer than 3,000 families, who will travel at what are, in the light of normal charges, ridiculously low fares. The rate to Halifax, St. John, or Quebec is only £2, with a higher charge, of course, for Winnipeg, Calgary, and other inland towns, and children under seventeen years of age are carried free. These offers, which the cooperation of the Government of this country with that of Canada and the support of the shipping and railway companies have made possible, constitute a triumph in concerted action for the encouragement of migration."



POLISH CYNICISM

Stresemann: "The Locarno Treaty will be a fine cloak in which to hide the dagger for Poland."

—*Mucha* (Warsaw).



RUSSIAN CYNICISM

"The gentle hand of democracy as exhibited in the parliaments of Lithuania and Poland."

—*Isviestia* (Moscow).

THE DARK SIDE OF EUROPE IN FOREIGN CARTOONS

EUROPE EIGHT YEARS AFTER THE PEACE

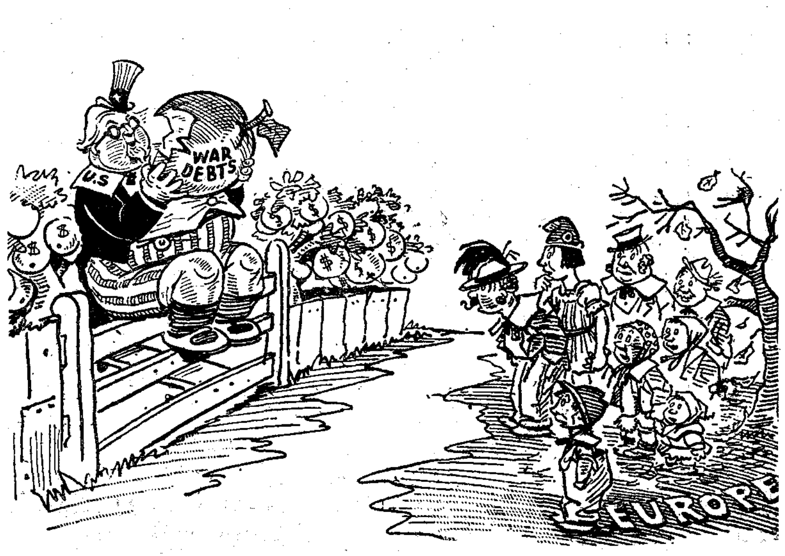
CHINA WORRIES EUROPE and Europe looks toward America's complexities with Mexico and Nicaragua with watchful and concerned gaze, it is said, but Europe itself can not be in any mood for jubilation eight years after the peace. What disturbs some observers is the general feeling in Europe of "indifference" and the fact, as alleged, that only a dictator seems to inspire authority there. Tired and dumfounded Europe, asserts Austin Harrison, in *The Contemporary Review* (London), is peculiarly ready for any experiment except that of another war. It is not too much to say, he adds, that Europe has never, as a whole, felt so unanimously like that before. If politicians now can not seize the opportunity to be a little wise, we are told, to try a few experiments, and to act cooperatively in the interests of that whole, it is not too little to say that they never will in our time. Mr. Harrison continues:

"Quite unmistakably Europe doubts because it does not believe in its own peace. Here, of course, is the explanation of European 'indifference.' New Europe is a torso. In place of a political peace or settlement, the Versailles Treaty, which thought of everything except the one thing that mattered, i.e., money or trade, brought about the greatest financial catastrophe known in history, thereby throwing away nearly all the practical advantages of victory—certainly as far as we are concerned. Out of the financial bog that followed, three definite consequences have emerged, which to-day control the next stage. The first is that America has gone off with the swag (to put it vulgarly); the second is the immense stimulus thereby given to the idea of Bolshevism or opposition, as a solvent; the third is the controlling power of France which now occupies the position that it formerly held under Cardinal Richelieu. America naturally prefers to go on getting richer and to keep out of the Old World morass; Russia seeks to Bolshevise what is left; France aspires to hold tight to what she has got; meanwhile we pay the penalty in a declining export trade as the result of all three conditions.

"Enthusiasm for the new Europe is thus a rare sentiment. When governments go bankrupt and whole sections of the community are 'wiped out,' optimism is not a word to be used lightly. People do what they can, in the circumstances. And such is the keynote of the situation. Politically, men speak merely of a 'transitional' Europe; economically, they refer simply to the circumstances. And so, as a wise Frenchman put it to me: 'there are no politics in Europe. There are only tendencies. It is the unreality of paper money.' I was surprized to find him so advanced in general economics and still more so at his reply. He said: 'We have all come on since 1918. The problem now is not peace, but how to make the economic war conditioned by peace profitable.' In other words: 'Did we ruin only the Central Powers at Versailles, or have we ruined ourselves as well?' For the moment European diplomacy is chiefly a matter of the exchange."

Speaking of France itself as being the great European problem, Mr. Harrison remarks it is preposterous that France, the victor, should be faced with the inflation problem that overwhelmed Germany. All France recognizes that to-day and some of the French ascribe it to England, according to this informant, who says he has seen French peasant women cover their faces with their hands, when addrest by an Englishwoman. When he asked the reason for this, he was told that they "think the English are ruining the franc." Political economy is "not a Gallic faculty," Mr. Harrison claims, and he goes on to say that the peasant still believes in the stocking—and his own credit, and this is the national strength. But it appears that he and every one else in France is growing skeptical and uneasy because "paper is not a synthetic that inspires respect." We read then:

"Thus France is to-day facing the Nemesis of the great Reparations Treaty which compels her to preside over Europe as a military power on paper credit, which keeps on slipping from under her, and the awkward part of it is that the only debt that France is asked to pay back represents post-war loans, America having really let her off her actual war money. Instead, as she might and ought to have done, emerging an easy first out of the financial quagmire, she has indulged in paper prosperity, and is the last to face the facts; she may be said to have had a good run for her money. Now, with resources at an end, France views the situation with undisguised annoyance. She has been taught to think in 'victory' finance. The new taxes are unpopular. It has come to this. Any French Government to-day depends upon the franc. We may call it France's sanitation turn. Europe looks on with considerable perplexity, for France, as men say, 'is Europe.' We are approaching the penultimate stage of peace finance—the stage that (historically) will matter. Meanwhile, the rest of Europe is seeking to 'save' itself by returning to the trusty formula of the mailed fist. It is a disconcerting picture of progressive reaction."



"THERE AIN'T GONNA BE NO CORE"

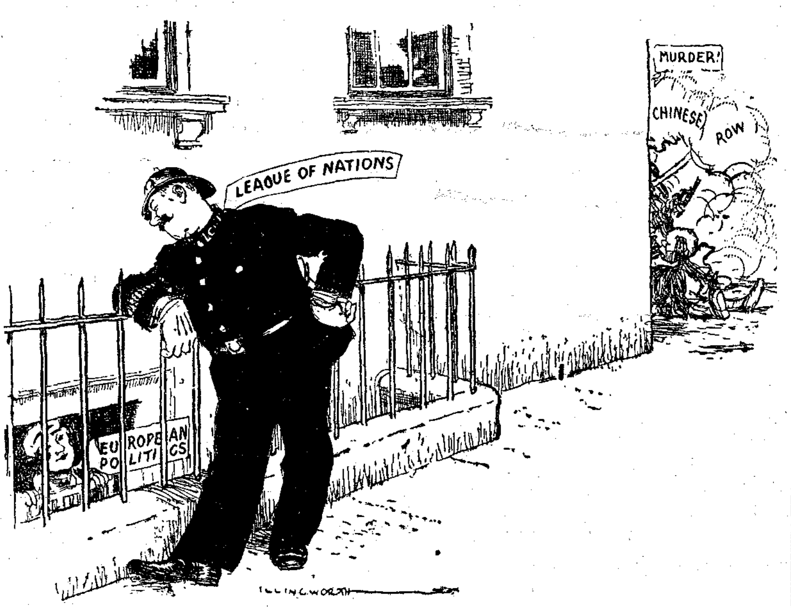
—*The Daily Express* (London).

Turning to Italy, Mr. Harrison finds that while Premier Mussolini is unquestionably the greatest success of the after-war period, it must be recognized that "force breeds force, and power which is not utilized is waste." So the Italians have begun to think "imperially," according to this English writer, who avers that Mussolini's authority is three times that ever enjoyed by the ex-Kaiser. Italy prospers, he admits, but the resplendent Fascist youths who rule the country with rods are militarist in spirit, and thus it is not surprizing that a distinct tension exists between France and Italy. Spain also is governed by soldiers, we are told, and Spain and Italy together represent militarist problems whose solution it would be vain to forecast. The Mediterranean has again become the "interesting" sea. Casting a glance toward Poland, this writer goes on to say:

"Pilsudski is another Mussolini: and he, too, is of the people. Polish civilian governments could not contain the military elements, and fell successively. Poland remains the inscrutable problem of Central and Eastern Europe, linked as she is to France and created for the part of a fighting buffer. Nationalist feeling is febrile, constitutional government is weak. One surveys the Polish frontiers with an almost comic despair. How could they have been brought about by any serious body of men engaged on a treaty of peace? But there they are. And Pilsudski is 'a Vilna man,' who would go far to placate the Lithuanians who demand 'their' city, in which not 5 per cent. are Lithuanians. Vilna resembles an outpost of war, and since the Lithuanian agreement with Russia, Poland is unpleasantly excited. The Danzig Corridor is another 'curiosity,' which only those who have been there can appreciate. The Poles ought to sell it back and with the proceeds sanitate their finance. Polish frontier difficulties are too abnormal to be submitted to the League—as yet. One dare not broach the subject. They tremble, so to speak, on the horizon of some future crisis. Yet Poland is deserving of all sympathy. She has accomplished wonders and unquestionably has justified her independence. Polish civilization is real, and there is good reason why a Poland should be established which would further peace rather than endanger it. Like most things, it is a question of beginnings. To-day, her position is one of Cerberus at the gates of the East, and so long as Russia continues in a condition of suspended eclipse, Poland will probably jog along, happy in her new union. But she also is now militarized; i.e., is ruled by the Army. When Pilsudski cracks his whip, the deputies skip. In such conditions one hesitates to think forward. The war to 'end war' or rather the peace which was to establish peace, has ended in a signal triumph for force, and as we look upon Europe and, in particular, secondary Europe, this is its outstanding feature."

Over there, Mr. Harrison declares, only the defeated Powers are "pacifist" and the problem of Germany is to recover her economic life, which she is doing, while Austria is a decaying land in which "the grass is literally growing in the streets." Hungary is another torso inflamed with national sores, and stands at daggers-drawn with Roumania, according to this informant, who adds that "the Balkans are still the Balkans," while Turkey is sullen, aloof and militarist and only Switzerland remains "unperturbed and imperturbable." Everywhere, he tells us, the hum of airplanes reminds one of military activity and men point upward commenting on the force of the future. We read further:

"Such is the European situation even as we hear of the good work performed by the League and the excellent results of the secret conversations held from time to time by the heads of governments. One thinks of the old adage, the more things change the more they remain the same. Diplomatically speaking, post-war Europe is more complex and inflammatory than ever, and the historical 'war points' literally dazzle the eye, unless one is prepared to take the view that the defeated nations are 'down and out' for evermore. Any observant traveler in Europe to-day can hear and see the same things that he saw and heard before 1914."



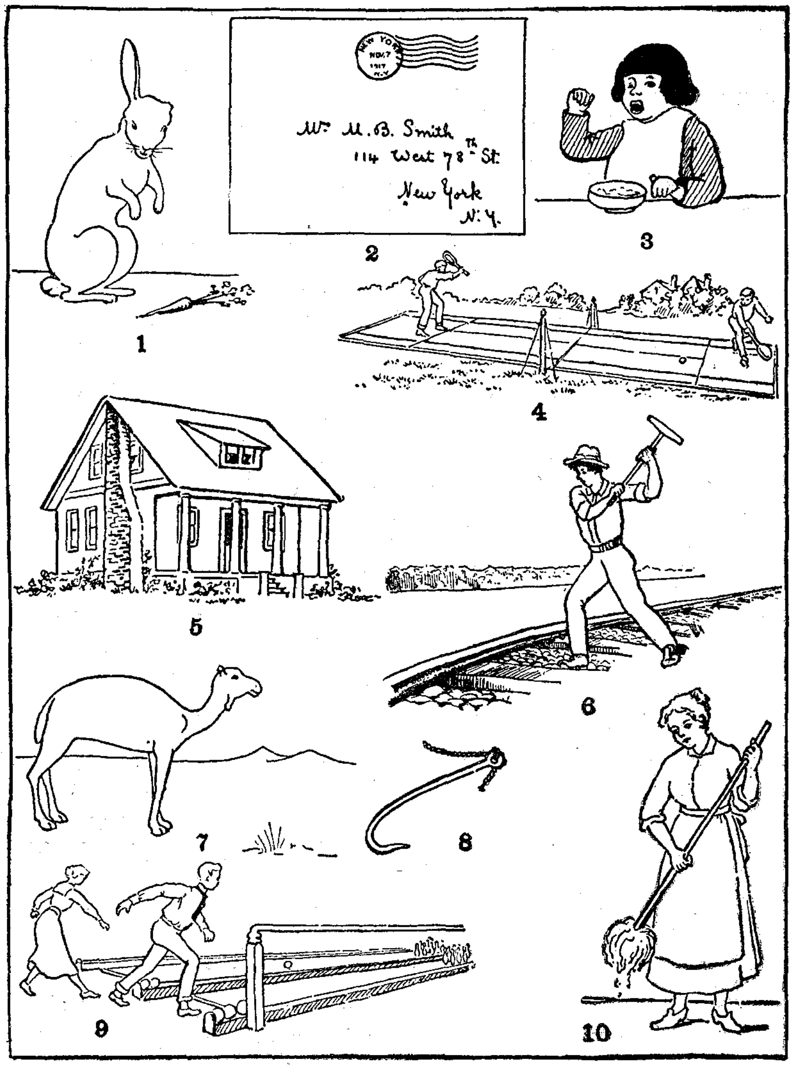
TOO BUSY FOR ENTANGLEMENTS

—*The Western Mail* (Cardiff).

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

MAKING MORONS INTO USEFUL CITIZENS

MANY OF US ARE MORONS—nearly half the population, if the Army tests mean anything. But a moron is not necessarily feeble-minded, altho his mind may be regarded as permanently childlike in certain respects. It may be feeble at the start, but it can be educated out of its feebleness, tho it will always be childlike. Educating this element of our population is evidently very important, says Dr. Henry H. Goddard, of Ohio State University, writing in *The Scientific Monthly* (Lancaster, Pa.). We have been going the wrong way about it, he thinks—trying to teach everybody to handle abstract ideas and general principles that they are incapable of understanding. Trained to do useful work, they become good citizens. "We need the moron," says Dr. Goddard. He is efficient and happy at kinds of work that the man of higher intellect does not like. Is it not time, he asks, that we should recognize this? He sees signs that we are beginning to do so. He writes:



WHAT'S MISSING IN THESE PICTURES?

One of the tests, from the official report, given in the Army psychological examinations. Results of the various tests indicated that almost half the white drafted men examined were below the mental age of thirteen, classed as "morons," and hence it is inferred that a like proportion of all of us are in that class. But the drafted morons helped win the war, and can be trained to win the battles of life.

"The term 'moron,' originally brought into the language for specific scientific use, seems to have filled a long-felt want in the public mind, and to-day one meets it in polite conversation, in popular literature of all kinds, as well as in scientific writings.

"The origin of the term is briefly stated. In 1909, the American Association for the Study of the Feeble-minded appointed a committee to devise a classification for the feeble-minded. The writer was a member. The Binet-Simon tests of intelligence with their age grading had just come into use. The plan presented was to call those defectives who had no higher intelligence than that of two-year-old children, idiots; while those who had intelligence from three years to seven years, inclusive, were to be called imbeciles. There was, however, a third group with a mentality of from eight to twelve. It was at first thought that we could call them feeble-minded, but in the United States this term had come to be applied to the entire group of mental defectives.

"The term 'fool' in its good old English signification seemed to be exactly what we wanted, but it is tabu in modern usage. But no such objection existed for its Greek equivalent 'moron.' Consequently, our highest group of the feeble-minded was called 'moron' in the report of this committee.

"According to this a moron is a feeble-minded person who has a mental age of anywhere from eight to twelve years. But the term is being used indiscriminately and without regard to its original definition. Most people to whom the term is applied in this broad sense of rather dull or stupid probably have an intelligence of not more than twelve years. Now if all such people were really feeble-minded, there would be no difficulty in the matter. But unfortunately for this problem, such is not the case.

"The war led to the measurement of the intelligence of the drafted Army. Of 1,700,000 soldiers tested, 45 per cent. did not get above the twelve-year limit. We conclude that these figures hold for the people of the country. But if a moron is a feeble-minded person, it is evident that these people are not morons. Now what are the distinguishing marks? The answer to that question raises several others of considerable importance. First, 'Who are feeble-minded?'

"After three-quarters of a century of dealing with the problem, and at least a quarter of a century of intensive study of it, we have no absolute criteria of feeble-mindedness. In the definition generally accepted by English-speaking people, we appeal to no less than three sciences. Our accepted definition reads, 'a person of defective mentality (psychology) existing from birth or an early age (biology) whereby he is incapable of competing in the struggle for existence or of managing his own affairs with ordinary prudence (sociology).' Such a definition is not scientific, because it is not definite.

"Who can tell exactly what we mean? What is ordinary prudence? What do we mean by managing his own affairs? Must he never take advice from any one?

"My two-year-old nephew is of idiot level, but he is not feeble-minded, because he has all the mentality that his age calls for. If when he is three or four he still has only the mentality of two, he will be defective. He is incapable of competing in the struggle for existence, but that is not because of his mental defect, but because of his age.

"Let us now assume that this boy has grown up to fifteen years of age and has a mentality of ten. He is incapable of earning his living and is, therefore, according to all the criteria, feeble-minded. We will therefore place him in the institution for the feeble-minded for care and training. Let us say that he stays there five years. He still has the mentality of a ten-year-old boy, but in those five years he has been very carefully trained.

He has learned to take care of himself, to dress and undress himself, to take care of his clothes, to keep himself decently clean. He has learned to work, he can plow and harrow and hoe corn and drive horses, he can earn twenty or forty or perhaps fifty dollars a month at such work. He is no longer incapable of competing in the struggle for existence. Is he 'feeble-minded'? He has a mental defect because he has only ten-year mentality; the defect existed from an early age, but the rest of the definition does not apply. Was he feeble-minded when he was sent in to the institution at the age of fifteen? Certainly, according to the definition. Then he has been cured of his feeble-mindedness! But we have always said that feeble-mindedness was incurable. We were evidently in error and yet the difficulty is more the result of our definition than anything else. The boy is just as feeble in mind as he was five years ago. Yet he was not so feeble in mind that he could not be trained to become self-supporting and capable of managing his own affairs."

Courtesy of *The Engineering News-Record* (New York)

STRAP RAIL FROM RAILROAD BUILT IN 1838

Shown lying between the rails of the existing track.

Does such a thing as this ever happen? asks Dr. Goddard. Yes, he replies; that is the reason we are discussing it. What we have described is happening all the time. Every institution for the feeble-minded has some inmates who are sent there as feeble-minded but who are no longer incapable of managing their own affairs. He goes on:

"Superintendent Charles Bernstein, of the institution at Rome, New York, has proved that these people have become capable, by actually putting them out to take care of themselves. A careful investigation showed that the great majority of those who were of the moron level were getting along very satisfactorily. A similar study at the Vineland Training School shows the same results. We have so trained a few of the feeble-minded that they are capable of taking care of themselves, a fact of tremendous significance. But we must be careful that we make no mistake as to what it signifies.

"First of all, some of my readers have already raised the question as to the advisability of letting these people go out into the world, even tho they can support themselves. Is there not danger that they will marry and bring into the world feeble-minded children? Yes, there is considerable danger of that, if it is a danger. Just what is the danger? First, that we are propagating the feeble-minded. Yes, but we have learned how to 'cure' them, and when cured (trained) they are very useful. They are happy in doing their kind of work that you and I do not want to do—positions that it is hard to get people to fill. In other words, we need these people. They are an essential element in the community. But suppose they have children of a lower intelligence who can not be trained? That would be serious, but there is no indication that it happens in any considerable number of cases. Sometimes highly intelligent people bring into the world a defective child. There is no evidence that these morons would be any more unfortunate.

"One thing remains to be considered, the tremendous significance of education for the moron. The problem of the moron is a problem of education. There would be very few, if any, morons in our institutions for the feeble-minded if we had not been mistaken in our theories of education. We have concluded that what is good for one is good for all in the way of education, and until quite recently have insisted upon the same course of study for all children. We have now discovered our error, but we are slow to put our new knowledge into practise. The most marked psychological characteristic of the moron is that he is unable to generalize, to handle abstract ideas or to use general principles.

"It is as useless to try to teach him subjects that involve these acts as it would be to train him to run a foot race if he had been born without legs. This is why we have turned out of our schools so many boys and girls who could not compete in the struggle for existence nor manage their own affairs with ordinary prudence. When they left school they were not only not prepared to do anything by which they could earn a living but they were discouraged and disheartened and oftentimes disgruntled and antisocial. It can not be wondered at that many of them became delinquent and, finally, criminals. Now that we have learned the facts, the solution is easy. Teach them the things they can learn, and we will send them out of school trained and even skilled in the doing of things that will enable them to compete in the struggle for existence.

"And what kind of training is it that will produce this very desirable result? Dr. Bernstein, at Rome, New York, has made some of the largest and most convincing demonstrations, but the same kind of training can be seen at Vineland, New Jersey, at Letchworth Village in New York, at Waverley and Wrentham in Massachusetts—in fact, in most any of the State institutions—altho some have gone much farther than others in appreciating the value of industrial training. In brief, the work consists in training these children to work and make things with their hands rather than training them to read and talk about things. These people can all be trained to work efficiently with their hands, and when trained they will continue to work efficiently at the thing that they have learned. They can never be trained to exercise judgment in critical situations. Therefore, their work must be more or less of a routine nature. But they are not unhappy at this. In fact, they enjoy it if they are not worked too hard and are well treated. This means that it is desirable always for some one to have a certain amount of oversight of such people; in other words, they should always be regarded more or less as children. Provision should be made for their playtime and rest as well as for their work. Our classes for backward children in the public schools have begun to work on these lines, but very few of them have been able so far to carry the plan out to its logical conclusion and to train these children to do the things in school that they are most likely to have an opportunity to do throughout life. This is the problem of the moron."

SOME RAILROAD ARCHEOLOGY—Only a century old, the American railroad has already reached the epoch where evidence of its early days, unearthed by the workman's spade, arouses as much interest as a dinosaur's egg. In clearing up the track following a recent derailment near Jacksonville, Illinois, in which the subgrade had been plowed up by derailed wheels, a piece of old rail of the strap type was found, as we are told in *The Engineering News-Record* (New York). Says this paper:

"The rail is shown in the accompanying illustration, laid between the rails of the existing track. S. M. Smith, assistant bridge engineer of the Wabash Railway, who sends the photograph, states that these strap rails came from the East, were brought up the Illinois River to Meredosia, in May, 1838, and were used on the first railroad to be built in the State of Illinois. They were 2 inches wide and ⅝ inch thick, varying in length from 15 to 20 feet. These iron straps had holes drilled in them at about 14 inches centers by which they were spiked with ordinary 20-penny nails to the top of wooden rails 2¼ inches wide on top and 3 inches wide on the bottom. These wooden rails rested on cross-ties, which in turn rested on longitudinal wooden sleepers 1 foot square laid on the ground. The railroad was built by the State of Illinois for the Northern Cross Railroad under the provisions of the Internal Improvement Act of 1837. Work was begun on this line in May, 1837, and construction completed in May, 1842."

Drury College Library
Springfield, Missouri

FOREST-FIRE ALARMS BY PLANE AND RADIO

THE EMPLOYMENT OF RADIO APPARATUS on the airplanes used in the province of Manitoba to patrol the forests and detect fires has enabled the fire-fighters to reach the scene of action hours, or even days, earlier than formerly, and has doubtless saved great quantities of valuable timber from destruction. The system that has made this possible is described by J. D. B. Macfarlane in an article entitled "Aerial Patrol and Radio," published in *Illustrated Canadian Forest and Outdoors* (Ottawa). It is only within recent years, says Mr. Macfarlane, that wireless has been used to any extent in an organized system of patrol over forested areas. In the early days each summer base carried on in its own district, the only means of communication with headquarters being by mail. As the organization advanced, radio was used, resulting in greatly increased efficiency. He goes on:

"Recently the installation of radio equipment in all detection aircraft makes possible communication between a plane in the air and the base, and greatly reduces the time between the detection of a fire and the actual fighting.

"Practically the whole of Manitoba's accessible forested area is under the protection of organized aerial patrols operated by the Royal Canadian Air Force in cooperation with the Forest Service. Headquarters are at Winnipeg, while summer bases equipped with aircraft and fire-fighting equipment are established throughout the Province. Radio stations capable of both transmitting and receiving messages have been established at headquarters and each of the bases.

"The aircraft employed may be divided into two classes: detection aircraft and suppression aircraft. The former detect fires, reporting to the base. These craft are equipped with radio. The latter type are used for suppression work only, carrying fire rangers, fire-fighting equipment, etc., to the scene of the fire.

"During the summer each base transmits by radio to Winnipeg a synopsis of the weather conditions during the previous twenty-four hours and the probable fire hazard as nearly as it can be judged. From this information, and radio reports from planes on patrol, officials at headquarters decide the areas to be patrolled on the following day.

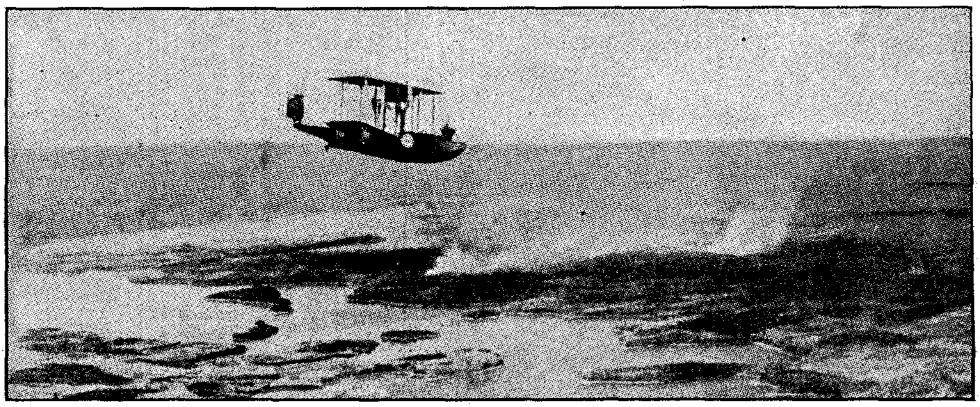
"As previously stated, all detection aircraft are fitted with radio equipment. Routine messages giving the position of the aircraft, condition of engine, size and location of fires, etc., are transmitted by voice and Morse key. No arrangements have been made for communication from the ground to the air, all messages being transmitted from the plane to the ground.

"Under conditions of heavy static it is more difficult to transmit messages by voice than when using the key and Morse code. The pilot as a general rule transmits his message both by voice and key. Before leaving on patrol the pilot tests his radio equipment by sending several messages in the vicinity of his base which are answered from the ground by signals (usually strips of white cloth) which at once indicate to the pilot whether or not his messages are being received."

The radio equipment, Mr. Macfarlane goes on to say, enables the pilot to communicate with his base by voice over a distance of from 5 to 90 miles and with Morse code to 150 or 175 miles. As continuous wave transmitters and trailing aerials are used, the set can only be operated while the plane is in the air. Occasionally in a period of severe fire hazard, a plane has been forced to land and remain in a lake for several days, and as its pilot is unable to communicate with his base the general feeling is one of suspense until he returns. To quote further:

"The maintenance of radio equipment in aircraft is in itself quite a problem. The set must be light, easy to operate and above all foolproof, as once the aircraft leaves the ground the pilot is unable to carry out adjustments or repairs without landing. At no time after leaving his base can the pilot be certain that his messages are being received. Meters on his instrument enable him to determine whether his set is working normally, but do not give him any indication of static interference.

"On the twenty-second of July one of our summer bases was ordered to carry out a patrol over a certain area on the following day. At 9:45 the next morning a detection plane left the base on patrol. At 10:15 a radio message was received reporting a fire of some ten acres in area and giving full information. At 10:35 a suppression machine left the base carrying two fire rangers, fire-fighting equipment and food to the scene of the fire. Actual fighting commenced before the detection plane had returned to the base. Under the old system the fire would not have been reported until the plane had completed the patrol, probably three hours after the fire had been sighted.

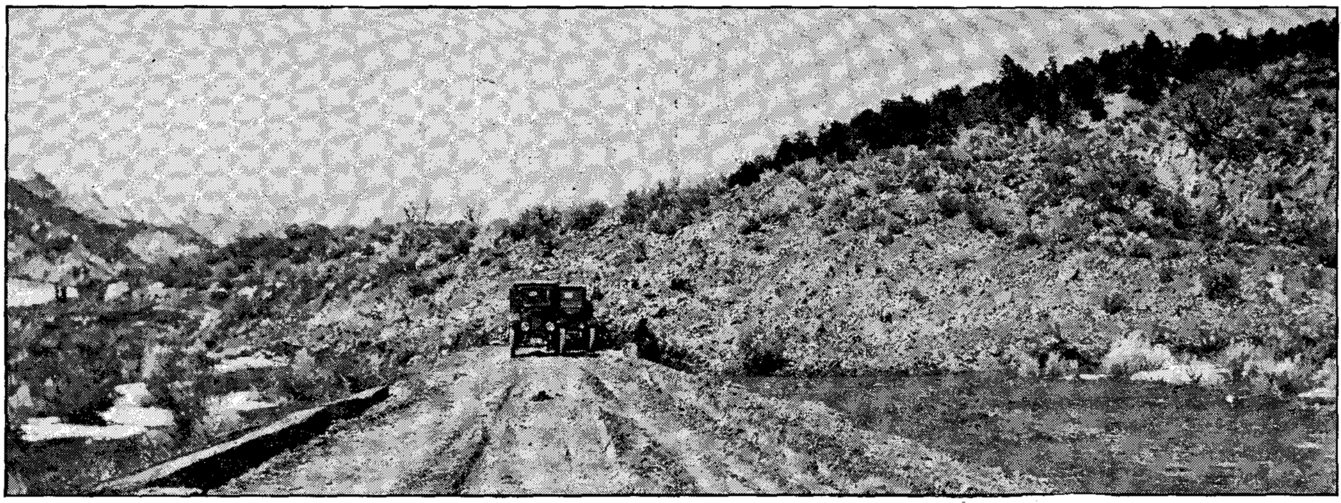


VICKERS "VIKING" AIRPLANE USED IN FIRE DETECTION PATROL IN MANITOBA

"Many such cases occur each season, where delays amounting to several hours, and occasionally a day or more, are eliminated by the use of radio. Apart from the time element, which is perhaps one of the most vital factors in fire-suppression, radio reports are of great assistance to the Chief Ranger in the handling of the whole fire-fighting organization in his district."

PSYCHOLOGY IN A CAFETERIA—For some time, says a writer in *The Nation's Business* (Washington), he wondered why it is that a favorite cafeteria shows its dessert dishes first. As you start around the long counter, tray in hand, the first three of four yards are devoted to desserts. After that one comes to soups, entrées and the rest of the meal, in proper order. Why should one buy dessert first, when dessert is not eaten first? He continues:

"Finally I hunted up the proprietor of one of the cafeterias where I have been trading, and frankly asked him for his secret. 'We show desserts first simply because we found by actual tests and experience that we sell twice as many that way,' he smilingly confessed. 'If a customer approaches dessert dishes, at the far end of the counter, after loading his tray down with, say, roast-beef, potatoes, macaroni, and two or three side dishes, he may decide that he has enough food already, and should not add dessert. Even if inclined to change his mind and have dessert in place of something else, it is now too late to make such a swap. But when he first comes in, he is hungry, and desserts look good to him. We even make more money from the fact that he can't decide quickly which dessert he wants, and compromises by buying two or three different kinds. But no matter how many desserts he has, he will nevertheless still buy his usual number of more substantial items.' Then this proprietor went on to tell me how it had been found advantageous to have trays for customers' use three inches longer than they used to be. 'Naturally,' he explained, 'nobody is going to buy any more food than one tray will hold. That is, he won't make a second trip. And people who eat in self-serve places are inclined to buy more different dishes than if they ordered from a menu—for the simple reason that good food in plain sight looks more appetizing than mere names of the same food on a card.'"



Photograph by the Rifle *Telegram*

"THE MOUNTAIN SHIFTED MORE THAN A HUNDRED YARDS IN TWO DAYS"

"Blocking the one road which connected Meeker with the outside world," but it filled a gulch and saved building a bridge.

SHIFTING PEAKS

ONCE AGAIN THE MOUNTAIN is going to Mohammed, asserts T. B. Ybarra, in the New York *Times*. Dispatches from London and Paris report that two mountains have been moving—one in England, the other in Switzerland. The first is Domen Fawr, the moving mountain of Monmouthshire, and the other is Mount Arbino, near Bellinzona. Last year, goes on Mr. Ybarra, the inhabitants of Meeker, Colorado, were perturbed by the behavior of a moving mountain close to the town. The peak had "moved" before, but never enough to cause any damage. In March, 1925, however, the mountain shifted more than a hundred yards in two days, blocking the one road which connected Meeker with the outside world. At the same time, according to reports, the shift caused a gulch to be filled and saved the expense of building a bridge. "While it is sufficiently rare for a mountain to move at all," Mr. Ybarra remarks, "it is regarded as even more rare for any good to result from the movement." He proceeds:

"Geologists and other scientists have often tried to give specific reasons for the cause of this action; but as none of the shifting mountains have contained deposits that warranted working on them, no absolute data have been obtained.

"One explanation offered is that the moving mountain becomes topheavy, due to rains or water seepage, with the passing of time, whereupon the lower layers loosen and are unable to hold the heavier upper layers. This results in the sliding of the top to a lower and more secure position.

"Some time ago one of the Government Geological Survey scientists put forth another explanation. About 40,000,000 years ago, in the making of the earth, he suggested, the mountain 'grew,' or ascended, and over a layer of sandstone there spread a thick layer of clay, forming the contour of the mountain. Throughout the ages bits of the clay wash away, until a large part of it loosens and slides down the side to a more secure position. This might be termed a landslide, but sometimes so large a portion loosens and moves that the whole peak seems to be shifted.

"According to Julian D. Sears, Acting Director of the United States Geological Survey, it is presumed that the 'moving mountains' are nothing but a form of landslide or landslip. Others offer the explanation that because of some internal activity of the earth the base of the mountain becomes loosened and the top, that portion above the earth, shifts. The phenomenon has also been explained by the theory that subterranean water seepage causes a loosening of clay in the mountain, which brings on the shift."

Prof. Charles P. Berkey, head of the Department of Geology at Columbia University, New York City, is inclined to explain most of the so-called moving mountains as some form of landslide. He is thus quoted by Mr. Ybarra:

"Typical landslides take place suddenly and are not readily mistaken. Movements that are slow, especially in cases where the mass that is moving does not wholly separate itself from original surroundings, but slumps down more gradually, are more inexplicable. It is not the whole mountain that moves, but a portion of the mountainside.

"The commonest causes of movement of this kind are: First, undermining by streams, which gradually cut away the support of masses that lie on the mountainside; second, excessive soaking with water, as sometimes happens from a series of heavy rains. This serves to weaken or soften the support and allows the mass to slump or slide.

"Formations with much clay are particularly susceptible to this kind of action, and masses also that lie on comparatively steep slopes are more susceptible than others. The process is not very different in principle from the slides that took place in the Panama Canal in Culebra Cut.

"Geologists understand that many mountain masses have been moved considerably in the course of mountain-making, and it is only fair to admit that mountain-making has a right to continue in certain regions at the present time. Movements connected with mountain folding and faulting are recognized. These movements, however, are generally not to be confused with those referred to as 'moving mountains' or 'walking mountains.'"

Within the last hundred years there have been but these three accredited cases of moving mountains, it is said. In the case at Meeker, an action which normally takes a thousand years or more took place within a few days. To quote again:

"The mountain at Domen Fawr, altho not as active as the Meeker peak, has brought about more serious results by its shifts. The latest, which occurred a few weeks ago, shifted the river bed and made thirty families homeless. The people, warned that the mountain had been undermined by rains, appointed a watchman, who stood guard all night. Nothing happened until early morning, when with a mighty roar the river bed shifted to the main street. This took place on a Saturday.

"On the following Monday the mountain lurched once more, causing the river to rise still higher and leaving eighteen more homes flooded to the top floor. As further activities are feared, it is probable that many buildings in the imperiled district will be moved as soon as possible. A new school, built at a cost of $150,000, and seating more than a thousand pupils, is among the buildings endangered.

"The city of Bellinzona, capital of the Swiss Canton of Ticino, is reported in danger of being blotted out by Mount Arbino, which moved three feet within two days. A mass about seven and a half miles wide and more than 5,000 feet high was in motion, causing great fear among the townspeople. Altho the movement is slow, it is nevertheless steadily approaching the town. Only a small granite mountain stands between Mount Arbino and Bellinzona."

LETTERS AND ART

LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE

THE EDITOR, CONTRIBUTOR, AND READER

THE WOULD-BE AUTHOR is given a peep behind the scenes of the literary mill in the confessions of that various and veteran editor, Charles Hanson Towne. His book, called "Adventures in Editing," recently published, dispels one illusion of the uninitiated—that some sort of favoritism prevails in the editorial sanctum which enables one man to get his wares accepted, while others, just as good or better in their own belief, must stay out. "The young author is often confused by a rejection which simply says, 'This is not a *Harper* story.' That does not mean that it is not a good story; it simply means that the tale does not, in the editor's mind, conform to the type of fiction which his magazine has established." Mr. Towne has found "large numbers of new writers who are striving to find markets for their wares; but they refuse to read the various periodicals to which they submit them." They simply take their produce to the wrong market and frequently nurse a grievance over their rejection. A "legendary phrase" is often used, "only great names are wanted by editors." Mr. Towne asks:

"But how are the names made? Surely not by editors who slam doors in the faces of young writers! Give a publisher something better than he has been using, not something 'just as good,' and see how swiftly he will respond. 'The Spoon River Anthology' came out in Reedy's *Mirror*—under an assumed name, because Mr. Masters, being a successful lawyer in Chicago, feared that poems under his signature might confuse and confound his clients. Innumerable cases might be cited. One grows weary of the oft-told tale of a conspiracy against those coming up the hill. And if, by chance—and of course this can happen—an indifferent story with a well-known name signed to it appears in a periodical, the complainers cry out in delight. The answer to that is that the occasional failures of established authors are interesting, as contrasts to their thrilling successes. And usually there is a thought, or at least a crystal phrase, tucked away in such a story. After all, even Homer nodded."

THE CONFESSING EDITOR

Charles Hanson Towne, who denies the legend that "only great names are wanted by editors."

It may interest the would-be contributor to know that the editor has his troubles too, and in his anxiety to cater to the wants of his readers he is forced to go it practically alone. Mr. Towne tells of one case of thwarted cooperation. Mr. Ridgway, here mentioned, was his editor-in-chief:

Then Mr. Ridgway had an idea one day. He suggested that I select any territory in the State that I wished, and go out quietly for a week or two and try to come face to face with some of my readers. I was to ask them certain questions, as to policy, likes and dislikes, favorite authors, and whether illustrations were popular or not. In fact, anything that would throw light on that most complex individual known as 'the average reader.' I looked on the experiment as something in the nature of an adventure, and was only too eager to try it.

"I selected a locality where I was not acquainted, put up at a hotel in a small town, and then started forth, almost as a canvasser would, from house to house. Mr. Ridgway had the astonishing idea that a stranger could fit himself into some evening group seated about the fire, under the reading-lamp, and learn the thoughts of almost any family, in so far as they pertained to magazines and literature in general. He was sure that club women would reveal their very souls to the chance visitor—even without knowing that the visitor was an editor of one of the periodicals they read.

"Instead, I was looked upon with suspicion, I assure you, gentle reader. The ringing of a doorbell in a rural community means either that one is a friend or an itinerant merchant—or perhaps an insurance agent. If the word 'magazine' slipt out in our preliminary conversation, there was a swift closing of the portal, as it was guessed at once that I was taking subscriptions. And that, in the opinion of these good householders, should be a business left to the boys and girls of the particular community in which they dwelt.

"Once or twice I did manage to get wholly within a 'parlor.' If I called in the morning hours, there was much busy housework going on, and interruptions were not regarded with favor. If I arrived in the afternoon, there was 'company.' This applied, too, to the evening hours, which caused me no little embarrassment.

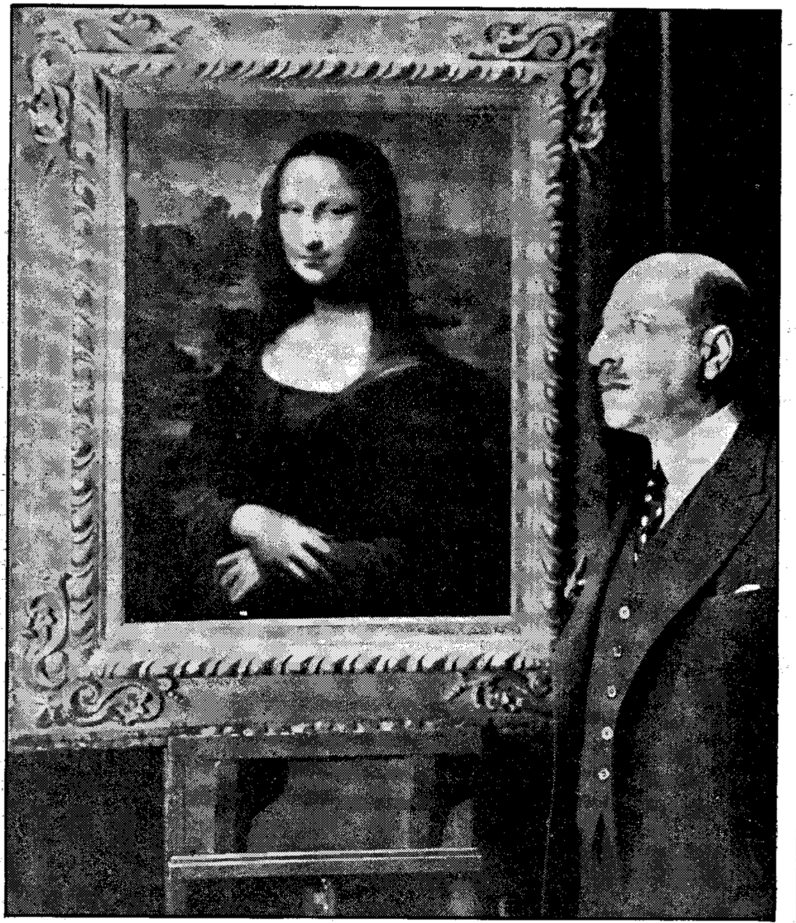
"Now, I have always welcomed any experience, no matter how disagreeable; but have you ever had a door slammed, literally, in your face? Something may be learned by such a circumstance, undoubtedly. But I am not quite sure what it is, unless it gives one the certain knowledge that rudeness is rampant in America—everywhere in fact. I used to try to make myself believe that no breach of manners was intended. I looked upon a door as a symbol, and euphemistically I called it a barrier and the veranda a moat—tried in every way to ease the sting and the pain upon me. Were such people worthy of an editor's best thought and highest endeavor? Most surely they were. Their homes were their castles, and I was an interloper, in their eyes—a most eccentric caller, all the more mysterious because I had nothing to sell. Frequently I saw vague forms behind the curtains peering at me as I walked down a path to the sidewalk; and I imagined heads were nodding, tongues wagging in wonder as to what I might be and why I had called. Verily, if there had been any strange murders in that district, I would have been under suspicion, and justly so. It might have been difficult, in court, to explain my mission in the community.

"When a few families did talk with me, I found them mostly inarticulate on the subjects I brought up. They could not remember, nine times out of ten, who wrote the stories that they cared for most, tho they were quick to recall the names of motion-picture stars. What was Booth Tarkington to Mary Pickford, they'd like to know. 'Oh, we leave it all to you,' one lady told me—a lady in a wrapper, her hair still done in curl-papers, on the shining morning in spring when I held my foot in her door and forced her, being myself a little angry by this time, to tell me something of her magazine wishes and desires. 'If you're an editor you ought to know what we want—that's your business, isn't it?'

"This was the most I ever gained out of my pilgrimage."

Finally comes a tale where thwarted cooperation may have damned a masterpiece:

"A story came to me through an agent—a manuscript which I had rejected long before at *McClure's*. It must have been doing a great deal of traveling, since then, I thought. It was by a well-known writer—a man whose work I greatly admired; but I imagine every editor who had read this particular yarn must have felt, as I had, that it was too tragic to be of popular appeal. And too psychological. Yet a second reading of it, after this lapse of time, caused me again to sense its strange power. It gript me, as of old, and I began to wonder if such a story should be withheld. Were editors fair to writers, when thus they arbitrarily asserted their editorial power? An idea came to me: I would ask the author's permission to print the tale, giving a history of its innumerable rejections, and ask our readers to tell us if we had done the wise thing by publishing it at last. A prize would be offered for the best letter whether pro or con. It would be an interesting experiment, anyhow. I would tell of the various editors' doubts, and this once let subscribers come behind the scenes.



International Newsreel photograph

THE OTHER "MONA LISA" AND MR. EDOUARD JONAS

Who brought it to this country for exhibition. Curious readers may compare it with the "Louvre" canvas reproduced on the cover.

"The author agreed: yet a Nemesis must have rested above this manuscript. For before we could publish it, *The Metropolitan* changed hands, and my successor did not feel at all as I did. Thus, so far as I know, that story remains in oblivion. Is it just that it should? It had been refused by no less than twenty editors—a work of distinction, a powerful, unforgetable tale. The fortunes of war, perhaps. A veritable army of editorial judgment crushing the breath of life out of a single citizen whose domain lay on the road of march. No wonder a writer sometimes grows cynical. I think every author has at least one such manuscript lying limp and sad in his desk. Is there no place where such stories could be gathered together, to let the world judge of their value?"

Mr. Towne, for a time, stood in the position of seeking the favor of editors for his own literary wares. "The thought sent the shivers down my back; and I thought of the manuscripts I had rejected and wondered if it might not be poetic justice if what I sent forth should likewise be returned to me." Applying his old injunction to young writers: "Touch only upon those subjects with which you are familiar," he vanquished both fear and failure. He now edits *Harper's Bazar*.

MONA LISA

NO PICTURE OF THE WORLD has such wide-spread fame, probably, as that of the "Mona Lisa." When the painting disappeared from the Louvre in 1911, where it had hung since 1871, the whole world was interested in the question of its whereabouts, and almost trembled over the possibility of its ultimate loss. If one had visited the Louvre and seen only the "Mona Lisa," the achievement was enough to satisfy the average tourist in his pursuits in the realm of art. He could go away and say, "I have seen her," regardless of whether she had had anything to say to him or not. The picture appears on our cover and was made from reproductions of the painting which had been in the possession of the French Government throughout all its various vicissitudes since the days of Francis I, who acquired it from the painter himself. The reproduction accompanying this text is from another canvas whose authenticity now agitates the art world. Is it a copy by an inferior hand? Is it a replica by Leonardo? Is it the original; and the present Louvre canvas, the one which was returned by the Italian Government when the mystery of the theft was cleared up in 1913, only a copy? These are not questions for us to answer. The present owner of the picture has brought it to America and put it on exhibition, and so far as we know its ultimate destination is undetermined.

The story goes that Leonardo painted at least two versions of the picture which stands as the portrait of the wife of a rich Florentine noble, Francesco di Bartolomeo di Zanobi del Giocondo. The picture is either called "La Gioconda" or "Mona Lisa." Leonardo is supposed to have delivered the portrait unfinished to the man who commissioned it, and carried another version with him into France when he went into the employ of its monarch, Francis I. Then Francis acquired the picture for a sum equivalent to $10,000. The purchase was achieved in 1517, and it was hung in the Château of Amboise, but emigrated from there to Fontainebleau in 1640. Something over fifty years later Louis XIV had it hanging in the palace at Versailles, but his immediate successor did not care for it. Perhaps the enigmatic smile on the lady's face said something to him that may have been unpleasant. At all events the picture remained in unregarded rooms of the royal suite until 1788, when it came again to Paris and was installed by Napoleon in the Tuileries. From there it went to the Imperial Museum, and its career as a public exhibit began, to be interrupted, however, by one more journey, and that was its retirement to the arsenal at Brest in 1870, to escape possible confiscation during the German occupation. In 1871, it took up its home in the Salon Carré, where all the world has since gone to see it. Famous as the picture is, a rival in its fame appeared in England when Walter Pater published his famous description of the picture, which perhaps has added to its glory as well as setting up a rivalry. The description is so well known that the eloquent passage has become almost hackneyed, and yet one can not forbear to quote:

> "The presence that rose thus so strangely beside the waters, is expressive of what in the ways of a thousand years men had come to desire. Hers is the head upon which all 'the ends of the world are come,' and the eyelids are a little weary. It is a beauty wrought out from within upon the flesh, the deposit, little cell by cell, of strange thoughts and fantastic reveries and exquisite passions. Set it for a moment beside one of those white Greek goddesses or beautiful women of antiquity, and how would they be troubled by this beauty, into which the soul with all its maladies has passed! All the thoughts and experience of the

world have etched and molded there, in that which they have of power to refine and make expressive the outward form, the animalism of Greece, the lust of Rome, the mysticism of the middle age with its spiritual ambition and imaginative loves, the return of the Pagan world, the sins of the Borgias. She is older than the rocks among which she sits; like the vampire, she has been dead many times, and learned the secrets of the grave; and has been a diver in deep seas, and keeps their fallen day about her; and trafficked for strange webs with Eastern merchants, and, as Leda, was the mother of Helen of Troy, and, as Saint Anne, the mother of Mary; and all this has been to her but as the sound of lyres and flutes, and lives only in the delicacy with which it has molded the changing lineaments, and tinged the eyelids and the hands. The fancy of a perpetual life, sweeping together ten thousand experiences, is an old one; and modern philosophy has conceived the idea of humanity as wrought upon by, and summing up in itself, all modes of thought and life. Certainly Lady Lisa might stand as the embodiment of the old fancy, the symbol of the modern idea."

P. T. BARNUM IN MUSIC

MODERN MUSIC APPEARS TO USURP the field of biography. Of course this is only carrying a little further what Richard Strauss began in his compositions dealing with the "life of a hero" and episodes in the careers of certain individuals. Mr. Douglas Moore, the young American composer, gives us the "Pageant of P. T. Barnum," and this is said to contain passages of "rare humor." The work is sponsored by the Cleveland Orchestra, and has been performed in the home city as well as in New York under the direction of Mr. Sokoloff. Mr. Moore, who is Associate Professor of Music in Columbia University, composed his work at the MacDowell Colony in Peterborough, New Hampshire; and lest any listener should be puzzled at the import of his musical periods, he furnishes an elucidation for the "Program Book of the Cleveland Symphony Orchestra" that Mr. Gilman transfers to the columns of the New York *Herald Tribune.* This suite in five movements, according to the composer, "aims to portray certain qualities of American life which are found in profusion in the story of that great showman." The five movements carry these titles:

"1. Boyhood at Bethel.
"2. Joyce Heth—161-Year-Old Negress.
"3. General and Mrs. Tom Thumb.
"4. Jenny Lind.
"5. Circus Parade."

How the themes are presented; that is, how the high spots in the great showman's life are to be read in the music, the composer's further words explain:

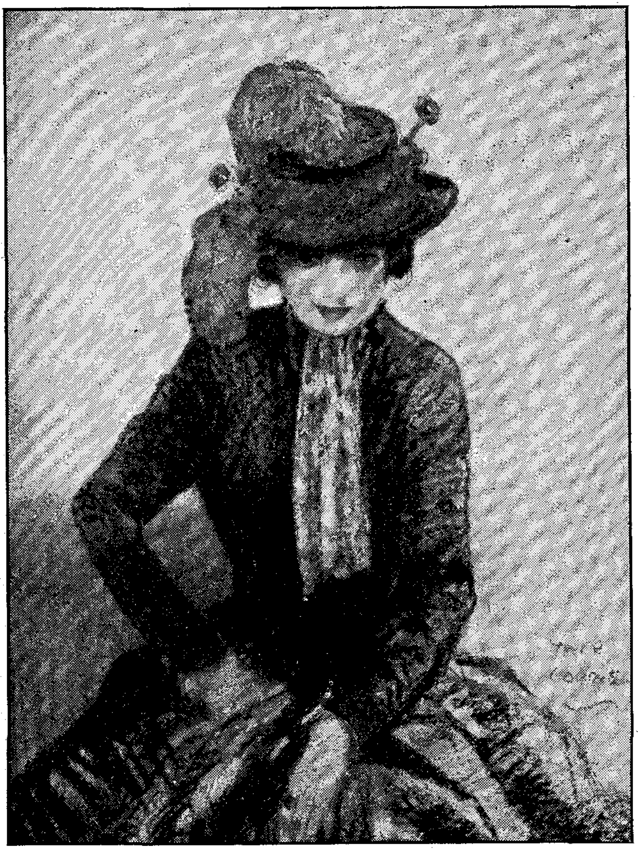
"With a subject which is most congenial to the idea, this suite for orchestra is an attempt to write in an American idiom which, if it comes out of the dance halls, at least does not come out of the contemporary ones, and has been considerably deodorized by the softening processes of time. Certainly the old-fashioned fiddle and brass-band pieces exprest a more lyric age than our own. They have just as much vigor as jazz, are as completely our own, nationally speaking, and yet, like the civilization that produced them, they have a more heroic design.

"The first movement, 'Boyhood at Bethel,' is a cheerful piece reflecting the sort of musical environment which may have surrounded the youthful hero. It is intended to suggest fiddles, bands and early Connecticut hymnology.

"Barnum himself would perhaps have preferred the second movement. This is entitled 'Joyce Heth—161-Year-Old Negress.' Joyce was Barnum's first exhibit, and supposedly had been the first person to put clothes upon the infant George Washington, a fact which she related without reticence—admission twenty-five cents. This piece is based upon a negro spiritual, and emphasizes the pathetic quality, rather than the grotesque, of the old lady. I have used the less familiar version of the spiritual, 'Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen.'

"The third movement, 'General and Mrs. Tom Thumb,' tells of those midgets who did so much to make Barnum famous. Their personalities are said to have been rather more animated than sweet. This episode is begun by a drum flourish and cap pistol, after which a military theme in syncopated rhythm is authoritatively announced by the flutes and oboes.

"'Jenny Lind,' the fourth movement, is a vision of the Swedish Nightingale singing at Castle Garden, and the nation-wide hush thereat. It should not be forgotten in listening to this episode that a sentimental nation has never permitted itself lusher emotions and recollections than in dealing with that white-robed Queen of Song.



"A GENUINE MONA *LIZA*"

—Jack Gordge in *The Bystander* (London).

The artist here has produced a modern type, and sets a puzzle for readers. Try to fit the Pater passage to this one.

"The movement opens with harp chords, announcing a simple flute melody in the Mixolydian mode, in four phrases, later heard upon the strings. The fourth phrase, which leads to G-sharp major, introduces a suggestion of coloratura in the wood-wind.

"The final movement, 'Circus Parade,' attempts to tell you of your own feelings toward this supereminent ceremonial of childhood. Certain selected animals, wagon wheels, and calliope, and Barnum himself, are all darkly hinted at.

"This movement is a march consisting of a number of episodes, and a choral of assorted themes at the end. There are various episodes in various keys and characteristic instrumentation, to suggest such things as hula-hula dancers, brass band, elephants, etc. Suddenly the calliope bursts upon our ears, the wood-wind, led by the clarinets, playing out of tune that old favorite, 'Old Dog Tray Is a Daisy.' This is in D-flat, and to it is joined gradually and rather unwillingly the original introduction. This increases as the calliope dies away, and produces a crescendo which leads to the choral. Between each phrase of the choral occurs a tremendous crescendo for percussion instruments alone, to which is added the razzle-dazzle. The first phrase brings the Barnum theme, the second, Joyce Heth; the third, Tom Thumb and Jenny Lind, and the fourth the theme of the last movement march. The only thing missing is the peanuts, which the management has hitherto declined to furnish."

FEARS OF OLD ACTORS—A public dinner that would produce the wit of Dame Madge Kendal and Jerome K. Jerome should count as a success beyond any mere play. These old-timers appeared recently in London at a dinner of the Bancroft Dramatic Club when Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson was inaugurated president. The toast to the chairman was proposed by Mr. Jerome, whom the London *Daily Telegraph* reports as saying:

> "For two and a half years I, too, was on the stage, and have played 'Hamlet.' I will not trouble you with comparisons, but I have friends who have seen both Sir Johnston and myself in the part who say there were points about my own performance which Sir Johnston missed. (Laughter.) I have also played the *Queen*. It was not one of my successes. I took the part at short notice owing to our manager's wife having unfortunately left her teeth behind. (Laughter.) She was a fine figure of a woman, and I in those days was rather slim. My chief preoccupation during that evening was to uphold and maintain the decencies of the British drama. Perhaps in these days it might not have seemed so important." (Laughter.)

Mrs. Kendal, who is a well-known critic of the modern woman, embraced her chance here also. She said:

> "If Shakespeare had lived to-day he would never have written 'All the World's a Stage.' He would have written 'All the World is on the Stage.' Those who are not on the stage are amateur actors and actresses. (Laughter.) The other day I saw a tall figure in what I took to be Hessian boots, and I said, 'Here is an actor.' I rushed round, and, lo, it was a young girl. (Laughter.) When I saw five or six ladies and gentlemen smoking cigarets on the stage and making love through the telephone, I thought of asking for my money back." Imploring those present to use their influence against any attempt to alter Shakespeare, she commented, "I can not sleep of nights for thinking *Lady Macbeth* will eventually end her days in pajamas."

FRENCH AUTHORS ON THE INDEX

LEON DAUDET, son of the famous French novelist, Alphonse Daudet, is the latest addition to the "Index Expurgatorius." At least his paper, *l'Action Française* (Paris), is reported there, and he is an active writer on that daily. The newspaper has been the head of the Royalist party in France, and Daudet's recent efforts have been interpreted as aiming "to make his Royalists appear a Catholic party." The New York *World* construes this act as one showing "the friendliness of the Vatican for the French Republic." But such matters are less the concern of this department than the effect of the ban on literature. Leon Daudet is also a popular novelist, and a recent French correspondent of the New York *Times Book Review* surveys the various French writers who are under the ban and speaks with some wonderment over the immunity hitherto enjoyed by the journalist-novelist in question. "Leon Daudet," writes Ferdinand Tuohy, "is the ardent Royalist and Catholic leader and friend of prelates, at the same time as being, by wide accord, the most genuinely perverse novelist alive to-day in France." Mr. Tuohy avers that were he "starting a blacklist really meaning business, really intending to keep pernicious stuff away from youth until it had attained the grappling age," two of Daudet's books would stand numbers 1 and 2. Mr. Tuohy speaks of the Abbé Louis Bethleem, the French executive of the Index, as probably the most "listened to" of "any censor who has ever functioned. He prepares the record of books forbidden by the Pope to all Roman Catholics desirous of remaining within the fold." Of his activity Mr. Tuohy writes:

> "Operating 'by Divine authority and apostolic letters' and under the *formulæ amatoriæ* or *opera omnia*, the Church in France, in the person of the Abbé Bethleem, seeks to achieve its end by three means: by preventing the printing of an offending volume, by bringing about subsequent suppression, and by cutting down sales, and without a doubt greatest success is attained in the realm of Number 3—in fact, to most French authors not in the upper sphere of certain sales the 'thumbs up' or down of the Abbé Bethleem is quite an important matter. The latter's method is the essence of simplicity. Up and down the land there are Catholic leagues and societies dedicated to the safeguarding of the home, to the purification of morals, etc., and to these is posted each month a publication entitled *The Readers' Review*, in which latest additions to the 'Index' appear, together with whys and wherefores, and it becomes the business of recipients, all sworn to combat the sale and circulation of forbidden books, to encompass the removal of the latter from the kiosks and bookstalls, and where possible to bring pressure to bear on local libraries and bookstores. Districts are allowed to operate on their own, ecclesiastics and women members of their congregation not unnaturally forming the nucleus of the attacking forces, and the *modus operandi* being much the same as that with which you are so familiar in regard to one aspect of the 'putting over' of prohibition."

D'Annunzio, whose later years have been divided between a French and an Italian residence, is one of Daudet's associates on the "Index." He is described as "a debauched and repugnant personage, a brutal and shameless realist." But the present case deals largely with Frenchmen:

> "*The Readers' Review* may be said to be divided into four parts: Hell (a) and (b), Purgatory and Heaven. Hell (a) is confined to writers who have made the great crossing. Hell (b) concerns contemporary authors. In Purgatory repose writers 'certain of whose works may be permitted in decent libraries and be read by adults of ripe judgment.' Finally, in Heaven, or the 'Rose Library,' are set down month by month the latest volumes passed by our cassocked and soutaned censor as fit for pure minds, for youth and adolescence. So insular are the French in their reading, as in most other things except their tennis, that practically none save French authors, and a few from Italy and Spain, figure on the Abbé's lists. Of living writers in the English tongue, speaking offhand, only Shaw, Wells, Kipling and Conan Doyle have any circulation in France, and Shaw, heathen as he may be, seems to have been overlooked. On the other hand, Oscar Wilde is blacklisted as perverse.
>
> "Of giants of the past, Balzac is there for his 'impure' works; and Diderot—naturally enough—and Victor Hugo ('dangerous reading, lying assertions, blasphemies, calumnies'). Flaubert rather surprizingly is never forgiven for his 'Bovary,' the good Abbé insisting that that work made more Madame Bovarys than it prevented; and both the Dumas figure, father and son, the latter on the score of being a 'painter of evil morals,' tho how father erred in turning history into a romance is not explained. Anatole France's name is heavily underlined, he being 'the worst and most pernicious writer of his time.' Michelet is 'an anti-Christian demagog.' Montesquieu 'offends against chaste thoughts.' Rousseau is 'the wickedest imp who ever dishonored literature.' Even poor old Murger of innocent 'Vie de Bohème' immortality also fails to pass muster; as does, of course, Voltaire, who almost reduces the censor to the use of asterisks and exclamation marks in lieu of his customary characterizations—in fact, the little old man who did more than any other to bring about the state of mind leading to the French Revolution is considered even worse than Jean-Jacques. Other world-famed names on the list are George Sand, chiefly for the circumstances of her private life; Stendhal ('a vicious man and arid writer'), and Emile Zola, whose realism proves altogether too strong a pill even to this day."

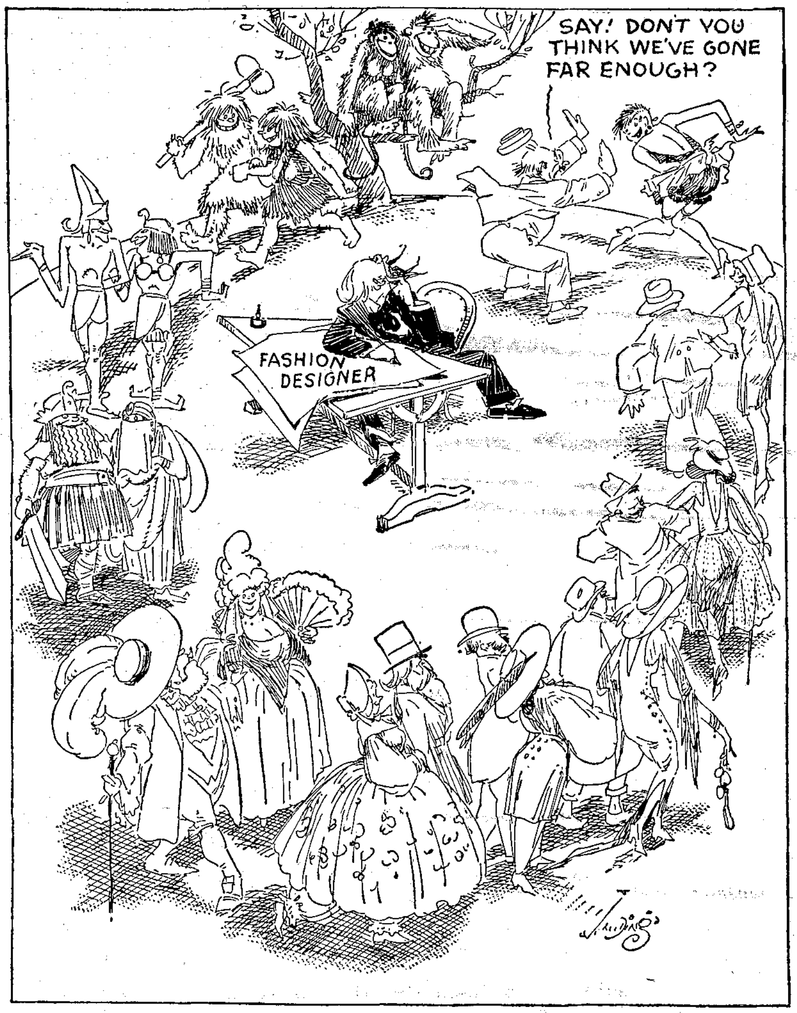
Americans may learn for the first time that some of their favorite French writers do not get off with a clean bill:

> "Among contemporary authors in Series 2 are to be found the names of Maeterlinck ('whose dramas are darkened by Shakespeare and Poe'), Henri Barbusse, Tristan Bernard, Paul Adam, Maurice Rostand, who is banned as 'a wicked thinker,' and Marcel Prevost ('one of the most perverse writers of this epoch'). Henri Duvernois is another of France's forty immortals who is listed as a 'fashioner of indecent stories,' while François Carco is 'unhealthy and obscene.' André Gide, Abel Hermant and Réné Maran, the colored author whose tale of Central Africa created such a sensation in 1922, continue a very severe list that includes even the Comtesse de Noailles, for her poetry: Henri de Régnier and Paul Morand—indeed, it looks at first sight as if hardly 50 per cent. of France's current leading writers are available to Catholics. In this second list are also to be found writers not long deceased, such as Octave Mirbeau ('vulgar and pretentious, incoherent and of mediocre brain'), Marcel Proust, Camille Flammarion, the astronomer, Alfred de Vigny, Edmond About, Julien Benda, Michel Zévaco and Rémy de Gourmont. On the other hand, it is difficult to terminate this brief exposé without noting the conspicuous absence of one notorious author, an absence, it must be said, which jolts one's confidence in the good Abbé Bethleem very severely indeed. Where is Leon Daudet?"

RELIGION AND SOCIAL SERVICE

THE POPE'S APPEAL TO MEN TO REFORM WOMEN'S DRESS

FATHERS, HUSBANDS, BROTHERS are appealed to by Pope Pius to help check what is held to be an increased immodesty in women's fashions. The Catholic Church has repeatedly counseled women not to follow the extremes in style, and Bishops have forbidden women to enter the sanctuary unless they conform to certain requirements against what the Church holds to be vulgar display. In another and more recent pronouncement against "increased immodesty," Pope Pius declares it constitutes an "ugly, ruinous, catastrophical tendency, which Catholic husbands, fathers and brothers should attempt to check at all costs." Pope Pius's sentiments find a ready echo in some of our religious press, while others profess that they are neither shocked nor alarmed, and add that they do not hold to the theory that woman is any more immodest today than she was when girdles were plucked from the trees.


SAY! DON'T YOU THINK WE'VE GONE FAR ENOUGH?
FASHION DESIGNER
Darling

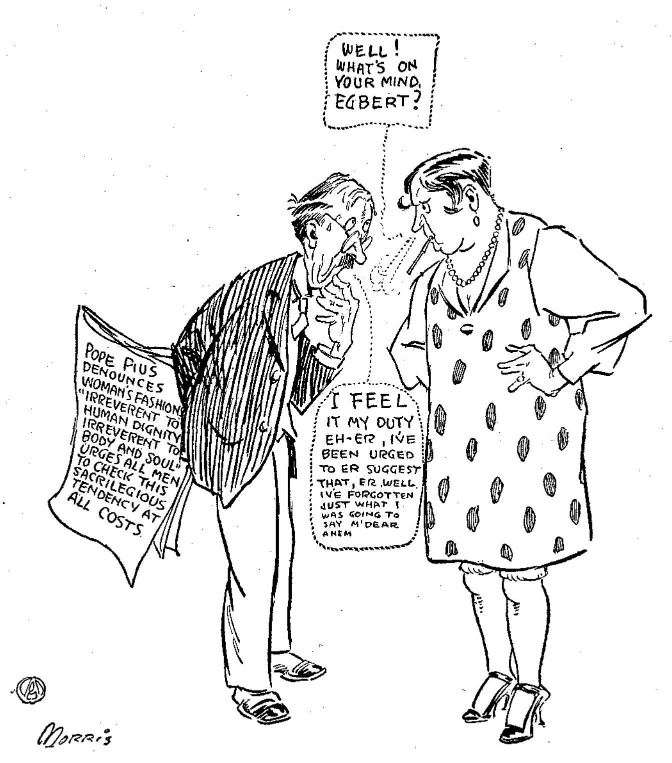
SCIENTISTS TELL US THAT EVERYTHING MOVES IN CYCLES
—Darling in the New York *Herald Tribune*.

It was in an address to members of the Rome section of the Catholic Men's Association that Pope Pius inveighed against modern fashions, saying that they are "irreverent precisely because they are immoral, irreverent to human dignity, irreverent to body and soul. There is a phrase in holy writings," his address continues, "which touches the basis of the matter, a phrase which God puts in the mouth of man when He makes him say: 'Lord, save me from an irreverent and shameless soul.'" As we quote it from the press, the address goes on:

> "This body is sacred because it was created by the hand of God, sacred because redeemed by God.
>
> "Catholic men perform a work, not only Christian but humanitarian, in fighting against immoral fashions, which constitute such an important matter nowadays. It is necessary that all who still have a sense of human nobility and dignity, not to mention Christian dignity, should agree and find a means of creating dams against a current so ugly and so ruinous and carrying so many catastrophes with it."

In an effort to sound out opinion of the religious press on the Papal criticism, THE LITERARY DIGEST asked a number of the leading religious journals to express their views. It is interesting to note at the start that whether woman's dress, or the lack of it, is immodest and immoral is still a question, even among those whose particular business it is to point out evil and to warn us against temptation. Some hold that modern fashions are an open invitation to grossness, an alarming sign of decadence where virtue should find its stoutest stronghold. Others see in woman's scanty garb merely a welcome and healthy escape from the restraints and conventions of an older day, and hold that evil is in the eye of the beholder or in the manner of woman, as it was in that half-forgotten time when it was forbidden a woman even to show the tips of her shoes. Turning first to those who readily agree with the Papal dictum, we find *The Sunday School Times* (Philadelphia) saying that the "terrific movement" of the women away from Scriptural teachings on the subject of dress is "plainly supernatural and Satanic in its intensity, and is indeed a challenge to all true Christians to set themselves against it by prayer and teaching and example. . . . Here is a vital opportunity for Christian teachers, parents, pastors, and journals." "Undoubtedly," declares *The Christian Index*, organ of the Baptist Convention of the State of Georgia, "the Christian women of today have taken upon themselves a fearful responsibility in allowing the pagan modistes of Paris and New York to hand down to them and their daughters styles in street and evening dress which are calculated to do great violence to the sanctities of womanhood." "It is not enough to pass by the Pope's criticism with the flippant remark that his single state disqualifies him to judge what men can and can not say to their wives," declares *The Christian Courier* (Disciples of Christ), of Dallas, Texas. "He is eminently proper in beginning his campaign, if it is to be a campaign, against the liberties women are taking in dress, among men." Women dress to be seen of men, we are told, and *The Christian Courier* concedes that there is something in woman's assertion that "a wee bit of color on the cheek to simulate health is actually conducive to health," and that "feminine ankles are too graceful to hide away in unsightly boots." Lives, we are told are functioning better since waistbands, along with other feminine bonds, have been loosened; "and there is no necessary reason," thinks the Dallas paper, "why a free bile flow should contribute to impurity of heart." But—and here's the rub:

> "God's prophets have often spoken of the part women's raiment and styles have contributed to the decay of morals and the downfall of nations. They still possess these terrible potentialities. Women forget that their garments do not possess static qualities, that a passing wind, or sudden movement of the wearer, is sufficient to change their position. In cutting our garments, as well as in other things of life, we must allow for emergencies. To keep a skirt at a certain level in emergencies, it must drop considerably below that level normally. It must also be remembered that a morality may have prevailed before the establishment of certain conventions which can not be maintained while these conventions are being broken down. Missionaries would be wise never to suggest to naked savages that Christianity requires them to wear raiment. No consciousness of that need should be aroused. But when the consciousness is aroused, and custom has fixt certain standards, these standards can not be violated in innocence. In a former day little Misses wore knee skirts up to a given age, with no thought of impropriety. After they had once lengthened their garments, they could never again don the shorter style in unconsciousness. We may raise up a generation that can endure the new customs, but it can not be said that we are unconscious of them in this generation; and it is this consciousness of ours, the fact that it is so constantly upon our minds, that is breaking down the reserve of many and having a more or less damning influence upon us all."


WELL! WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND, EGBERT?
POPE PIUS DENOUNCES WOMAN'S FASHION "IRREVERENT TO HUMAN DIGNITY IRREVERENT TO BODY AND SOUL" URGES ALL MEN TO CHECK THIS SACRILEGIOUS TENDENCY AT ALL COSTS
I FEEL IT MY DUTY EH-ER, I'VE BEEN URGED TO ER SUGGEST THAT, ER WELL. I'VE FORGOTTEN JUST WHAT I WAS GOING TO SAY M'DEAR AHEM
Morris

THE SPIRIT IS WILLING BUT THE FLESH IS WEAK

—Morris for the George Matthew Adams Service.

Many Protestants share the feeling of the Pope on modern fashions, says *The Methodist Protestant Herald*, of Greensboro, North Carolina, which thinks that the statement that one never sees a woman blush in these days is extreme, but that "there is a connection between the acuteness of the feeling of modesty and the style of dress." In the opinion of this Southern journal:

> "There may be too much sex-consciousness, and there may be too little. Sometimes the evil is in the mind of the man who condemns and not at all in the spirit of the woman who is condemned. The virtuous woman, devoid of evil intent, would be surprized to know the effect of her style of dress upon the mind of some observer who is not so virtuous as she. Women should

(*Continued on page 57*)

A CREED FOR ALL CHRISTIANS

AN EXPRESSION OF THE SUBSTANCE of religious faith held in common by 100 clergymen, affiliated with many denominations, but bridging all sectarian divisions by agreement on the great essentials, must be interesting to all who have any faith whatever, and even to those who are honest in their profession of doubt. Such an expression comes as a New Year's message, prepared at the request of the church advertising department of the International Advertising Association and made public by the Rev. Charles Stelzle, president of the department. All the clergymen, representing every religious denomination, sent a religious message, and from these the Rev. Mr. Stelzle compiled a single statement, which was approved by each of the ministerial group. It is, says the Indianapolis *Star*, which is among the newspapers which print the message, "a striking testimony to the fundamental unity of belief and the fundamental loyalty of allegiance which exist in the realm of Christian effort and aspiration." And perhaps most would agree with *The Star* that "better than anything that might be written for the help of those who set their feet to travel the uncharted paths of the New Year will be a reprinting of what this group has offered out of its experience." Not the whole of the combined religious message is given here, but a selection of the more striking passages, of the passages "which seem most fertile in suggestion for souls which seek light on the way, strength for its tasks, hope for attainment of the worth-while goal." These are the passages:

> "In the beginning—God. In Him we live and move and have our being. God is a spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth. God is love, and loves every human soul. God is truth, and living close to Him makes us know the truth. God is a living, personal force, working in us and through us to do His will. It is God's will that His children shall live complete lives, worthy of the mental, moral and physical equipment He has given them. Scientific knowledge does not shorten the arm of God—it lengthens it. It reveals the purpose of God. It indicates the partnership of God and man in fulfilling His plans for the complete redemption of the world. No man is complete without God. And in Him and through Him we are related to one another.
>
> "The nature of God is supremely revealed in the personality of Jesus. He that has seen Jesus has seen the Father. The revelation of the nature of God in the personality of Jesus makes Jesus the immortal leader of the race. The rulers of the world built their kingdoms upon force—and lost. Jesus alone founded His empire upon love—and won. His message never grows old. The world has never come up to Christ's teachings. It is just beginning to get a glimpse into the significance of His words. Heaven and earth may pass away, but the words of Jesus are eternal. His mission will be further revealed as men are prepared to grasp its meaning. Jesus not only taught great truths—He gave men power to live them. Millions have testified to this fact. Jesus has taken the vilest men and women and given them power to live pure, clean, wholesome lives. The power of Jesus as a social reformer is growing. He is the court of last appeal.
>
> "The reality of man's spiritual nature and its relation to God make him 'incurably religious.' He may be alien to the Church and to its customs, but he usually believes in God and accepts the value of religion as a force in human life. This is true because he finds himself in a world governed by orderly forces. All about him are signs of unity and purpose, revealing mind and will that are infinite. As man grows in wisdom and stature or suffers sudden distress or danger he inevitably moves toward the Supreme Being. Religion is not manufactured by priests and ministers. It already exists even in the hearts of those who never heard of God or of the Church. It is the purpose of religion to make God more fully known to man in order that the fundamental needs of the race may be satisfied. The reason that Jesus was the most normal man who ever lived was because His life was perfectly in tune with the spirit of God. The most normal man to-day is the man whose life is most nearly in tune with the life and spirit of Jesus. Religion breaks down the wall or partition between classes and peoples and fosters good-will, because it lifts one hand to God and reaches

the other across to man. It makes the spirit of human brotherhood man's dominant social passion. It gives men a true standard of values. It shows them that 'a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth.' Religion centers in the cross of Jesus. It frankly appeals to men to answer the call, 'Come and suffer.' It does not always lead to an easy road. To many it is the way to Golgotha. But it gives strength to bear the cross. It brings comfort in seasons of distress. It supplies all needs, according to the riches of God, in Christ Jesus. And at the end of the road is victory and eternal life.

"Christianity's stalwartness, its ruggedness, its strength to withstand shock and opposition, is one basis of its appeal to all men and women. It is not a tottering structure. It is not a falling institution. Men are not being asked to come and help save the Church. The Church is asking them to come in so that they may help save the world."

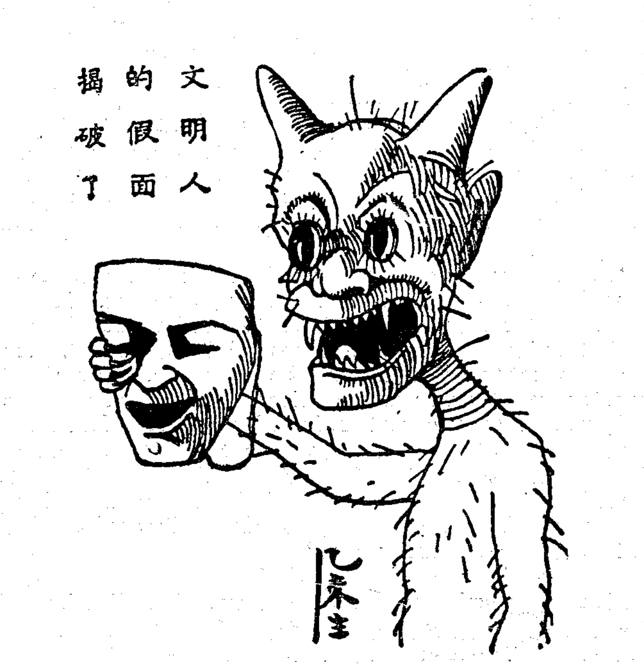
THE WEST IN THE CRUCIBLE OF THE EAST

THE WHITE MAN is to be driven out of Asia, bag and baggage, reports a recently returned observer, and it is rather strange to hear it charged by another, that even the missionaries have a share in the responsibility for the reported impending collapse of all that the white man has built in the East. Of course the charge against the missionaries is answered, but it is still a question with some whether Chinese Christianity is more than skin deep, and whether in stilling the voice of Confucius, as alleged, the missionaries have not left the Chinese in the same dilemma in which the French revolutionists found themselves—without a God and without a moral guide. But whether these charges against Christian missionaries fall to the ground of their own weight or are proved to the last atom of truth, many seem to feel that the West has been weighed in the balance and found wanting. Upton Close, former Chief of Foreign Affairs to Gen. Wu Pei-fu, Chinese war-lord and dictator, recently made a six-months' tour of Asia, where he discust the Chinese nationalist movement with British Army officers, Chinese leaders, foreign officials of all nations and with Mahatma Gandhi, leader of the "passive resistance" movement in India, and he reports his belief that the tinder and kindling have been laid for a conflagration which will sweep the white man and his domination from all Asia. On the tongue of every Chinese, he is reported in the press as saying, is an expression of contempt for white civilization. This is the very condition which the Bishop of Exeter, England, predicted. This Church of England ecclesiastic blames the bloody outbreak in China on the wrong presentation of Western civilization to the Chinese, especially in American schools. In a letter to the London *Times* he recalls that in 1912, after a visit to China, he wrote:

> "'There is great danger that the revolution may follow the French example of that wild optimism which is evident in extreme reformers and may induce them to destroy all things that make for stability, and so confusion and discontent will desolate the land until the revolution will lose itself in blood.'
>
> "The danger to which we were always calling attention was that of relinquishing the ideals which depended upon the teaching of Confucius before the ideals of Christianity were accepted, so that there was a probability, which has become a reality, that the country would be without any standard of right and wrong, and that civilization would be regarded as a thing purely material."

He pleaded then, says the Bishop of Exeter, "that what is admirable in the Confucian civilization should be preserved, for there was very much, and that therefore the Chinese should be taught still the reverence and wisdom of Confucius blended with the Christian faith, much as Greek philosophy was incorporated with Christianity in the first centuries of our era." Criticism of American educators lies in that they give too much prominence to the American Revolution. "One quite understands how Americans need some conception to bring unity to the heterogeneous populations which form their country," says the Bishop; "but the same doctrine transferred to China produces the hatred of the European, especially the Englishman." The Bishop concludes that "neither is revolution a necessary antecedent to prosperity nor is the modern doctrine of nationality the best ideal."

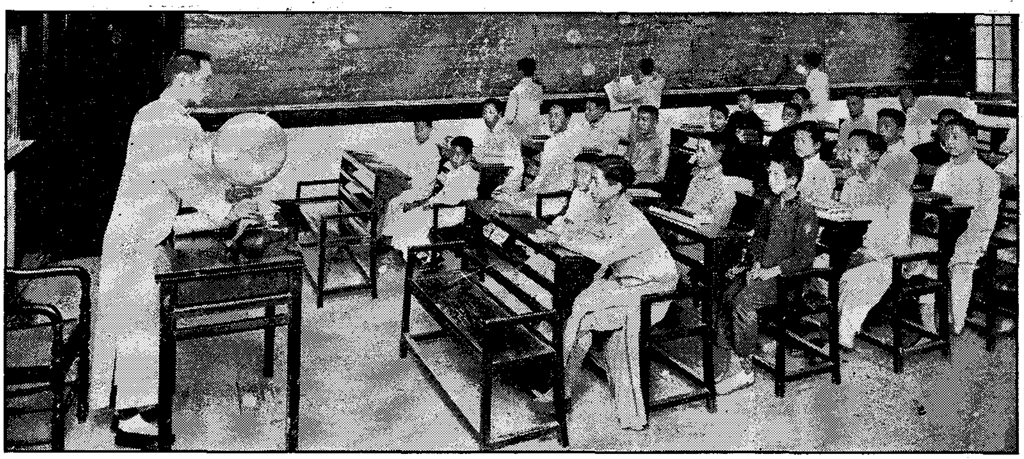
China would be better off without any missionaries at all, believes Lord Inchcape. At a meeting of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company in London, Lord Inchcape exprest his belief that the antagonism to the British in China is largely due to the missionaries. "Christian missionary efforts among uncivilized peoples doubtless is fully justified," press dispatches quote him as saying; "but China's ancient faiths are as sacred to the Chinese as is Christianity to ourselves, and the sooner our well-meaning people give up their crusade in India and China the better it will be for us all." Lord Inchcape's attack is supported by the Duke of Sermoneta, the Italian Oriental scholar, who, in a letter to the London *Times*, declares that modern Christianity has become "so truly European, so non-Asiatic, that it is quite incomprehensible in its real essence and its high moral implications to all Asiatic and Far-Eastern minds." He asserts that "the only tangible result of the unselfish and well-meant missionary activities, and in general of all European education, is the destruction of that spiritual atmosphere and religious beliefs which the Chinese have inherited through thousands of years."



From *Eastern Miscellany*, Commercial Press, Shanghai

"CIVILIZED PEOPLE REVEALED"
An anti-Western Chinese cartoon.

But *The British Weekly*, one of the leading non-Conformist journals in England, thinks that Lord Inchcape blundered seriously in his criticism of Christian missionaries, and notes that he has aroused protest all over England. One of the shareholders of the company of which Lord Inchcape is chairman, the Rev. H. G. Hoare, protested, we are told, that Christian missionaries "do not go to foreign lands in order to disparage the native religions. They go with an appreciative understanding of them, and in order to show that they are abundantly fulfilled in the Christian faith." "It is strange, indeed," says *The British Weekly*, "that Lord Inchcape should be ignorant of the glorious annals of Christian propaganda in the Chinese Empire. Leaving Protestant missions aside, may we not say that there is no more honorable chapter in Roman Catholic history than that of the Chinese stations?" In a letter to the same journal, Prof. W. E. Soothill, of Oxford University, writes that, of course, Christianity is disturbing, "for it ever wields a 'whip of small cords' to drive self-complacency out of every temple." However,



By courtesy of the Methodist Board of Foreign Missions

CHINA FOR THE CHINESE

On the tongue of every Chinese, we are told, is an expression of contempt for white civilization, and the militant among China's nationalists are demanding the expulsion of all foreigners. The photograph shows a native teacher and his class in the Anglo-Chinese College, at Foochow, which is as the Nationalists would have it.

"If all disturbing elements are to be eliminated from the East, then the worst offender should naturally be the first. It was for trade that the East was sought, not to save its soul. It was for trade that its wars were fought, not to inform its mind. It was for trade that treaties and conquests were made. Never has this country waged a war in the Orient in defense of missions or religion, still less of education, in which it still but half believes.

"And if all disturbers of that figment, Oriental calm, are ill-doers, then the P. and O. Company is the worst culprit of all, for it is the chief conveyer of all this disturbing material to the East, not in the least out of a spirit of humanity or philanthropy, but merely for mercenary gain."

Now let a missionary speak for missionaries. Dr. James M. Yard, representative in America of West China Union University, at Chengtu, writes in *The Epworth Herald* (Methodist) that to understand the situation in the East one must have in mind the fact that the World War left Western civilization in "rags and tatters." Such standing as the white man had before the war he threw away in those four years. "The young Chinese were disillusioned. They saw that Westerners were just as cruel and untruthful and vicious as any others." Dr. Yard notes the great advance in education that has occurred in the East, the cultural revival, which in China is making the people vividly aware of the rich treasures in China's own philosophy, history, poetry and religion, and the tremendous sense of nationalism which has aroused China from her long sleep. So, writes Dr. Yard,

"We must have all these things in mind as we try to answer the question: 'Do the Chinese want missionaries?' The rise of nationalism, especially, makes the average Chinese youth view every foreigner out of the corner of his eye. He wants to know why he came to China. If the foreigner comes primarily only to convert them to a 'foreign religion,' they do not want him. If he comes in the spirit of Jesus, to share a wonderful experience of God and with a high sense of moral values, they will welcome him.

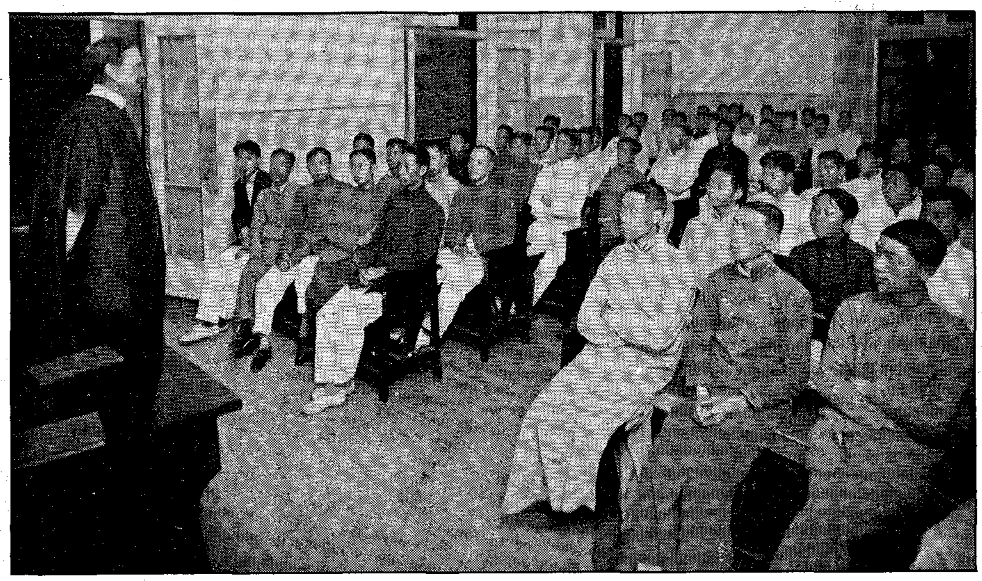
"Some of the more radical students under great provocation speak with boldness and say that they do not want any more missionaries. I had luncheon with some Chinese Christian student leaders in June, 1925, right after the Shanghai incident, while their dead comrades were still unburied, and they said to me very frankly:

"'In Heaven's name do not send any more foreign missionaries to China.' They were frank because they believed me to be a friend, and at the very moment they were saying those fiery words they were eating with me and treating me with the greatest courtesy, a fact which might indicate that they were not speaking literally. They were tremendously excited, but no doubt they exprest what many think."

More mature leaders, says Dr. Yard, take a calmer view of the matter. He quotes Dr. David Yui, chairman of the National Christian Council and General Secretary of the National Committee of the Y. M. C. A. for China, as saying: "The best and highest gift of the West is the life of the missionary. Christian missions may terminate before long. It is our sincerest hope that the presence of Christian workers from other lands will never be discontinued in the Christian movement in China." The Chinese will welcome cooperation in education and medical work, but they do not want people who come in a superior way to "save" them, writes Dr. Yard, and continues:

"One more thing, the modern missionary must go to learn as well as to teach. It is that attitude that will make him acceptable. There are rich stores in those ancient cultures and in the lives of living sages in all those lands that will enrich and bless all who go. The modern missionary goes to share—to receive as well as to give.

"The Chinese do not want many missionaries. They would like to have some of our biggest and best, young or old, to sojourn among them. When the candidate secretary finds such persons, let him send them out with this advice only, 'Remember your manners!'"



By courtesy of the Methodist Board of Foreign Missions

"THE BEST GIFT OF THE WEST IS THE LIFE OF THE MISSIONARY"

But the Chinese do not want people who come in a superior way to "save" them, says Dr. James M. Yard. The photograph shows Bishop Herbert Welch of Korea addressing students in Fukien Christian University.

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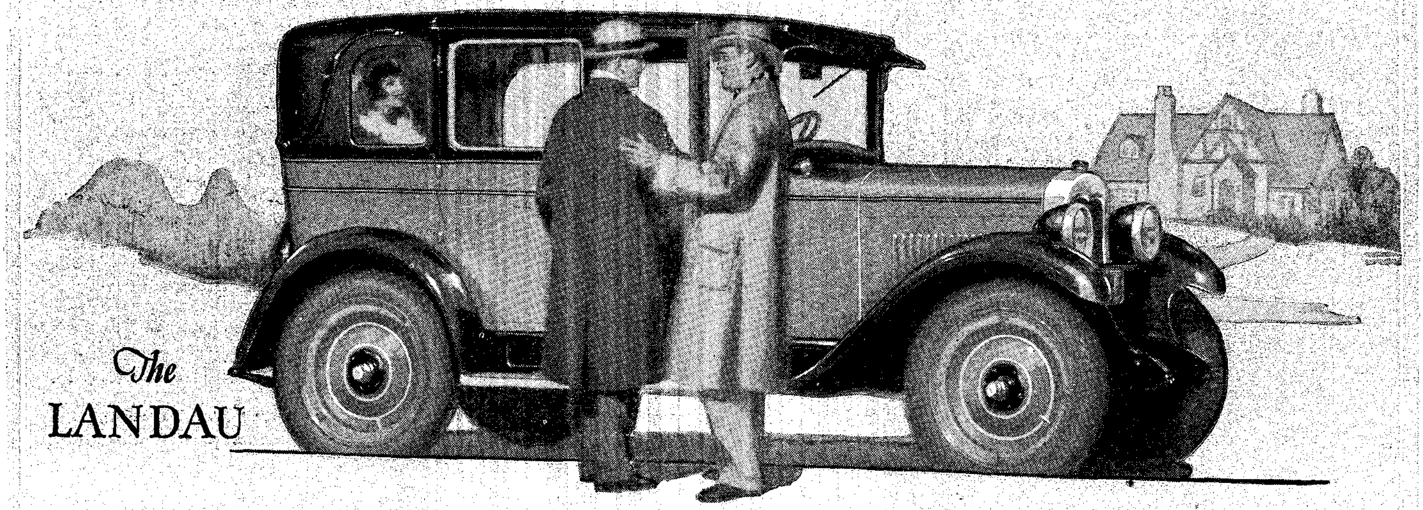


The LANDAU

QUALITY AT LOW COST

CURRENT POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department can not be returned.

THE new year is not so old but that this yearning appeal in *The Irish Statesman* (Dublin) may awaken a sympathetic chord:

MIDNIGHT OF THE NEW YEAR

By Geoffrey Phibbs

We two have walked in the wet roads
When beech leaves were gold at the end of September;
And we have seen hills look almost twice their height
When mist was across them; Kathleen, do you remember?

And we have watched the full moon and the new moon and the stars;
And we have seen falling stars and wished as they fell;
And we have talked by the fire; and we have danced;
And it was you cast over me the spell

Of music. Do you remember
All we have done together, all we have seen?
And for all that and your beauty what could I do but love you?
And when will you have forgotten, I wonder, Kathleen?

I thought, when the old year in travail brought forth the new,
"It may be that a miracle will fall!"
But the bells stopped, and there was only the drip of rain and my thought full of you;
The drip of rain on the roof and you in my thought and no miracle at all.

EACH one may choose his own "moment" and import into it the framework of fact for which Miss Brown in her sonnet in *The Atlantic Monthly* supplies the emotion:

THE MOMENT

By Alice Brown

Last miracle of all the motes of time,
But now become my bride, my spirit's bliss,
Only to die in evanescent prime
Like love expiring upon a kiss!
Now while I have thee mine, I have the whole
This rounded earth has to her children lent,
The moon and sea and their pervasive soul
That is the breath of beauty's bodiment.

Go not! though thy dim crowding sisters throng
The sequence of inexorable days,
Daughters of bliss or pain, lament and song,
Pausing no more than thou for prayer or praise,
Still to my eyes let thy dear beauties be
The untroubled star in waveless memory.

THE spirit of the age permits us to gibe at all tradition and impeach any twice-told history, so *The Bookman* (New York) takes a mild fling at Samson:

OLD STORY

By Robert Wolf

Before their marriage, one had never known
Whether the man could settle down or not:
For instance, that wild tale of the jawbone,
And other rumors better left forgot.
His wife was wise, however, never stressed
Her private views too sharply; having shown
What she and all his friends considered best,
She let him strictly otherwise alone.

He never was betrayed—the simple truth
As all our best inscriptions prove, was this:
He seems at length to have realized how uncouth
Departure from good standards really is,
And trimmed his beard himself, and clipped his hair,
Because he envied their superior air.

THE professional chair, no doubt, gets a "kick" out of Villon and his like for subjects. But this contributor to *Poetry* (Chicago) would seem to deny the right. Just what preparation would Mr. Hays prescribe for the teacher of English literature?

VILLON

By H. R. Hays

He found life harsh and cold
To a poet in a ragged cloak!
With a wry smile he sold
Gentility, and broke
Virtue on a wheel of lust—
Took a harlot for his wife,
Stooped lower, wallowed in the dust,
Sipped the very dregs of life.

You—throned in a professional chair,
With prim looks
And a dry pedantic air—
You who have lived in books
And musty studies with a maze
Of notes, appendices and dim
Octavos, you, with doormouse ways,
You dare to lecture about him!

FIFTEEN years from the date of his first volume of verse, Galsworthy brings out another, and our choices probably reveal the younger and the older man. Something of his ironic attitude in fiction, at least, is seen in the second selection. The new volume is "Verses New and Old" (Charles Scribner's Sons):

PAST

By John Galsworthy

The clocks are chiming in my heart
A cobweb chime;
Old murmurings of days that die,
The sob of things a-drifting by.
The clocks are chiming in my heart!

The stars have twinkled, and died out—
Fair candles blown!
The hot desires burn low, and gone
To ash the flames that flamed anon.
The stars have twinkled, and died out!

Old journeys travel in my head!
My roaming time—
Forgotten smiles of stranger friends,
Sweet, weary miles, and sweeter ends.
Old journeys travel in my head!

The leaves are dropping from my tree!
Dead leaves and flown,
The vine-leaf ghosts are round my brow;
For ever frosts and winter now.
The leaves are dropping from my tree!

UNKNOWN

By John Galsworthy

You who had worked in perfect ways
To turn the wheel of nights and days,
Who coaxed to life each running rill
And froze the snow-crown on the hill,
The cold, the starry flocks who drove,
And made the circling seasons move;
How came your jesting purpose when
You fashioned monkeys into men?

You who invented peacock's dress—
You, Lord of cruel happiness!—
Who improvised all flight and song
And loved and killed the whole day long,
And filled with color to the brim
The cup of your completed whim!
What set you frolicking when we
Were given power to feel and see?

Why not have kept the stellar plan
Quite soulless and absolved from man?
What heavy need to make this thing—
A monkey with an angel's wing;
A murderous poor saint, who reaps
His fields of death, and, seeing—weeps?
No!—If the saffron day could sigh
And sway *unconscious*—Why am I?

* * * * *

Unknown! You slept one afternoon
And dreamed and turned and woke too soon!
The sorrel glowed, and the bees hummed,
And Mother Nature's fingers strummed,
And flock of dandelion was blown,
And the yew-trees cast their shadows down.
Such beauty seemed to you forlorn—
And lo!—this playboy, Man, was born!

THIS contributor to the London *Spectator* discards the rule of opposites and shows how one may become an optimist in spite of blue devils:

OPTIMA SIVE PESSIMA

By Charles Strachey

When I fall through oceans under oceans
Into deeps where never a grayness lingers;
Grope among the wrecks of old emotions,
Clutched by coiling knots of gluey fingers;—
I can rise to Light, and Life, and Love there,
If a white hand beckons high above there;
Throw aside the chains that made me sink so. . . .
"*Nightmare fancies?*"—Well, I hardly think so!

When I rise too high for human daring,
Float through icy fire unbreathed by mortals,
And at last—unfaltering, uncaring—
Stand triumphant by the raying portals:—
I must stoop—yes, stoop, I say! What matters
How Convention sneers and Custom chatters—
If a white hand beckons me from under . . . .
"*Am I talking nonsense?*"—Well, I wonder!

Scribner's presents us an amusing and human commentary on one of the old schoolmen's intellectual puzzles:

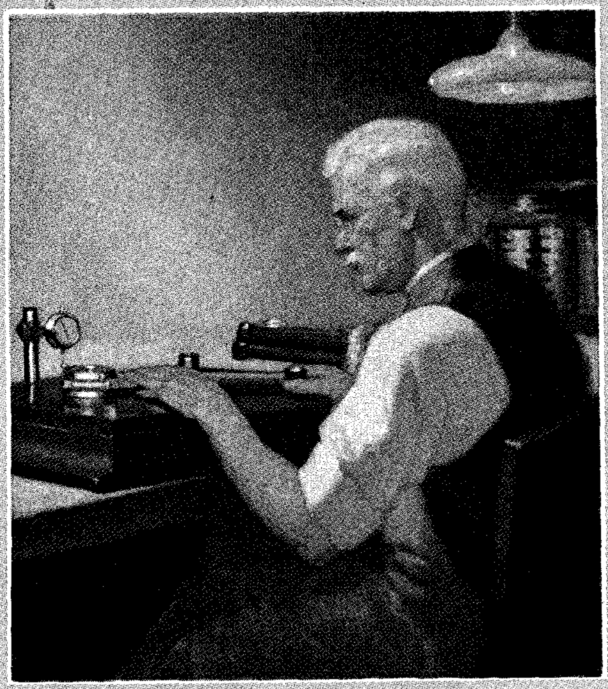
BALLERINA

By Bernice Kenyon

Upon the point of a needle there might stand
A hundred angels, so the learned said—
(Step—pirouette—like this!)
Or a thousand with poised wing and beckoning hand,
Slim bright confusion of pale ecstasy,
Blazing of haloes round each lifted head!
(Turn so—and throw a kiss!)

Where's their imagination? Did the wise
Stay from the theater? Had they once seen me,
Or Mina yonder, needing a four-inch place
To point her toe on—wanting the whole stage
For any whirl the orchestra suggests—
Taking the centre—and she's twice my age—
(The unholy sight might well have hurt their eyes!)
They would have known that the high joy of heaven,
And the celestial music that never rests,
Would scatter dancing angels to the seven
Circles of glory in the heights of Space!

Religion's too romantic, as dancers know.
Two make a stage as crowded as a hell;
(Leap—pirouette—like this!)
So for their jealousy all dancers go
To hell, no doubt, and to a crowded doom
With needle-points to dance on—who can tell?
In heaven, praise God, they give the angels room!
(Pause so—and throw a kiss!)



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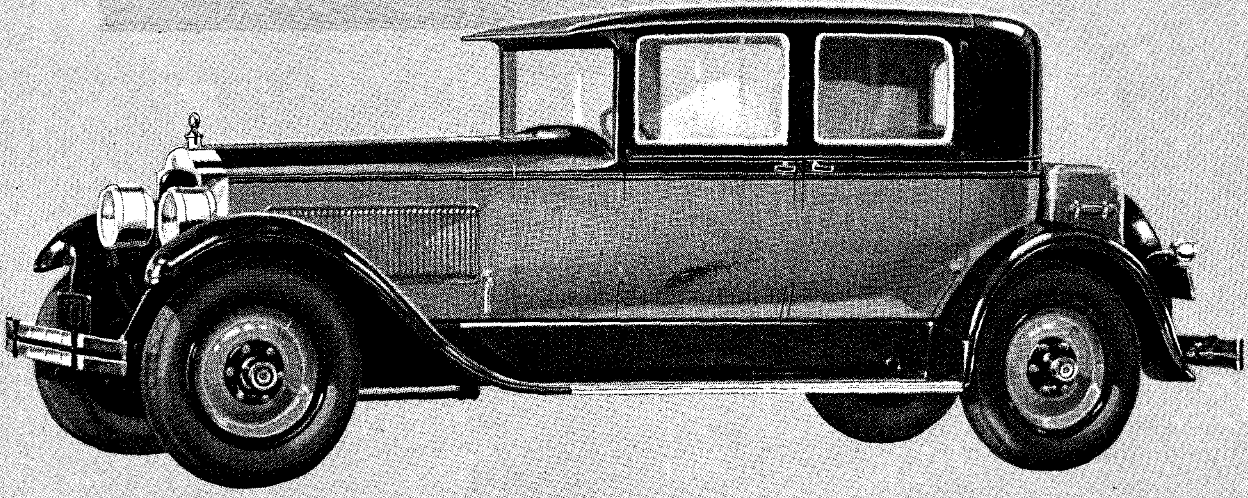

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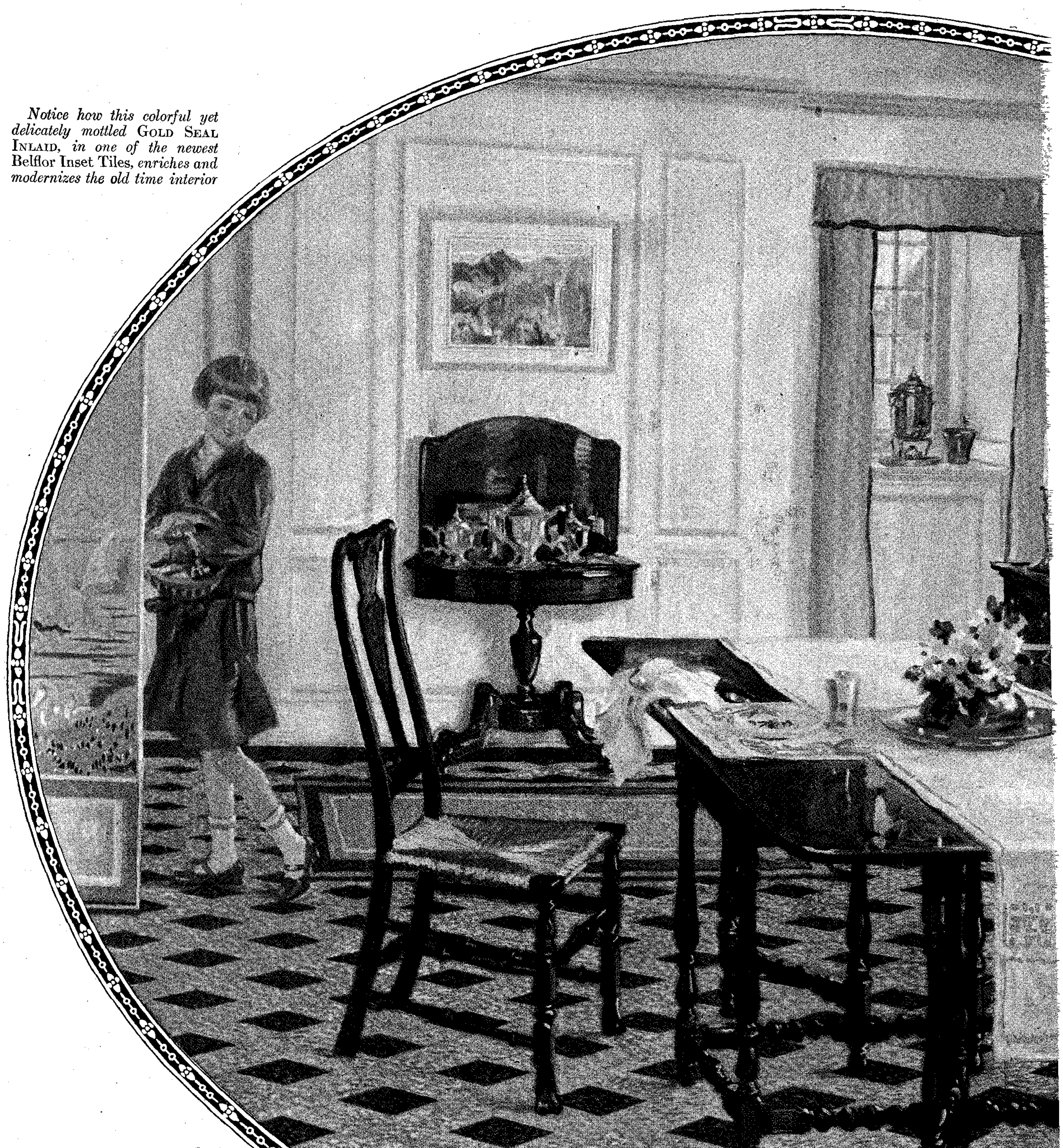

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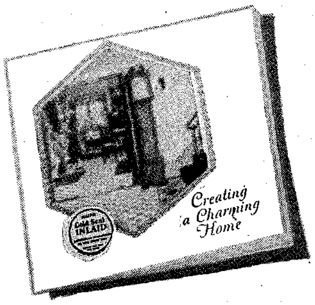

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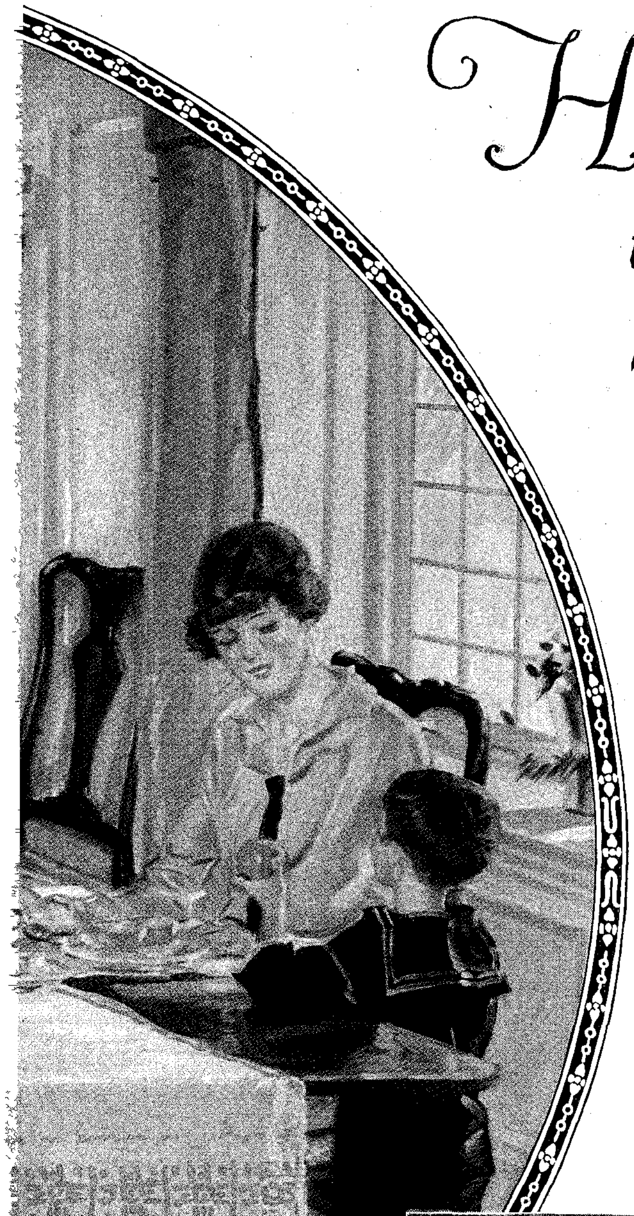

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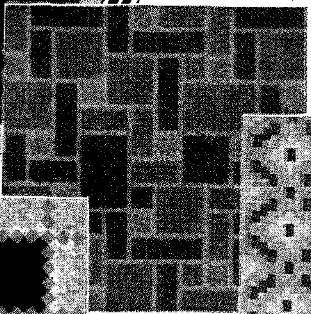

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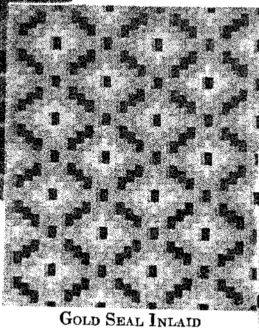

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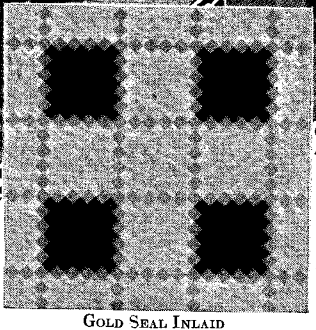

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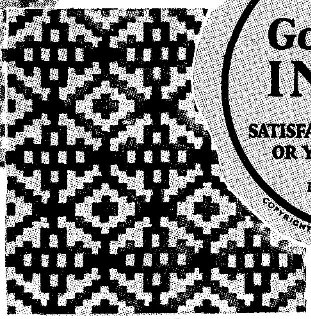

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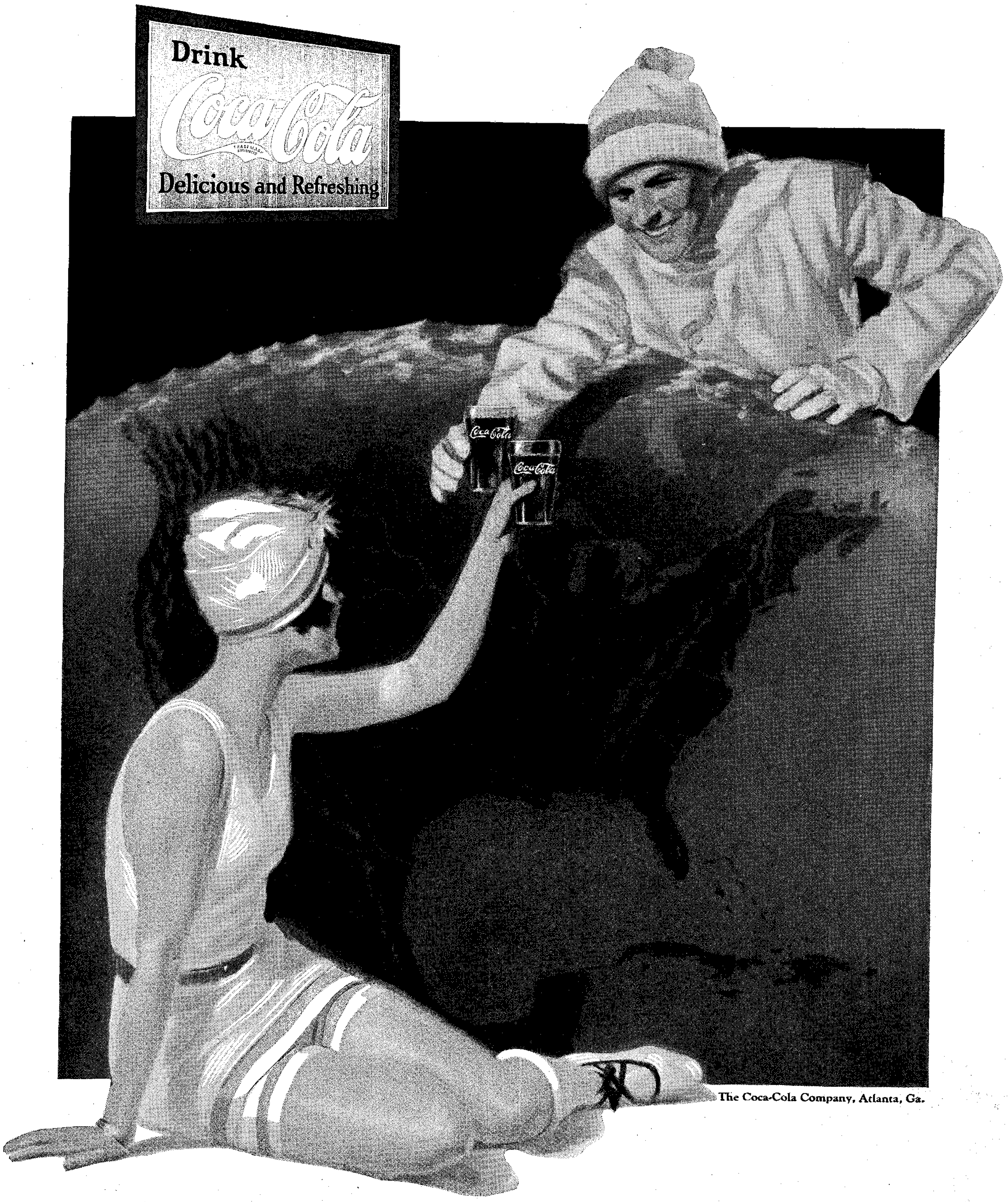
EAL INLAIDS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IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES

A Series of Articles designed for student use in the nation-wide Oratorical Contest

This annual competition, sponsored by representative newspapers throughout the United States, is a contribution toward better and more intelligent citizenship. Any bona-fide secondary-school pupil in public, private, or parochial schools, under nineteen years of age, is eligible to enter the Contest. This nation-wide activity has been tremendously successful in quickening the interest of pupils in the study of our American institutions, and has attracted the attention of the general public to the fundamental need of a closer acquaintance with the Constitution of the United States.

AMERICA'S CONTRIBUTION TO CONSTITUTIONAL GOVERNMENT

"THE THREE CHIEF CONTRIBUTIONS which the United States has made to political science regarded as an Applied Science . . . have been: Rigid or so-called Written Constitutions . . . ; the use of Courts of Law to interpret Rigid Constitutions and secure their authority by placing their provisions out of the reach of legislative or executive action" and "the organization of political parties." So wrote James Bryce in "Modern Democracies."

"What is a Constitution?" asked Justice William Paterson, of the Supreme Court of the United States. "It is a form of government," he declared, "delineated by the mighty hand of the people, in which certain first principles of fundamental laws are established. The Constitution is certain and fixt; it contains the permanent will of the people, and is the supreme law of the land; it is paramount to the power of the legislature, and can be revoked or altered only by the authority that made it."

The Constitution of the United States set the world an example of a constitution that can not easily be changed, that is so based upon "first principles of fundamental laws," and that so represents "the permanent will of the people" that it guarantees stability of government. In the nearly 140 years since the Constitution of the United States went into effect, other nations throughout the world went through the most amazing political changes. During that time the United States kept intact the form of government it adopted in 1787. Not only that, but it also served as a model for many new republics that sprang into being. "Among the large democracies," says Bryce, "the United States is the oldest, and contains many small democracies in its vast body. Its Federal Constitution, the best constructed of all such instruments and that tested by the longest experience, has been a pattern which many other republics have imitated."

The Comte de Tocqueville, a great French publicist, exprest the belief that the United States had established the most successful and the most lasting form of democratic government that the world had ever seen.

The Government of the United States has been called "A government of laws and not of men." The rigid, written Constitution, with its series of "checks and balances," the restraining division of responsibility and power under the Legislative, the Executive, and the Judicial, and its emphatic guaranty of the rights of the individual, makes impossible the great disturbances that come to other countries when strong men, whether mere self-seeking adventurers, or genuine but over-zealous and hasty patriots, come into control.

The Constitution, says Bryce, "may be read aloud in twenty-three minutes." It is both brief and rigid, in that it lays down only great general principles, and names powers only; it is both extensive and flexible, in that it is open to interpretation to meet all the details of new conditions. It is so wisely planned that Lord Haldane called it "The true Federal model."

So well, indeed, does the Constitution sum up the fundamental principles of government that the great English statesman, Gladstone, said: "The American Constitution is the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man."

The rigidity of the Constitution restrains all officers of the government, and all legislatures, from hasty action. Great emotions sweep both the States and the nation but the Constitution remains as "The permanent will of the people." "It means government by law and in order, not government of passion and in haste," said Arthur H. Vandenberg. "It means government under the Constitution, the best friend the people ever had."

The people of the United States set the world an example of stable government when they made it so difficult to make changes in the Constitution, and so easy to make interpretation and application; for it has been Constitutional practise that has developed the power of the great instrument. As a whole, the common people of the United States are more conservative than legislatures, and much more likely to reject proposed Amendments to the Constitution than to accept them. For this reason the fundamental principles of the Constitution have remained unchanged for nearly 140 years. In fact, so slow have the people been even in the making of Amendments, that between the making of the Twelfth and the Thirteenth Amendments sixty-one years elapsed; between the Fifteenth and the Sixteenth, forty-three years; and between the Seventeenth and the Eighteenth, seven years.

"In no country in the world," says Randolph Leigh, "is the individual so powerfully protected from oppression, at the hands of his government or of a majority of his fellow citizens."

That protection comes in large part from the fact that the Supreme Court has the power to interpret the Constitution, and to declare whether or not proposed laws are in accordance with it. "This Constitution . . . shall be the supreme law of the land, and the judges in every State shall be bound thereby, anything in the Constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding."

According to Alexander Hamilton, "There is no position which depends on clearer principles, than that every act of a delegated authority, contrary to the tenor of the commission under which it is exercised, is void. No legislative act, therefore, contrary to the Constitution can be valid."

In the Supreme Court of the United States, therefore, the nation has a great restraining power that prevents action contrary to the Constitution, and that keeps "the permanent will of the people supreme."

Through the medium of political parties the people of the United States find means of expressing their wishes in emphatic manner. In no other land in the world is there equal interest in political life, or equal opportunity for the individual to make his political wishes known and felt. That is partly because the United States set the example of making all equal before the law. "No title of nobility shall be granted by the United States." "The right of citizens to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any State on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude" nor "on account of sex." "All persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States and of the State wherein they reside."

In the early days in America the isolation of the people far from a fixt seat of government, and exposed to many dangers, brought about numerous self-governing communities, and led the people, early in American history, in all parts of the land, to active interest in self-government. That interest developed with the national life, and still continues strong.

"Popular government," says Bryce, "rests upon the principle that it is every citizen's business to see that the community is well governed." In the United States there is remarkably keen interest in every election. That interest is founded on a general public understanding of governmental problems that has no intellectual equal among the masses in any other land in the world.

That interest itself is founded on the power of the press in the United States, and that, in turn, on the general system of common education. From the earliest times, when the settlers in the primitive American wilds established schools and colleges almost as soon as the towns in which they were placed, the American people have believed in education of the masses. That belief they continue to hold. In thus uniting self-government with education, that is, with intelligence, the people of the United States set an example that the world would do well to follow.

A literate citizenship is not likely to be apathetic to government, nor to be led, with extreme ease, by mere demagogs. The people see that the object of government is their own benefit. They recognize that all are equally entitled to "Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." Thus every person is likely to be interested in bringing about the best conditions possible.

All this interest in governmental affairs is summed up in political parties, which, in the United States, have great power. Men are elected to office to serve for comparatively short terms. Their work is observed closely. Frequent elections give the people opportunity to express approval or disapproval of the office-holder's public work.

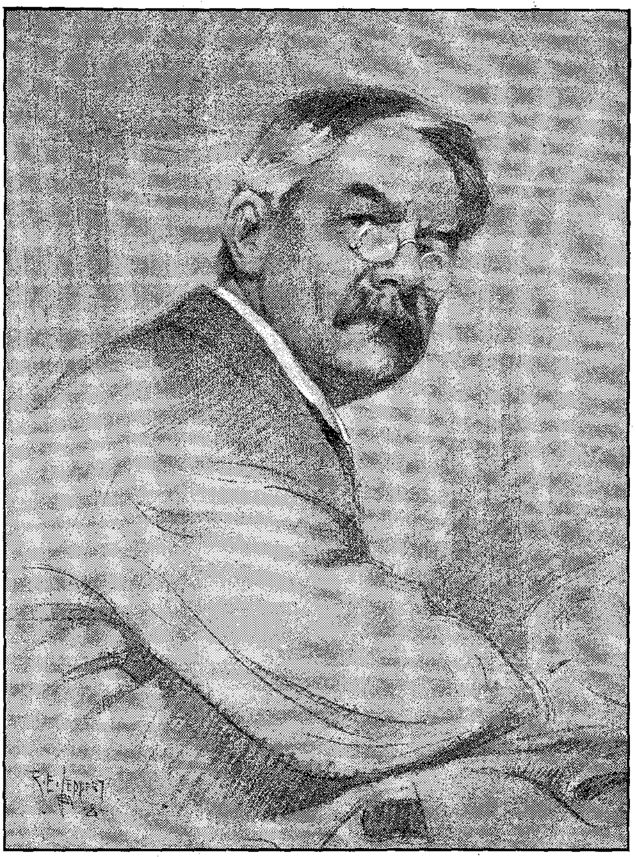
"No Government," says Bryce, "demands so much from the citizen as democracy, and none gives so much back." If the United States has set an example of the value of an educated citizenship, it has also set an example of what a Government may do for a people.

The Constitution has remarkably unified the nation.

PERSONAL • GLIMPSES

TAPS FOR THE "SWEET SINGER OF THE SOUTH"

ONE DAY FRANK L. STANTON heard a friend singing "Mighty Lak a Rose." He recognized the words of his own little poem, but the tune was strange to his ear. As he afterward told the story, he looked into the matter and learned that "an eminent American composer, who had died only a short time before, had composed the song." This was Ethelbert Nevin, whose music for "Mighty Lak a Rose" had been found among his manuscripts and had been put on the market, without consultation with the poet. Later there were apologies and explanations, and Mr. Stanton accepted $150 for the words of a song which has since become a great popular favorite. He received the same price for that other song success, "Jest A-Wearyin' for You." He was beyond all others "the scrap-book poet," continues Ralph I. Jones in the Atlanta *Constitution*, for which Stanton wrote his daily column "Just from Georgia," for almost forty years to the time of his death the other day, close to the age of seventy. "More of his writings have been clipt and pasted in scrap-books, all over the world, than those of almost any other writer," declares Mr. Jones, "and this, proving as it does how his heart messages reached the universal heart of the race, gives to him the accolade of genius, the knighthood of human understanding." Other elegiasts of the poet, whom a Governor of Georgia solemnly appointed "poet laureate" of that State, compare him to James Whitcomb Riley, Eugene Field and kindred singers of the corn-belt and elsewhere. Dubbing him an "arch optimist," the Providence *Journal* remarks that one of his best-known bits, "a rounded poem compress into four lines," runs:



From "The Wit and Humor of America" (Funk & Wagnalls Company)

WHEN HE WROTE "JEST A-WEARYIN' FOR YOU"

For almost forty years Frank L. Stanton occupied his desk in the editorial department of the Atlanta *Constitution*, for which he turned out a daily column wherein his best-known poems first saw the light.

This world that we're a-livin' in
Is mighty hard to beat;
You git a thorn on every rose—
But ain't the roses sweet!

On top of this little specimen, *The Journal* prints a poem which reflects, it thinks, Stanton's "passionate fondness for life":

De gray owl sing fum de chimbly top:
"Who—who—is—you-oo?"
En I say, "Good Lawd, hit's des po' me,
En I ain't quite ready for the Jasper Sea;
I'm po' en sinful, en you 'low'd I'd be;
Oh, wait, good Lawd, 'twell termorror!"

De gray owl sing fum de cypress-tree:
"Who—who—is—you-oo?"
En I say: "Good Lawd, ef you look you'll see
Hit ain't nobody but des po' me,
En I like ter stay 'twell my time is free;
Oh, wait, good Lawd, 'twell termorror!"

After remarking that Frank L. Stanton began to make verses when he was eleven, *The Journal* continues:

> The sum total of his writings must be tremendous. How much of them will live is a question, but surely a considerable body ought to stand the wear and tear of time, for they are full of energy, philosophy and joy. His last "column" appeared in *The Constitution* on Christmas Day. Under the well-known caption were printed a few lines in his characteristic vein of optimism. A poet could hardly hope to leave behind him a better finale:
>
> 'Taint no use to sit and sigh
> For the things you let slip by;
> While the light is in the sky
> Ketch the next one on the fly.
> Sighin' when the ship is tossed
> Don't bring back the haven lost;
> Best to keep your self-command,
> Hope for land, hope for land!
>
> Stanton's muse, however, was not always confined to dialect. He could write conventionally when he wished, as his stately verses "One Country" prove. Nor could we ask a more dignified poem than the one that follows, or one more nobly charged with sentiment:
>
> A little way to walk with you, my own—
> Only a little way.
> Then one of us must weep and walk alone
> Until God's day.
>
> A little way! It is so sweet to live
> Together, that I know
> Life would not have one withered rose to give
> If one of us should go.
>
> And if these lips should ever learn to smile,
> With thy heart far from mine,
> 'T would be for joy that in a little while
> They would be kissed by thine!

Returning to Mr. Jones's article in the Atlanta *Constitution*, we read:

> Once upon a time, in the youthful flush of her fame on the musical comedy stage, Trixie Friganza played an extended Atlanta engagement. Years afterward she wrote the writer of this story, asking if there was any published version of Mr. Stanton's poem, "There's Life in the Old Dog Yet."
>
> No published copy being available, Mr. Stanton was asked to furnish an accurate copy and he, with the kindly impulsiveness that was one of his chief charms, sat down and wrote out the verse on a piece of soft copy paper, with the stubby, soft lead pencil which he always used. Then he signed the verse at the bottom.
>
> Be sure that original copy, with the autograph at the end, was treasured more by Miss Friganza than the most expensive volume.
>
> Years before the writer had met Mr. Stanton, he cut from a newspaper a little verse which read about like this:
>
> De catfish cry, an' de sturgeon say;
> "Yander am a fishin' man, a comin' dis way,
> And he'll try fer to git you on his line,
> An he'll tell de folks you wuz six foot nine!"
> Den the catfish say "les swim up higher,
> We don't want ter 'sociate wid no sich liar!"
>
> Then, after many years, and when Mr. Stanton had become a daily friend, the same verse, with slight variation, was read in

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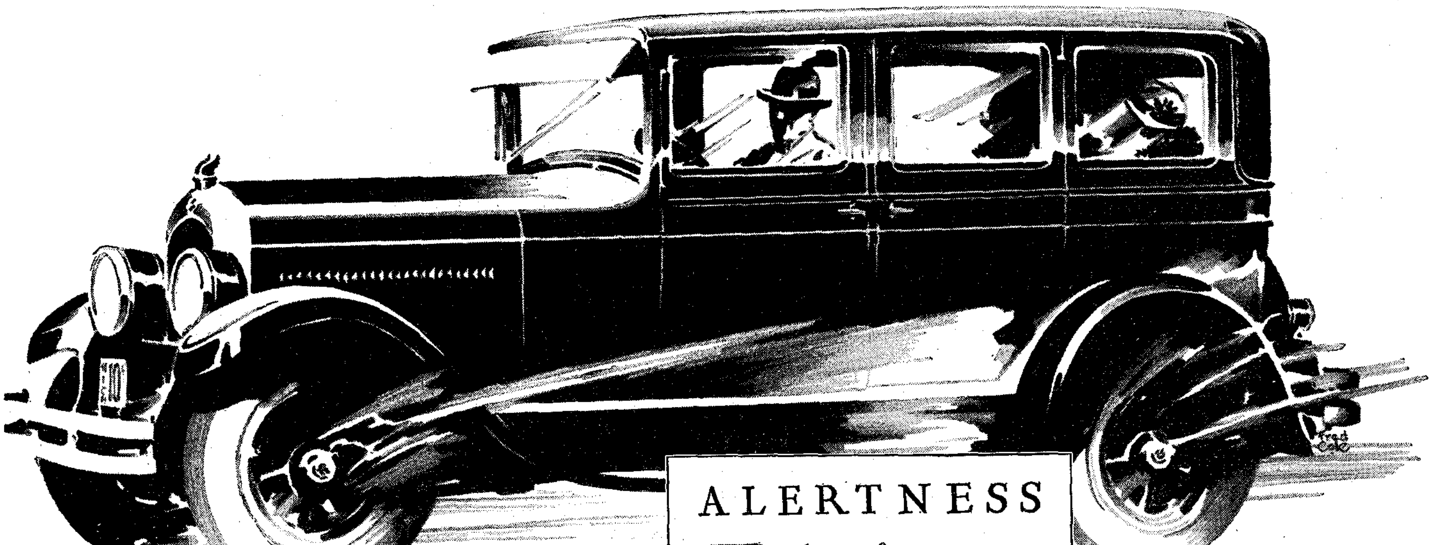


ALERTNESS

IN the light of past Chrysler achievements it is easy to appreciate the full significance of the *new, finer* Chrysler "70".

It is easy to understand how its distinctive style and smartness—and its new low prices—forecast a fresh vogue in motoring even more emphatically than did the first Chrysler of three years ago.

Newer, more exquisitely graceful bodies — newer, more distinctive silhouette with military front and cadet visor—newer lowness of design, with smaller wheels—newer luxury of comfort—newer, greater riding ease—newer richness of upholstery—newer perfection of appointment—newer refinements in controls and lighting, with a lock conveniently placed on the dash,—newer, more attractive color blendings far in advance of current harmonies.

Joined to Chrysler's characteristic speed and pickup, unvarying dependability and enduring long life, proved by hundreds of thousands of owners, this new eye-compelling beauty and alluring luxury and comfort, leave today's trend as far behind as its older self advanced beyond the styles of three years ago.

* * *

Phaeton $1395; Sport Phaeton $1495; Two-passenger Roadster (with Rumble Seat) $1495; Brougham $1525; Two-passenger Coupe (with Rumble Seat) $1545; Royal Sedan $1595; Two-passenger Convertible Cabriolet (with Rumble Seat) $1745; Crown Sedan $1795.

All prices f. o. b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax.

* * *

All Chrysler cars are protected against theft under the Fedco System.

All Chrysler dealers are in position to extend the convenience of time payments.

All Chrysler models—"50", "60", "70" and Imperial "80"—will be exhibited at the Coliseum and at the Balloon Room of the Congress Hotel during the National Automobile Show in Chicago, Jan. 29-Feb. 5.

CHRYSLER SALES CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO

THE NEW FINER

CHRYSLER 70

CHRYSLER MODEL NUMBERS MEAN MILES PER HOUR the Stanton column of *The Constitution*. The old scrap-book was brought out and shown to Mr. Stanton. He smiled, and said:

"I knew I'd written that before, some time, but I couldn't remember just how I worded it."

Frank L. Stanton was known and loved on every continent. His simple homey songs of simple homey people filled a niche in many aching hearts. His songs of cheer and encouragement lightened many dark hours, and his lilting verses of happiness and contentment in humble joys, met a response in the strain of poetry that lingers round the spirit of every decent man and woman.

He held the true faith. He asked nothing of life but to give expression to the kindly love and true poetry of his soul. He sang of "Sweet Little Woman," through an age which reveled in "Red Hot Mama," and the world was immeasurably better for his life.

Dr. Wightman F. Melton, formerly head of the department of English of Emory University, was one of the closest personal friends and warmest admirers of Mr. Stanton, as we learn from another *Constitution* article, which continues:

Dr. Melton has selected some of Mr. Stanton's best poems on a variety of themes. Perhaps the greatest heart appeal of anything he ever wrote is found in "Marcelle," with the composition of which a tender story is associated. Mr. Stanton's daughter, Marcelle, was dangerously ill and believed to be dying. The poet, overwhelmed with grief, sang out the agony of his soul in the following lovely verse:

"MARCELLE"

I

There is no sweeter place to dwell
Than here—Marcelle!
Could angels love you half so well
As I, Marcelle?
There's not in heaven an angel bright
Could match your living eyes of light!
God grant I'll never say good-night
To you, Marcelle!

II

What stories sweet hath heaven to tell
To you, Marcelle?
What echoes where their anthems swell,
Like yours, Marcelle?
There—where Faith makes a gilded dome
For all the shelterless that roam,
What like your kiss when I came home.
To you, Marcelle?

III

All sorrows which the day befell
Seemed faint, Marcelle!
I only knew you love me well,
Marcelle—Marcelle!
A cabin door was home to me,
And in your Love's simplicity
Earth sweeter seemed than heaven could be,
Marcelle—Marcelle!

IV

Against God's love I should rebel
If you, Marcelle,
Should break of Love the magic spell
That made Marcelle!
God would have nothing for me There,
Where shine His angels, crowned and fair,
Save your bright eyes and golden hair,
Marcelle—Marcelle!

Among the popular songs Dr. Melton has listed the following group:

SWEETES' LI'L' FELLER

Sweetes' li'l' feller—
Everybody knows;
Dunno what ter call 'im,
But he's mighty lak' a rose!

Lookin' at his mammy
Wid eyes so shiny-blue,
Mak' you think dat heaven
Is comin' clost ter you!

W'en he's dar a-sleepin'
In his li'l' place,
Think I see de angels
Lookin' th'oo de lace.

W'en de dark is fallin'—
W'en de shadders creep,
Den dey comes on tip-toe
Ter kiss 'im in his sleep.

Sweetes' li'l' feller—
Everybody knows;
Dunno what to call 'em,
But he's mighty lak' a rose!

Here is the first verse of another Stanton poem, which won universal popularity as a song:

A-WEARYIN' FOR YOU

Jest a-wearyin' for you,
All the time a-feelin' blue;
Wishin' for you—wonderin' when
You'll be comin' home again;
Restless, don't know what to do,
Jest a-wearyin' for you.

Specimens of Stanton's work are included in many collections. Thirteen are given in "The Wit and Humor of America" (Funk and Wagnalls), from which we quote the opening verses of "When the Little Boy Ran Away":

When the little boy ran away from home
The birds in the treetops knew,
And they all sang "Stay!" But he wandered away
Under the skies of blue.
And the Wind came whispering from the tree:
"Follow me—follow me!"
And it sang him a song that was soft and sweet,
And scattered the roses before his feet
That day—that day
When the little boy ran away.

The violets whispered: "Your eyes are blue
And lovely and bright to see;
And so are mine and I'm kin to you,
So dwell in the light with me!"
But the little boy laughed, while the Wind in glee
Said "Follow me—follow me!"
And the Wind called the clouds from their home in the skies
And said to the Violet: "Shut your eyes!"
That day—that day
When the little boy ran away.

Then the Wind played leapfrog over the hills
And twisted each leaf and limb;
And all the rivers and all the rills
Were foaming mad with him!
And 'twas dark as the darkest night could be,
But still came the Wind's voice: "Follow me!"
And over the mountain, and up from the hollow
Came echoing voices, with: "Follow him— follow!"
That awful day
When the little boy ran away!

Stanton, in the judgment of the Baltimore *Sun*, was "one of the natural singers of the world whose long line included Robert Burns singing to the blue skies of Scotland as he trudged along behind his plow in the rough, rocky soil of his native highlands," and the editorial proceeds:

He was to Georgia what James Whitcomb Riley was to Indiana, and he certainly founded as sure a line of original lyric utterance in his land as Riley did out where the Hoosiers begin.

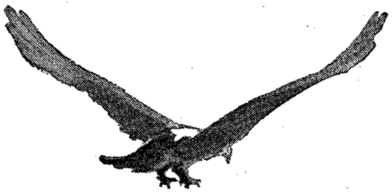
Much of his work for his "Just from Georgia" column in the Atlanta *Constitution* has been preserved for us in book form, and several of his most melodious lyrics have been set to music and have thus passed into popular expression among people everywhere. He planted seeds of sunshine in Georgia that two rays might burn where only one burned before—and much of his sunshine has so become a habit of heart and mind in the lives of his numerous followers that even in his death they will be warmed by loving memories of his skill, his grace and his modest genius.

Recalling the vicissitudes of Frank Stanton's early career, the Atlanta *Journal* exclaims:

How apt it was that, as a youthful lance in the Fourth Estate, he should have become editor of the Smithville *News*, oracle and interpreter of the town whose tavern, under the terms of its first landlord's will, served chicken pie as often as the dinner bell rang—and gave away scuppernong wine! Smithville he never forgot, and never lost the savor of its quaint yet broadly human spirit. Throughout his career, with the Savannah *Morning News*, with the Rome *Tribune*, and with the Atlanta *Constitution*, he kept keenly alive that love of life's great simplicities, which was the spring of his melody. The gladness of workaday people, and their grief, were his theme—the fancies of little children, the poetry of an April morning, the romance of a winter's dusk, the chiming of bells through misty streets and through memory's long ago.

NEW PEAKS OF SPEED, POWER AND SAFETY

The Super-Six principle



freed to the limit

The freeing of the Super-Six principle required a chassis specially designed to permit full expression of its wider, more flexible and nimble power. It meant greater roadability; positive, easily operated four-wheel brakes; riding ease and reliability that would meet uninterrupted and sustained performance at top speed for any period of time.

No speed you choose to travel is restricted by the capacity limit of the Hudson Super-Six. It will always equal any want of the driver and the opportunity of road traffic.

Essex Super-Six—*The Speedabout is Fastest "Six" in the World Per Dollar of Cost*

The Super-Six principle is also amazingly revealed in the smart Essex Speedabout, fastest of all cars for its price and size, and faster than most cars of any price and size.

Essex Super-Six has large car performance and accommodation. It has smoothness exclusive to the Super-Six—its flexibility, reliability, and sturdiness. It has a riding and driving comfort matched by but few large and costly cars. And in every detail its chassis has been so engineered as to provide lowest operation and maintenance cost. There are five bodies on the Essex Super-Six chassis, all attractive, all smart in line, finish, upholstery, fittings and color. Their cost is little more than any "Four."

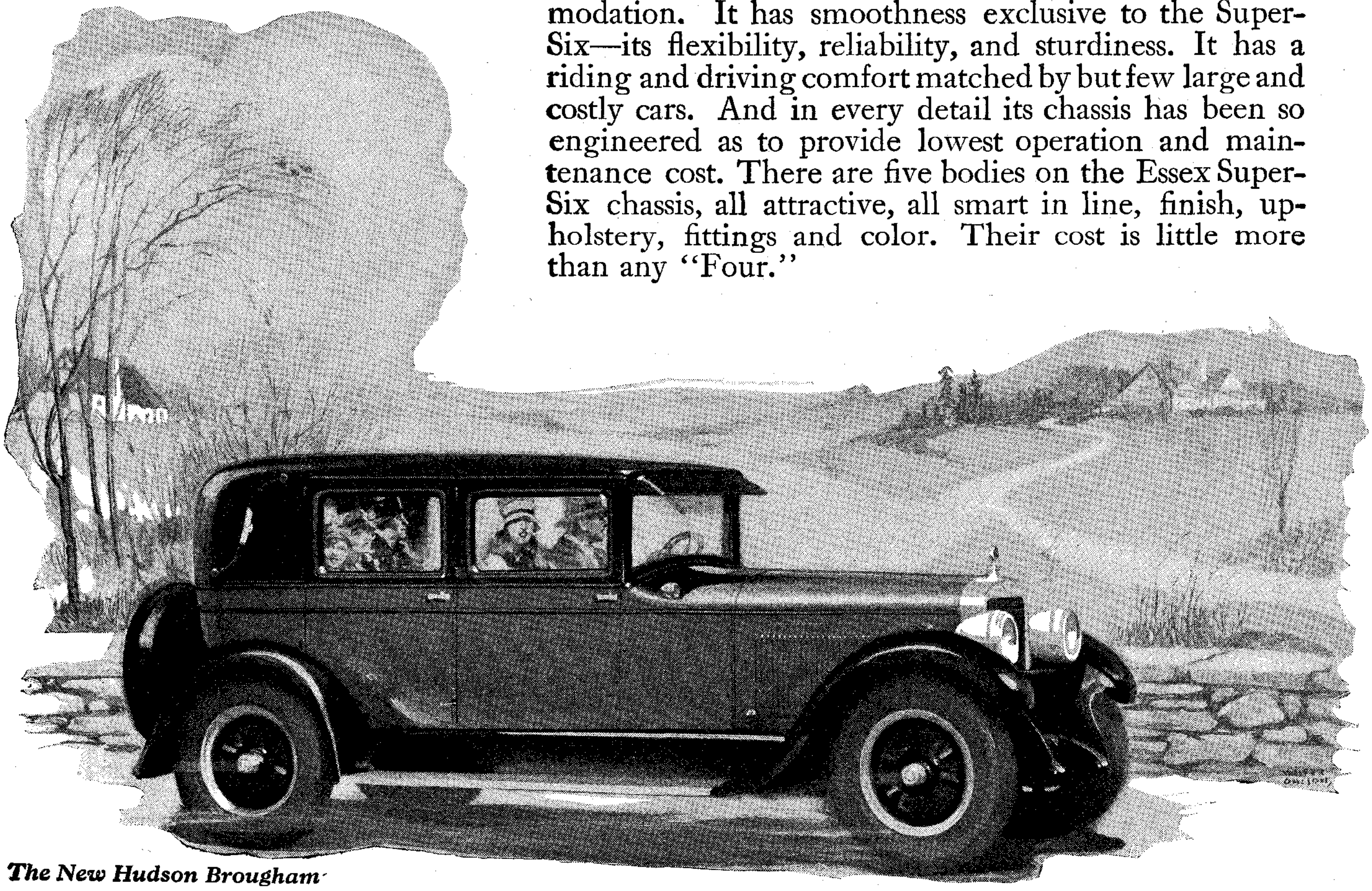
HUDSON SUPER-SIX

COACH - - -	$1285
BROUGHAM - -	1575
5-PASSENGER SEDAN	1750
7-PASSENGER SEDAN	1850

ESSEX SUPER-SIX

4-PASS. SPEEDSTER	$750
COACH - - -	735
COUPE - - -	735
SEDAN - - -	785

All Prices f. o. b. Detroit
Plus War Excise Tax



The New Hudson Brougham

A PRINCE—YES, BUT A "REGULAR GUY"

SUCH IS THE VERDICT of an American admirer of H. R. H. Prince William of Sweden, poet, explorer, big-game hunter, author of travel books, dramatist, dramatic critic, and what not, who has been lured to our shores by the siren call of the lecture platform. One of the Prince's characteristics to which his countrymen point with pride is that of being a self-made man, addicted to the well-known American habit of earning his own living. Also he subscribes to another American custom, they say, by "making good." He is the second son of King Gustaf V, and the younger brother of the archeologically - inclined Crown Prince Gustaf Adolf, who, with the Crown Princess, enjoyed a very jolly tour of this country last year. A naval officer by training, Prince William is "devoting his life to the profession of writing, a profession in which there are no royal short-cuts to distinction," writes Victor O. Freeburg in *The Outlook;* and we are given a picture of the literary Prince driving his American flivver through the streets of Stockholm and over the country roads, having no chauffeur. He is described as "a tall man whose slender, rather bony face, which favors the lineaments of his father, still bears the marks of suffering from tropical fevers. It is the face of a dreamer, yet the kind of dreamer who has commanded war-ships in the Baltic and black men in the jungles." The Prince, who is forty-two, "was married some years ago to the Russian Grand Duchess Maria Pavlovna, but this marriage," we are told, "has been dissolved. His son, Prince Lennart, is now attending school in Stockholm." Further Mr. Freeburg relates:

Photograph by the Keystone View Company

ROYALTY AND THE MONSTER

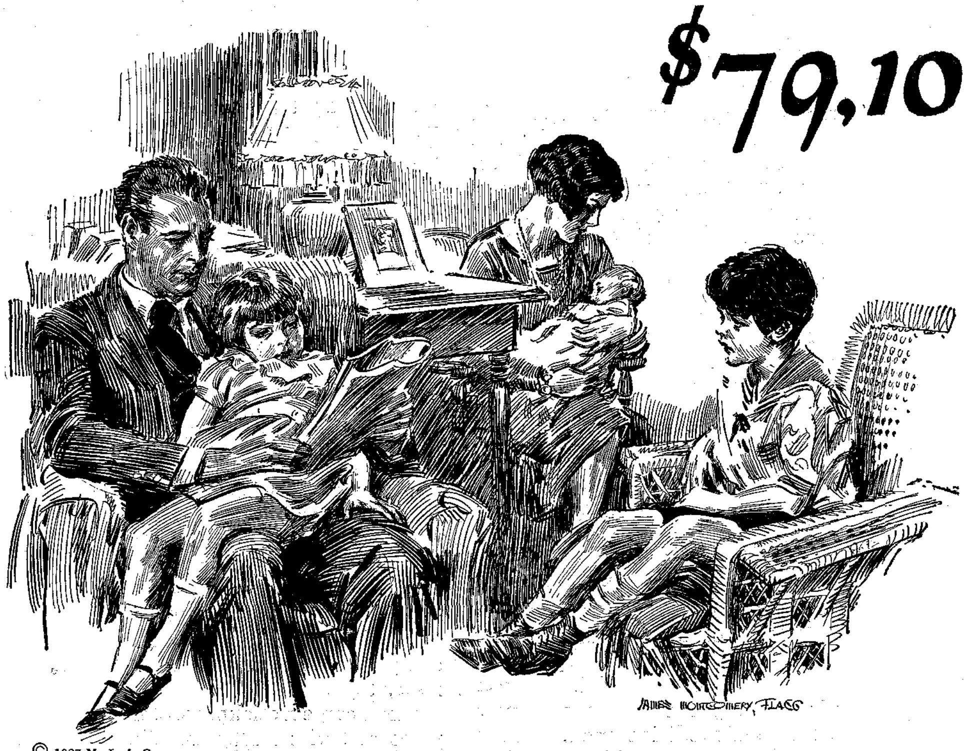
While taking motion-pictures of wild life in the heart of Africa, the Prince encountered some perilous moments, as when the 400-pound mountain gorilla, seen above, charged within three feet of his rifle before being dropt.

> This will be Prince William's second visit to America, his first having taken place in 1907, when he came as a young naval lieutenant on board a Swedish cruiser in order to represent his country at the Jamestown Exposition. He had won his rank, not through royal favor, but in the regular way, by completing the courses at the Swedish Naval Academy and the preliminary period of training at sea. As a cadet he excelled in the winter sports characteristic of his country, namely, ski-running, ski-jumping, skating, hockey, and ice-boating. Somewhat later he became so skilled in motoring that he set one of the early speed records for Sweden. In 1913 he won the first prize for non-professional drivers in the overland winter races between Stockholm and Gothenburg.
>
> That this young officer and sportsman should turn to the writing of poetry doesn't seem strange when we recall that his grandfather Oscar II was a poet whose verse is still popular. Incidentally, a brother of King Oscar II was an unusually gifted composer, and Prince William's uncle, Prince Eugene, is a painter of international fame. With such family traditions, it was natural that Prince William should occasionally lay aside his books on navigation or gunnery and try his hand at composing chanteys and ballads. While many of these efforts were torn up and scattered to the winds, many others survived and are even now being sung by "squarehead" sailors. The Prince's shipmates also discovered that he had dramatic talent, and he was given the task of writing plays for amateur production during festive celebrations on board.
>
> But it is one thing to write for uncritical comrades, and quite a different thing to write for the public. So it happened that Prince William's first published book appeared under a pseudonym. It was a translation of L. Hope's "The Garden of Kama," under the title "Indian Erotics," and the translator called himself "L. Wica." The shift of interest from the ways of the Baltic Sea to the ways of love-making in India—at least as subjects for literary exercise—happened in connection with a trip to Siam and India in 1911 and 1912. Prince William represented Sweden at the coronation of King Maha Vajiravudh in Bangkok. Later he had an opportunity to hunt big game in the jungles of India. This tour resulted in the first book under his own name, "Where the Sun Shines," a collection of vivid and highly readable sketches of India and Siam.
>
> The Prince next made an extended trip to East Africa. There he killed a number of lions and captured one cub, which he brought back as a pet to his apartment in the royal palace in Stockholm. For several months the cub was the boon companion of Prince William and his young son. But as the animal grew older it seemed to become too much of a lion for the peace of the palace, and the Prince obligingly gave it away to a zoological garden.

When the World War broke out, Prince William, then a lieutenant-commander, took command of a destroyer, relates Mr. Freeburg, with orders to see that Sweden's neutrality was not violated; and we read on:

> In time he was appointed commander of a division of destroyers, and in this capacity he escorted many American, English, and French ships safely out of the Baltic and away from the German reconnoitering fleets. It was a time of great strain even for officers in a neutral Navy, and the Prince's emotions found expression again in poetry. A volume of verse with the significant title "Extinguished Beacons" appeared in 1916, and another volume, entitled "Black and White," appeared in 1918. Both were very favorably received by the critics, who now hailed William as a poet of the first rank in Sweden. A third volume of poems, entitled "Selene," upholds his reputation.
>
> When the war was over, the Prince resigned from active naval service in order to give more time to literary work. Within a year he published a collection of short stories under the title "The Old Pine." These stories, like the poems published earlier, revealed the deep impressions left by the stirring years 1914-18. As fiction the stories were of uneven quality, but at least they showed the versatility of their author. The critics encouraged him to continue, and the motion-picture companies began bidding for his output.
>
> Desiring to extend the horizons of his experience, Prince

"Broke"—but Worth $79,100.00



© 1927 M. L. I. Co

DAD earns $50 a week. He has just paid the rent, the grocery bill and the milk bill. He says he is "broke but happy". He has his wife, his children and his comfortable little home. He feels far from rich, but in reality he and his family are worth a small fortune.

Because they have good health, this typical American family represents $79,100 of the nation's wealth.

As a useful American, Dad, at 30, can figure himself as actually worth $31,000 today—for that is the present value of his future earnings less his personal expenses. Dad is one of thousands who are earning $50 a week—an average Dad. If Dad is frequently sick or if he dies young, he will be worth less than $31,000. With-better-than-average health and longer life, he should be worth a great deal more. His family will be better protected, better nourished and given a greater chance for future success if Dad keeps well.

Mother's contribution to the family wealth—her time and energy, love and devotion—can never be measured in money. But at a very conservative estimate, the money value of her services must be at least half that of Dad's—$15,500.

That rosy-cheeked, four-months-old baby boy is worth $9,500 this minute, while big Brother, seven, and little Sister, five, are worth $16,000 and $7,100 each as future productive citizens.

But their fortunes are locked up in their own bodies. They will reach the full measure of their wealth only by keeping healthy and fit for their daily work—otherwise their fortunes will shrink.

Let Dad—every dad from coast to coast—learn how to use the great discoveries of modern medical science to prevent disease and prolong the lives of his children, his wife and himself.

And if he thinks that he is "broke", let him find out what he really is worth in dollars and cents to himself, to his family, and to his country.

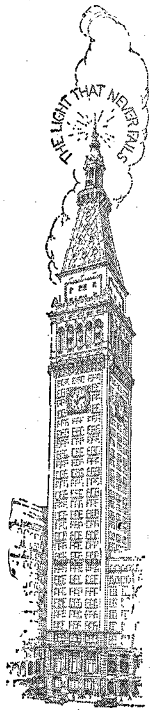
Contrasted with the total material wealth of the country in 1922—railroads, buildings, land, mines, etc.—which amounted to 321 billion dollars, the economic value of the lives of the entire population was 1500 billions. More than six billion dollars were lost last year because of needless deaths.

With these tremendous values in mind the importance of health and welfare work becomes apparent.

Seventeen years ago the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company instituted a health and nursing service for policyholders. More than 20 millions of dollars were expended in this campaign. During this period, the mortality rate of policyholders declined more than 30 per cent and the accumulated saving which can be ascribed to welfare work, has totalled the amazing sum of 43 millions of dollars.

The Metropolitan will gladly mail, free, its booklet, "The Value of Human Life at all Ages". It tells what you are worth, also the potential worth of each member of your family.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*


THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

William in 1920 began a series of travels. First he visited the Arctic island of Spitzbergen. Then he spent some time in Honduras, Guatemala, and other Central American countries, where he had some near-adventures in connection with the usual revolutions. It is related that on one occasion Prince William innocently walked into a street skirmish. A young soldier, trying in vain to operate a machine-gun, asked the intelligent-looking stranger for assistance. The Prince and the soldier then pooled their skill, with the result that they put their own gun completely out of commission.

The literary result of Prince William's travels in Latin-American countries was a descriptive work entitled "Between Two Continents." It appeared in 1921, but before it was off the press he started on his eventful exploring trips in Central Africa, which have already given material for four books and are to be the subject of his lectures in the United States. He was accompanied by Swedish scientists, and the primary object was to make collections for the Riks-museum in Stockholm. Most of the exploring was done in the wilds of the Belgian Kongo. Lions, gorillas, and other big game were bagged by the Prince, and a remarkable series of motion-pictures of animal life was made by the camera man of the party. It was on this trip that Prince William suffered his third, and nearly fatal, attack of fever. He became ill when the expedition was a twelve days' journey away from the nearest doctor, and for a long time his life was despaired of. When he got well, he made a record of all his impressions in connection with the fever, and used this as the basis of one of his most thrilling short stories.

A vivid description of the entire expedition was made by Prince William in his book "Among Pygmies and Gorillas," which has appeared in several languages, and has had a wide sale in the United States. A second book, entitled "At the Water Holes," further illustrates his African experiences. Had Prince William been satisfied merely to record his fascinating travels, he might now have rested on his laurels. But he is a creative writer, and hence naturally wove many of his observations into imaginative tales which he published in a volume entitled "Black Novels." They are stories of jungle love, native superstitions, the magic of medicine men, and the strange experiences that come to white men in a black civilization. All of them deftly reproduce the atmosphere of picturesque African settings.

However, Prince William is more interested in human character than in the coloration of scene, says Mr. Freeburg, and—

This interest, dominant in "Black Novels," found more direct expression in his play "Kinangozi," which was the fourth literary work inspired by the trip into Africa. The action is laid in the Belgian Kongo, and concerns the dramatic meeting in the wilderness between an Englishwoman and an Englishman who once in their youth had loved each other. This play has already been successfully produced in Europe, and is now being considered for possible adaptation to the stage here in America.

The success of his first play encouraged Prince William to try his hand again. He wrote a drama entitled "On Board," in which an Atlantic liner is the scene. The action is an allegorical study of modern civilization, in which labor, represented by the mutinous crew, menaces the upper classes, represented as passengers who are concerned over their own squabbles but unaware of the dangers that threaten the Ship of State.

"On Board" had its *première* in Finland during the autumn of 1926, and, while it may not be destined to any phenomenal runs, it reveals Prince William's deep interest in social problems. He has recently completed a play which he describes as a drama of ideas. It is entitled "The Other One," and has been accepted for production at the Oscar Theater in Stockholm.

This royal dramatist is a regular "first-nighter." He has to be, in order to hold one of his jobs, which is that of dramatic critic for a Stockholm weekly. "I'm afraid I wouldn't be much good as a critic on a daily," said the Prince recently to a correspondent, "because it takes me too long to make up my mind about the real merits of the play and its production." However that may be, he succeeds in making up his mind at least once a week in a very entertaining way, and his department in the weekly *Idun* has long been a popular feature.

No wonder they call him "the hard-working Prince." He works even on his vacations. Spending a few months in the Riviera not long ago meant for him the writing of another book. It is out now, a delightful study of folk-ways and scenes of historical association in the south of France. Prince William is in natural sympathy with this subject, for it may be recalled that he is the direct descendant of a great Frenchman, Jean Baptiste Bernadotte, who was a marshal under Napoleon, before he became King of Sweden and founder of the present royal house.

PRICELESS TOYS OF THE CZARS

"NOTHING GIVES SUCH A DAZZLING IMPRESSION of the incommensurable wealth of the Russia Czars as the display of their jeweled playthings, writes Walter Duranty, one of a group of correspondents i Moscow, to whom they were displayed. He had seen the Imperial regalia of the British Empire, with its blazing diamond from India and Africa, and the magnificent crown jewels o Russia, all of which were "staggering enough," but what brough home most forcefully to him the meaning of utterly unlimite money was the prodigal display of gemmed toys, once th Romanoffs'. Mr. Duranty found himself particularly fascinate by a model train made for Nicholas II, as a souvenir of th opening of the Trans-Siberian Railway. He writes in the Ne York *Times:*

One begins to understand how fancy can play with gold an jewels if one owns outright, as the Czars owned, one-sixth of th whole surface of the globe. The train, eighteen inches long, ha five gold cars and a platinum locomotive, all modeled to exactitude from the train wherein Nicholas inaugurated the Trans-Siberian, with a restaurant, bath and private chapel complete It runs by clockwork.

Just imagine the scene we saw to-day. A Soviet official wind up the train with a tiny golden key. The train scurries acros a table covered with black velvet. A white plaster statuette o Lenin, sitting with his head supported on his arm, looks dow sardonically. In the background half a dozen minor custodians in pocketless gray blouses, tightly buttoned at wrists and knees stand impassive. On the table before us there are jewels out spread, estimated in value at a quarter of a billion dollars. An the little train scurries along, with its platinum locomotive doing everything save emit smoke. For Nicholas this was just one of many toys.

Then came a stickpin watch, made for Nicholas II as a masterpiece of Swiss craftsmanship. Less than a third of an inch in diameter, of pure gold, no thicker than a thin fingernail, it still keeps perfect time.

Then there is a little orange tree, eight inches high, in a mother-of-pearl tube, with ruby and pearl ropes squaring it off, emerald leaves, ruby fruits and diamond flowers. You press a button and the tree opens showing a tiny enameled nightingale sitting on a golden bough, singing and flapping its wings.

There is a small golden peacock in a crystal Easter egg, which spreads an iridescent tail and walks up and down.

There is a small gold ornament, shaped like an archery target, where, if you press a finger on the bull's-eye a series of small ruby coverings of miniatures of the royal family around the target slide up, showing pictures.

There is a gold stage-coach, whose wheels turn round, four inches long by an inch and a half high, with a twenty-carat diamond swinging like a lantern within.

There are a dozen gold and jeweled Easter eggs, one a beautiful example of filigree work, presented to Alexander II, containing an enameled world globe.

There is a six-inch-long gold oval crusted with tiny miniatures of all the Czars of Russia, given to Nicholas II.

Priceless little seed-pearl snowdrops, with emerald leaves coming up through diamond snow, are all enclosed in an Easter egg of rock crystal.

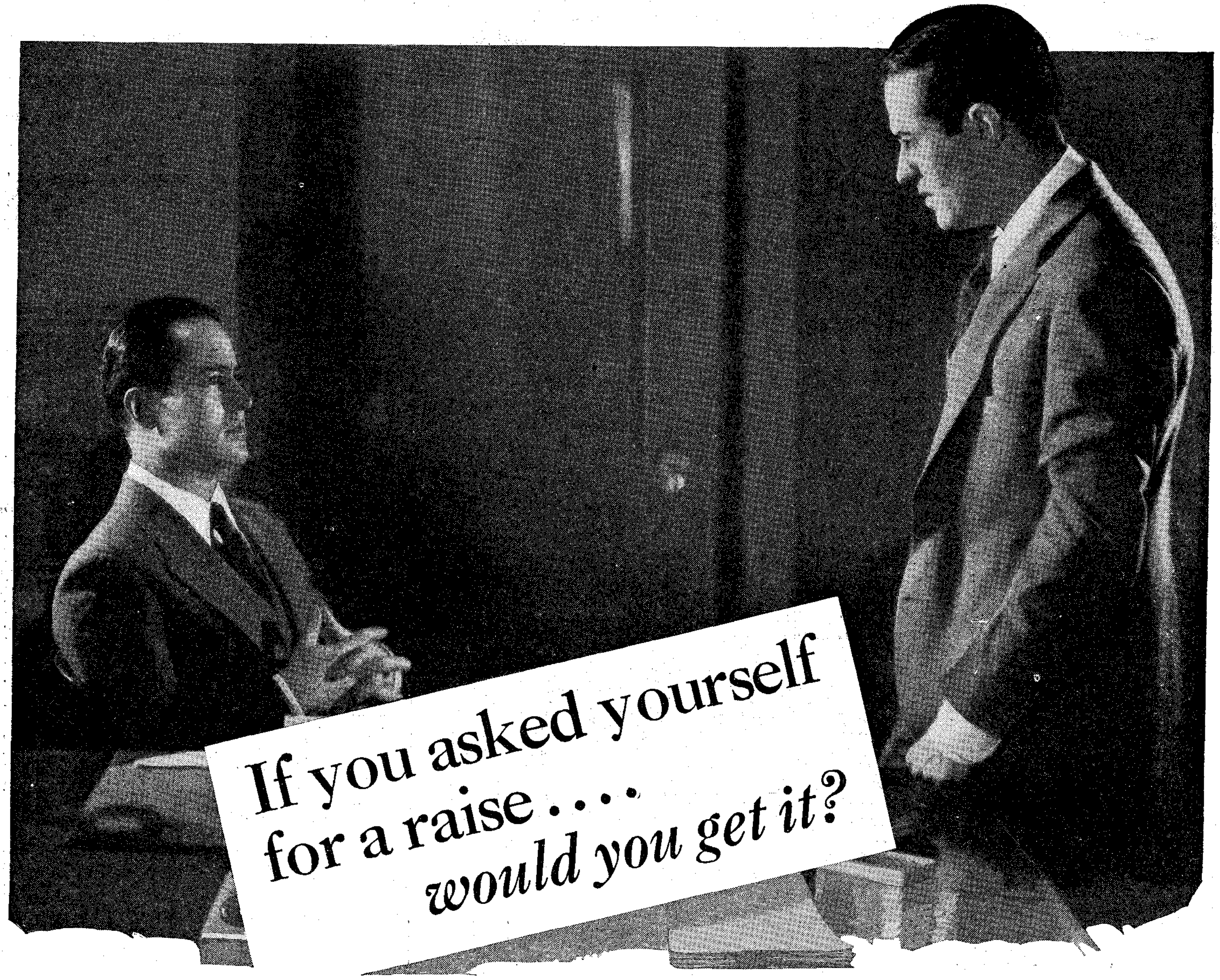
A miniature of the German Kaiser, surrounded with diamonds on a golden snuffbox, lies alongside a glorious diamond chain of the Grand Master of the Order of Saint Andrew, dating from Catherine the Great, with a dozen large diamond plaques of Russian double-eagles ending in a four-inch-square enamel portrait of Saint Andrew stretched on a golden cross.

The finally astonishing piece is a paper-weight figuring the English Queen Victoria, in green jade, decorated with a diamond crown and the Star of India.

Czar Nicholas I, who fought the British in the Crimea, amused himself with a wide gold filigree bracket containing a Renaissance Venetian mirror as large as a wrist-watch, made of a diamond slab an inch and a half by one inch, set like a piece of plate-glass upon a polished steel background.

Soviet experts reckon that a 100-carat diamond was demolished to provide this priceless, thin transparent slice.

Then there are ponderous binoculars presented to Catherine the Great by the Sultan of Turkey, eight-inch tubes of bright yellow gold encrusted with rubies and diamonds, weighing nine or ten pounds. This is almost the only piece of Catherine's treasure, which equaled in ugliness, from an artistic view-point, one of the possessions of the late unfortunate Czar in the shape of an oval medallion portrait of the Czarevitch set in diamonds, standing on a lapis-lazuli pedestal.


If you asked yourself
for a raise....
would you get it?

YOU know you're good, of course! You're sure for a certainty that you could fill the job just ahead. Why not? But between you and us and the looking-glass, the important point is this: Do you *look* as though you could?

Take a Boss-eye view of yourself! Does your appearance reflect that confident spirit that burns so brightly under your vest? Do your clothes say "here I am—on my toes—ready to tackle anything or anybody!"

Or have you grown a bit careless? Have you dreamed so hard of filling another man's shoes that you have allowed your own to go unpolished? Many a good man is marking time because of a dingy coat-cuff or a blotchy lapel!

It might be a good idea to take a look at the contents of your clothes closet. You know, of course, that there is nothing like a monthly dry cleaning to keep clothes looking *new all the time.* It puts pep into the most discouraged suit. It restores the original life to matted, shiny naps. It dissolves away slovenly spots and blotches. It gives you that "all's well with the world" feeling that comes with clothes that are right!

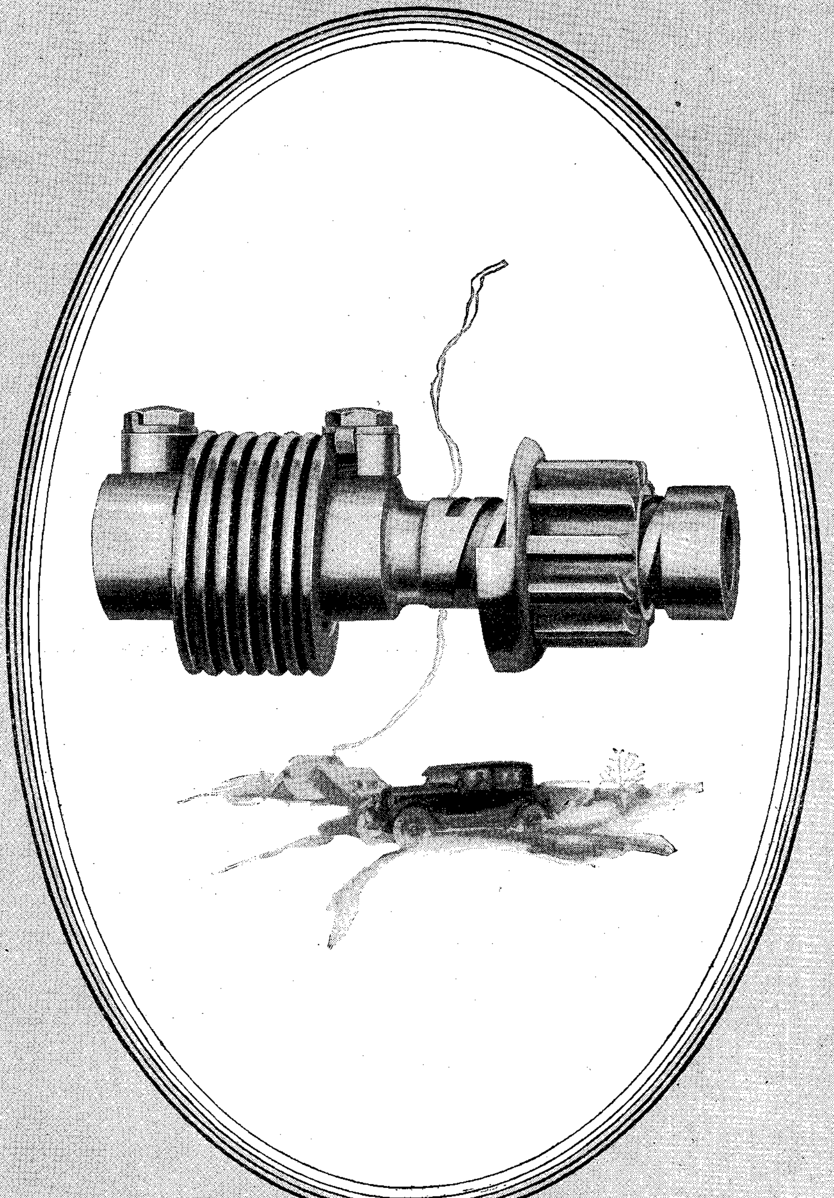
There is a reliable modern dry cleaner conveniently near your home in case some of *your* suits are beginning to lie about you to the world. Call him.

Published in the interest of the Dry Cleaning Industry by The American Laundry Machinery Company, Executive Offices, Cincinnati, Ohio

CLOTHES *DO* HELP YOU WIN

—Dry Clean Them Oftener!

ECLIPSE
BENDIX DRIVE



"The Mechanical Hand
that Cranks Your Car"

ECLIPSE

ECLIPSE MACHINE COMPANY, ELMIRA, N. Y.
ECLIPSE MACHINE COMPANY, HOBOKEN, N. J.
ECLIPSE MACHINE COMPANY, Ltd., WALKERVILLE, ONTARIO

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

CATERWAULS IN TRAJAN'S FORUM

"CAT repository, cat exchange, cat hospital—the Forum of Trajan is all of these, altho mostly the first." The now grass-grown arena, where gladiators once battled and noble lions of Numidia roared, is a practical place for storing Rome's surplus and obnoxious cats, we are told by Fairfax Downey in *The World Traveler*, and he relates how the Emperor who so thoughtfully provided this convenient cat pound, having found the old Forum "too cluttered up to add anything of his own to it without calling in a wrecking company," decided to build a Forum of his very own, wherein he erected "a lofty column, with splendid spiral reliefs, portraying his victories on the Danube. Since the conquest of the Dacians, to whom Rome had paid tribute since the reign of Domitian was no mean feat, the relief sculptors had plenty of inspiration, and no doubt they could have spiraled higher than 140 feet if necessary. If, when they had finished, they remarked, 'Oh, what a relief!' it could only have been by way of self-congratulation." Trajan was no mean builder, and, in fact:

His Forum with its rostra, altars, and basilicas was a sight of grandeur, but it got ruined like so many things in Rome; all of it, that is, save the column. Then the dust of centuries settled upon it and buried it, so that when a city block of it was excavated, it was in the relation of a sunken garden to the surrounding street and houses. Heightening that appearance, grass and verdant shrubbery was made to grow within it and vines climbed the walls and the shattered marble shafts—altogether a charming, lower-level park.

From the Piazza Foro Traiano there is no entrance down into this garden spot, while its walls rise up twelve feet or so to the top of the parapet which separates it from the street. No human feet regularly tread the greensward, but scores of padded feline paws parade over it daily. Once in the Forum, the most agile cat stays put until it is taken out, which explains why, among old Roman proverbs, there is none about the cat which came back. The Forum of Imperial Trajan, turned into a reservation, is, so to speak, stopping a chink to keep the cat away. However his shade may feel about it, some of his countrymen are as grateful to him to-day as were his contemporaries when he ended reparations payments to the Dacians.

From various quarters of Rome which have a feline over-population, pussies are gathered, and the Forum of Trajan is literally a place where the cat is let out of the bag. It has been so for many generations. The strays are by no means condemned to starve in this open-air dungeon. Earlier Romans may have looked down mercilessly on lethal scenes in the pit of the Colosseum, but to-day they may be seen from time to time tossing cat meat into the sunken enclosure. It looks as if the mousing might be pretty good down there, too. Æsop could write a new fable about it—how the City Mouse set out to show the Country Mouse Rome and came to an untimely end in the wide, open spaces of Trajan's Forum.

It seems to be a case of no durance vile, but of Puss-in-Luck. Scores of cats stroll about on the green or sun themselves on warm marble slabs or at the bases of classic columns. They are unworried and unharried. There is shade in plenty, and evidently there are numerous nooks and crannies which lend themselves to seclusion from the public gaze and serve as comfortable dormitories. Under such conditions Puss throws off much of the thin veneer of civilization assumed elsewhere for comfort's sake and approaches the wild, untrammeled state of tiger ancestors.

But there is a catch to this cat Utopia, continues Mr. Downey. When their numbers increase to too large proportions, the municipal catcher drops into the Forum and nominates sacrificial victims, which he takes away to the oblivion of the pound. This has been found necessary, since the prison breaks, if any, and other removals can not keep pace with the various additions to the tenantry, and we read on:

> The other removals referred to are those by which the Forum wins the right to be known as the Cat Exchange of Rome. For, not only those citizens resort there who desire to deposit cats, but also those who wish to draw on the balance. Any Roman who wants a nice free cat knows just where to go for a wide choice of color and design. Of course he may have a little trouble making it. Cat-coursing over marble jumps in the classic enclosure may well prove exciting sport. The huntsman may get all out of breath running and shouting the Italian for "Tally-ho!" and his quarry may go to earth, but sooner or later, with only the penalty of exertion and some scratches, he must win a trophy of the chase.
>
> Thither are led captive not only the cats that murder sleep too chronically, but also those convicted of slaying the canary or raiding the milk pitcher. There will be cats from Aventine, the Palatine and the Janiculum. There will be—there ought to be, anyway—cats from the little restaurants near the piazza before St. Peter's. One may dine outdoors there pleasantly in February, so far as the weather is concerned, but it is fatal to the diner's peace to order fried fish; quite likely he will have cats shinnying up both his legs.
>
> If the visitor is inquisitive enough to go of an evening and verify his surmises, he can do nothing wiser or more fitting than to dine at the famous old restaurant near by. It is housed in the Basilica Ulpia, which stood and stands on the very border of the Forum.
>
> He is prepared to hear from the cats in the enclosure such a serenading as would be bound to lower the rent of all the dwellings within earshot. But he hearkens to little or nothing. Perhaps it is because the cat is a temperamental animal and in the face of too much competition is reluctant about sounding off.
>
> The disappointed visitor may have just time to make the not-distant opera for the last act, and there, if the audience does not happen to like the tenor, he will hear bang-up outbursts of hissing and yowling, after the fine old Roman custom. Then he will know why the cats of the Forum are silent on opera nights. They know when they are outclassed.

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BEASTS ▾ BIRDS ▾ AND ▾ TREES

WHEN THE COWS FIGHT THE LEMMINGS

"EVEN fire will not stop the migrating lemmings of Norway from following the blind, inexplicable instinct that drives them on to the sea." Millions of these mysterious tiny animals go on the great pilgrimage occurring every few years. Whence they come, and what their ultimate goal is (if they are not, as legend declares, seeking the "lost continent" of Atlantis), no one has ever found out. Carveth Wells, F. R. G. S., English explorer, ethnologist and zoologist, who is reported to have discovered the singing worm and fishing monkey of Malaysia, has brought five stuffed specimens of the small rodents to Boston, and A. L. Mackenzie relates in the Boston *Post* the strange circumstances that led to his possession of these relics. As we read:

There is only one place in the world where cows get so mad that they quit their grass diet and go in for fresh meat.

The reason for their berserk rage comes only about once in every threescore years, and they say the children of that locality born that year are all young Hercules.

Stavanger, Norway, famed the world over for its sardines and anchovies, is the setting for this dramatic war that has in it a suggestion of the legend of the Pied Piper of Hamelin Town.

When the cows of Stavanger were first angered, they left the fields and staged a parade through the streets of the town. They nibbled the geraniums and the cauliflowers in the gardens. But it was obvious they were living under a strain. They weren't themselves, as it were.

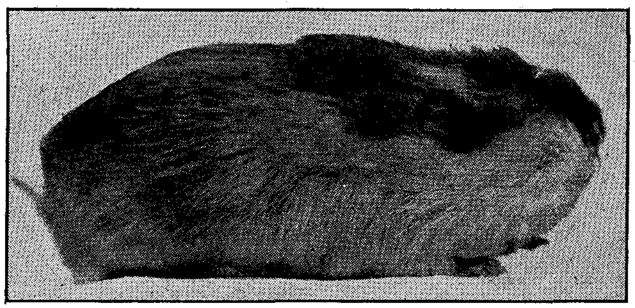
The town fathers scratched their heads and the brightest of them suggested, after much thought: "Let's look it up in the archives."

They did. And there the story was told in all its awful details. Thirty-eight years ago the cows had marched into the town and nervously paraded the streets.

"It's come again!" they agreed.

Carveth Wells had left word with the authorities of Stavanger: "Cable me immediately if the cows ever walk into town." Or words to that effect.

The cable was dispatched and Mr. Wells fortunately got there in time to bring back the evidence.



Illustrations by courtesy of *The Post* (Boston)

LOOKS AS HARMLESS AS A GOPHER

But he "gets the goat" of Norway's cattle, when, in his multitudes, Mr. Lemming launches himself on one of his periodical and mysterious migrations to the sea, devouring all before him.

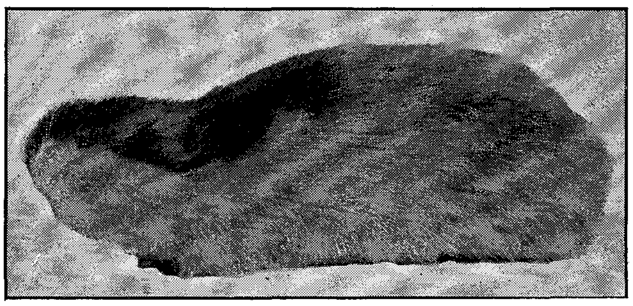
The little lemmings look harmless and gentle enough, stuffed with whatever a taxidermist puts inside of mounted animals. They look like guinea-pigs that have fallen into a pot of yellow paint. Their fur is streaked yellow with splotches of what would be black, but for a yellow glow on top of it.

They have beady eyes, a bit too close together, as the novelists say of the villain; mean little teeth that look as if they could gnaw through chrome steel, and rear-end wisps that are a mere apology for tails.

"The amazing story of them is this," said Mr. Wells. "They suddenly appear in vast numbers in the mountainous regions of Norway behind Stavanger. They move in an almost perfectly straight line toward the sea. If there is a river in their way they swim it, if there is a mountain they climb over it. I really believe if the Woolworth building was put in front of them they would climb over it rather than go around. They never go around anything.

"As they move forward in their journey they breed, and also eat everything in sight. They have four or five litters in four months, each litter averages eight young and a second litter will be delivered eight days after the first.

"And they eat and eat and eat. I captured one and tried to keep it alive. I had to feed it four times its own weight four times a day, and once



ARE THEY SEEKING LOST ATLANTIS?

Arriving at the coast, the migrating lemmings swim out to sea and eventually disappear. The legend is that their ancestors used to swim at certain times of emergency to the shores of Atlantis, and the species can't shake off the old habit.

I forgot and when I came to see it the beast had eaten its wooden cage and died.

"The whole countryside is ravaged by them," continued the explorer, "and when you realize that in the migratory horde there are about 300,000,000 lemmings—well, that's enough said," and he went on to explain:

"That's what makes the cows mad. They see these little beasts not only eating up their luscious grass but chewing up the roots, so that there won't be any more grass next year. First the cows, because of their mild disposition, go into the town as a protest. Then, seeing that resorting to politics gets them little, they go back to the fields with red in their eyes.

"A battle royal between the cows and the lemmings begins. The cows stamp on the little beasts and actually eat their heads. It isn't known whether they find the head a real tasty morsel or whether it's a sort of savage revenge for the loss of the grass.

"But a little thing like that doesn't stop the lemming from continuing on his journey and from breaking all records for eating and reproducing."

"Where do they come from?" I asked.

"Nobody knows," answered Mr. Wells. "That is one of the queerest secrets of Nature. There is an ancient legend that they come down from heaven, or at least fall down from the clouds. Olaus Magnus, the sixteenth-century ecclesiast and historian, contributed toward that idea.

"In between their migrations they are not seen and it seems impossible to find them. Where they might live or how is completely shrouded in mystery. All that is known is that they suddenly appear in millions and keep up their steady march until they reach the sea. Sometimes the migration takes two or three years. But it ends as suddenly and as completely as it begins."

"Well, where do they go?"

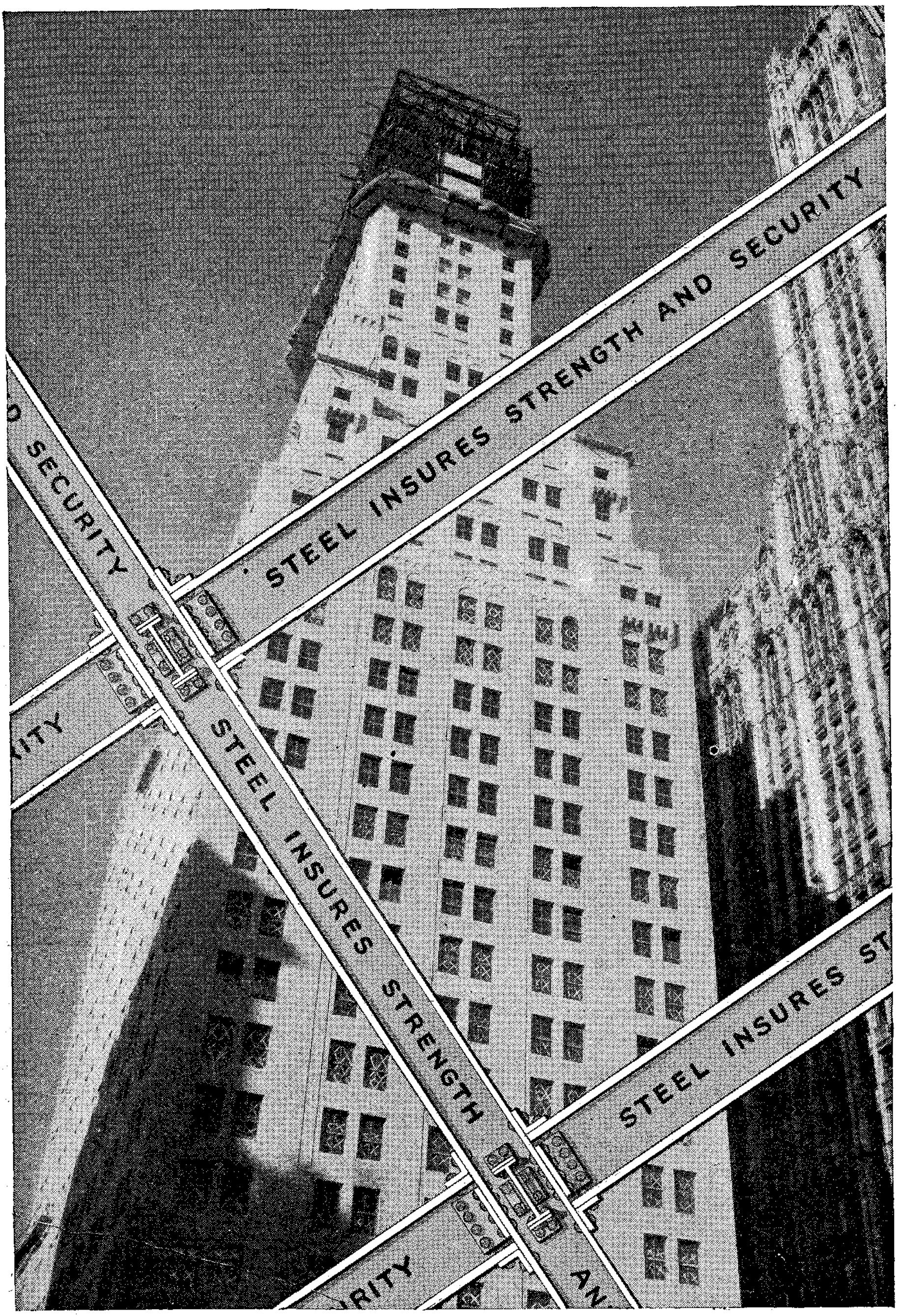
"Nobody knows that, either. When the millions of these animals reach the sea, they jump in, those that are left from the battle with the cows. It looks like deliberate suicide. Dr. Grenfell of Labrador has seen them nine miles out to sea, still swimming strongly.

"Again there is a legend to explain their strange action. The story goes that the lemmings are following an instinct inherited from ancient times when they jump into the ocean, and in all probability commit suicide, tho that latter fact isn't positively substantiated.

"In the dim ages of the past the ancestors of the lemmings lived on the lost continent of Atlantis or went there for a particularly agreeable food when the conditions in Norway became too crowded. When they start swimming the Atlantic it is said they are seeking the submerged Atlantis.

"Wherever they go, like the rats in the legend of the Pied Piper, they are never seen again. Some of them are, of course, devoured by fish, many of them drown. Whether the remainder get any place or not is a question for some scientist of the future to solve. There is, in fact, less known about the lemming of Norway than any other animal."

Mr. Wells has been waiting for a number of years for the migration which he was fortunate enough to witness, and which happens only about once or twice in the lifetime of a man. There are many strange creatures in the jungles and the seas, and



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IGNORANCE KILLED WASHINGTON

It was common in the days of Washington to bleed the sick person. If the patient was not relieved they bled him again.

Washington had a sore throat. The Doctor opened a vein and bled him. Next day, throat no better. Doctor bled him again. Throat worse. After the third bleeding, Washington protested. "But," says Dr. William Mather Lewis, President of George Washington University, "the bleeding was continued right up to his death."

Today we know that the loss of the blood and consequent vitality hastened the death of Washington as it did thousands of others. For Doctors then did not recognize Nature as the supreme Doctor. But, we live and learn and progress.

Our Doctors today fully recognize Nature as the King of health. They correctly urge you not to disturb Nature—but to fully utilize the glorious sunshine and its healing rays, to eat fresh foods with their natural energizing vitamines, to drink plenty of undenatured water (unbottled, unfiltered, unpiped) with its invigorating radioactivity. They have found that three vital elements of life—the ultra-violet rays of sunshine, the vitamines of food—and the radioactivity of water—are destroyed through disturbances to nature, by window glass, by cooking of food—and by the piping or bottling of water.

So important is natural radioactivity in water that springs containing more than the ordinary amount of it have become famous not only for the better health afforded—but for the relief of ailments. For instance, the Hon. John Hatton, Director of the British Government famous Springs at Bath, says frankly that to their rich amount of radioactivity is owed in considerable measure, their remarkable therapeutic effect. Col. E. M. Maus, M. D., Director of the Medical Intelligence Bureau, says of the U. S. Government Hot Springs, Arkansas—"While the remarkable cures are partly due to the mineral content of their waters it is the general opinion here that the effects are largely the result of their radioactivity, a quality they possess to a marked degree."

The Revigator is an apparatus for homes which sells for $35.00, and which gives you a health spring supplying two gallons daily—sufficient for a family of two to five. It requires no upkeep, yet lasts for years, and is guaranteed to automatically restore the lost radioactivity to your drinking water, to health spring strength. Various Governments, including our own, have tested the Revigator invention. Last year over a million dollars worth of them were sold to thousands and thousands of better homes where health is appreciated. Send for our booklet—it is free. Mail the coupon.

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BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES
Continued

unbelievable events like the dispersion of fresh-water eels in mid-ocean. But there seems to be nothing in all the world to parallel the sudden appearance and disappearance of the lemming.

"The lemming has one characteristic in common with a great many humans," Mr. Wells said. "In their single life they are mild little creatures, almost timid, who would never think of attacking anything. After they are married they become terribly savage and not only fight among themselves but attack almost anything in their path.

"They will even attack men. Various things have been tried in an effort to stop their approach, which is worse than the approach of locusts. For after they have passed through a country it is left absolutely desolate, every last green leaf, herb and bit of grass has been eaten by the army. Even fire will not stop them.

"Is it possible that they live under the ground during the periods between migrations?" I asked.

"While they are traveling they make their nests under grass hummocks or stones. They are courageous little animals when they are disturbed in their nests, by the way. Instead of retreating they sit up with their backs against the stone or tuft and prepare for battle. But there is no evidence that they burrow under the ground."

WINNING A WOLF'S HEART

"EIGHTY pounds of wolf landed on my back, and through the opening of the cage we rolled together!" But the apparently luckless gentleman wasn't torn to pieces at all. Instead, Lady Bobs, the furry hurricane, had a boisterous romp with him, and ended by licking his hand. Lawrence Trimble, who writes in *The American Boy* of training wolves to act for the movies, was the recipient of Lady Bobs's favors, altho he had gone to the Denver Zoo that September to make friends with Lady Silver, whom he describes as the most savage wolf he had ever known—and the most beautiful. He first saw her gazing at her mountain home through the bars of her cage. Like all her upland kin, she was very proud, and incidentally so bad-tempered she would have nothing at all to do with the other wolves. "I tried in every way to attract her interest," says Mr. Trimble, "but she glanced my way only once." In fact—

> So complete was her disdain that I felt snubbed and, I confess, embarrassed in the presence of the sarcastically grinning head-keeper. I had assured him I got on with wolves and had been knowing them pretty well all my life. However, I managed to save my face with him by making a hit with another wolf—Lady Bobs, who had replied to the funny throat sounds I made in addressing Lady Silver.
>
> When I left, Lady Bobs and I called back and forth to each other until I was beyond earshot—but Lady Silver was not aware of anything this side of her mountains. It was not hard to part with Lady Bobs—but I could not help leaving something that was a part of me in the cage with the far-eyed Lady Silver.
>
> Bobs had been born in a flat land's gully, beside a muddy river. When her newly opened eyes had first met the sun, she had seen it from under the shading thumb of a gentle-handed engineer. I did not have to win her friendship. It was simply a matter of getting acquainted. But then she had never run freely wild, nor leaned against the wind over a mile-high chasm and seen a lazy, winding river far below, looking like a strip of sky, carelessly dropt and left there, forgotten. Yes, I could say "Good-by" to Bobs—but I could not say anything to my Silver Lady. As far as she cared, I had not even been there.
>
> Through the influence of my old friend, Hal Felker, a popular Denver lawyer, it was arranged with the city park commission that a telegram from me would start Lady Bobs, by express, direct to whatever location I might choose for the filming of a Northern picture I planned to do the following winter.
>
> During the next several months I visited many zoos, both in the States and in Canada, looking for a dozen or so individuals to make up a wolf pack. And I chased down many false rumors of splendid wolves, privately owned. But in all this time the picture of Lady Silver, with her cold eyes, did not grow dim. I simply could not forget that I wanted to know her—to own her. But I knew I must be practical; I could not, I thought, spare the time from my work to win her friendship, much less educate her to act before a camera.

Late March found Mr. Trimble and a production crew on location in the Sierras at Boca, California, and the animal actors, huskies and wolves, arriving by every train. "The dogs were fretful and quarrelsome, but the wolves were altogether a bad-tempered lot. The train journey had left some of them raging and others sulkily waiting a good opportunity to vent their spleen." None of Mr. Trimble's assistants had worked with wild animals before. However, two of them, Bill Sproat, a former trapper, and Johnnie Burch, an electrician, proved to be friends in need. The latter was especially fascinated by the wolves, so much so that Mr. Trimble relates:

> He wanted to stay on and work with them when his job was done, but I did not believe I needed him, until a little while before his train time.
>
> Just as I had succeeded in getting the whole pack into the big exercise pen without a fight starting, and was drawing my first easy breath, I noticed Johnnie leaning interestedly against the outside of the fence.
>
> "You'll miss your train," I warned him.
>
> "Hope I do!" and he grinned, ruefully, as the train whistled signaling the station. It also signaled the start of a fight that made Johnnie lose his train and win the job he wanted.
>
> Mormon, a raw-boned wolf from Utah, who had acted like a coward up to that minute, jumped Bad Boy, from Montana. Before I could swing the broom I happened to have in my hand, the whole lot were busy trying, literally, to tear each other to pieces. Johnnie, seeing me pile into the mêlée with the old reliable housewife's weapon, rushed around, found another broom, scaled the wire fence, and shoulder

to shoulder with me, helped sweep the fight right out of those madly whirling, would-be murderers. While a broom can not hurt more than a wolf's feelings, it certainly makes him feel foolish. Moreover, Johnnie laughed right heartily at their absurd scrambles to avoid the flailing brooms. His laughter helped to restore peace, too. For, like dogs, wolves simply wilt and lose their conceit before the ridicule of man.

So in short order we swept them into their separate kennels. Then, taking one at a time, we examined them for hurts and drest their cuts, which were not serious—the fight was too brief.

After a bitterly cold and trying night, spent in attempting to separate a raging she-wolf from her new-born litter, which she was in danger of destroying, the writer was unable to go to the station to meet Lady Bobs. We read on:

Presently one of the boys rushed in. "Come quick!" he yelled. "That Denver wolf is chewing out of her crate—and she is worse than a red-hot buzz-saw!"

As I neared the station, I heard a fiendishly raucous snarl. Then a wolf's head lunged through the wrecked side of the crate, and it was not Bobs—it was my beautiful Silver Lady. A stout chain drawn tight about her neck was the reason she had not made for the near-by mountains. Looking closer, I saw that a ink of the chain was wedged into a crack ı the floor of the crate; otherwise it was not fastened. She was tied thus so short that she could not stand fully erect. How he hated that chain! She fought it and eared it like a trap. Apparently she had not forgotten the one that had cost her he freedom of her native mountains.

I was annoyed because all that Hal Felker had said in his wire was:

"Shipped lady wolf to-day sorry for delay stop have written explaining."

I was bothered, too. I had scenes to shoot in which I must have a gentle wolf, because there must be a human baby in them as well as his movie mother (Irene Rich). But secretly I felt more pleased than anything.

I knew it was now or never that my Silver Lady must be won.

It required just a few minutes to carry the crate and its outraged occupant into the special home intended for Lady Bobs. t it took two very full hours of tact l persistence to loose the chain from the crack in the crate's bottom. I had to talk my Silver Lady into enough confidence in me so that she would allow me to put my hand into the crate and slowly work at the jammed chain link. She simply would not permit my touching her neck where her lovely coat had become matted and twisted into the chain. I would get the link almost free—then suddenly back she would strain and lunge at my face, her gorgeous teeth clicking and chattering wickedly. Then I would have to wait a bit, and talk her wild panic down, and all over again begin the tedious business of reaching my hand in between her forefeet—moving at the rate of about six heart-beats to the inch; and when success seemed sure, her eyes would begin burning with greenish flame, shot with red, and again her nerves would give way. A vibrant growl that seemed to come from underground would warn me that another frantic seizure of rage and terror was due. The rumbling growl would change to a snarl and end in a hoarse, metallic scream—as she pulled at the

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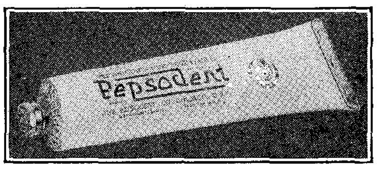

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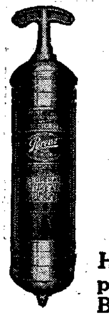

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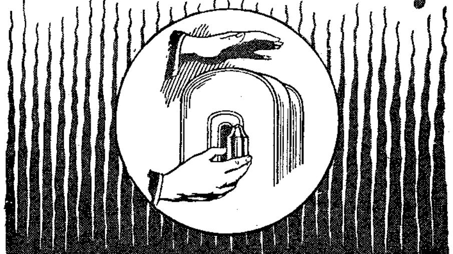

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BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES
Continued

chain and alternately tried to destroy it and me. Then I could only sit and wait for her to blow off the edge of her pent-up fury.

All the while Johnnie Burch and several of the boys sat on bales of straw and just watched. And with them was my friend Talbot Mundy, author of those African hunt stories. He did not speak either, but I knew by his groans that he wanted to warn me a couple of times.

Gradually, Silver Lady responded again to my repeated, monotonous sing-song assurances: "It's all right, Lady—it's all right—easy now—easy—easy."

Softly, unconsciously, Johnnie began whistling an old tune. Silver listened and, lowering her head to see him better, gave me plenty of slack chain with which to work freely, and stood rigid with suspicion long enough for the troublesome link to be eased out of the crack.

Silver did not sense, at once, that she was no longer tied. And I continued to sit quiet, repeating over and over in the same monotonous song: "It's all right—it's all right—easy, Lady—easy, Lady—"

Then for the spectators' ears, I droned: "Leave quietly—quietly—don't sneak—just go to lunch as tho we weren't here—go now—you can talk—better talk—as you go—"

And they did talk and Silver listened till their voices were lost in the distance. But as they went, Bill Sproat remarked, "He'll never tame that baby!"

"What will you bet—I can't put—my hand on her—by the time—you've finished lunch?" I chanted at him.

Bill shook his head, dead sure I'd be a loser.

"When we were quite alone," continues Mr. Trimble, "Silver discovered that the chain no longer restrained her, but the tormenting thing still hung about her neck." However—

She made no move to leave the crate; so I slowly hitched over until I was sitting in the middle of the pen. She watched my every move, but pretended to look far beyond me. I deliberately turned my back on her, and apparently ignored her as completely as she had ignored me that day at Denver.

Leisurely I lighted a cigaret, and smoked and hummed a tune. For a long time, or it may only have seemed long, she was still. The chain began to chink—chink, then to rustle in the straw on the pen floor. Very slowly, and with frequent, sniffing pauses, she went around the wire fence, and keeping close to it and as far as possible from me, she circled the enclosure. When passing directly in front of me she bristled and growled. But I did not attempt to touch her—not even with my eyes. I, too, could look miles beyond anybody and still see all I needed to. Her second complete journey encircling the pen, which was roughly fifteen feet across and free from sharp corners, did not take long, and the third journey took even less time. She was watching me now, frankly puzzled, as I saw in a one-wink look. Another time or two she gingerly dragged the hateful clinging chain around the path she was making in the straw. But I smoked and hummed and concentrated strictly on my own affairs—I simply was not interested in her.

I moved a little toward the side of the

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enclosure opposite to where she had paused for a moment. And when she got around again to the same place, I moved some more in the same direction as before.

After a while there was just enough room between me and the fence for her to pass comfortably without touching me.

When she crossed behind me she would halt, each time coming a shade nearer, until I could feel her warm breath on my neck as she sniffed curiously.

She seemed to realize that she was being snubbed, and it troubled the lady. Suddenly, I got a thrill and a surprize. She would have been just as surprized, too, had she been aware of her wholly unconscious action: she gave voice to those low, pleading, staccato whines common to all canines when they ardently desire attention, but do not want to ask right out for it.

And just at the critical moment, Johnnie Burch's muffled voice cried "Atta girl!" He had been peeping through a knothole instead of going to lunch. Whereupon, relates the much-tried wolf-director:

Silver coughed a hot growl into my ear, and snarling as she went, passed between me and the wire. And tho she brushed against my shoulder, she did not shrink at the touch.

"Whistle Johnnie Burch—and keep it up, and keep it up—" I begged mumblingly as I continued to hum, "Just a Song at Twilight."

After a while, Silver appeared to forget Johnnie, but I did not. His whistling gave me a chance to concentrate on the lighting of a fresh cigaret—I was getting pretty tired of doing a lullaby.

After a while, Silver came close behind me again, and sniffed and sniffed, and repeated the little pleading sounds, which steadily grew more insistent. But I sat indifferent, relaxed and still, something not so easy to do when she so far forgot herself as to jab her nose into my right ear. Then she came in front of me and pranced stiffly, as dogs do when inviting one to romp with them. But still I did not let her see I cared a hang what she did—tho I had to do some real acting to keep the show going.

She appeared to give up the idea of my being worth so much trouble, and flopped down disgustedly in the rounded corner directly in front of me.

Apparently, she had forgotten my existence as she yawned and rolled completely over and braced her feet against the wire netting, and began pushing herself toward me, and digging up the straw with her snout with each shove.

Every time she moved, I slid a bit nearer the fence. When her head came to rest on my knee, she simply lay and waited with half-closed eyes. And as my hand, moving ever so slowly, touched her foreleg and continued in a caressing advancing and retreating motion, her lip quivered, showing her fangs—but her eyes did not open. It took a long time to get the chain loosened from her neck, tho I worked with both hands. I was afraid that Johnnie's whistle, which was getting dry, would play out, or that somebody might come. It was tense business, and I scarcely breathed until as the chain came away and slid noiselessly into the straw, I was forced into taking a quick, deep breath.

Up and away Silver flung herself—but it was a joyous wolf that darted wildly about her new home. She burrowed and wallowed in the deep straw, and fairly exploded herself into the air. Once she came down plump into my arms—and there she lay, her eyes big with surprize and lurking

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BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES
Continued

fear. I had to lean forward to keep my balance. Her face came slowly up to meet mine; out flamed a red tongue; she kissed me on the chin. She could not seem to get close enough to suit her. In a frenzy of joy she trampled and rolled me down in to the straw, kissing my face and hands as a long-lost dog might do on suddenly realizing his old master had turned up to take him home. Laughing with, not at her, I struggled to my feet. And still she tried leaping into my arms. She would rub around my knees, tail wagging violently, body twisting and turning, all the time giving voice to the most eloquently joyous sounds, which tingled with glad emotion. Then she would crouch and pretend she was going to fly at my throat—but instead she would aim a kiss at my face, springing and giving me a staggering punch as her nose bumped mine.

I was relieved when Bill Sproat's voice froze her with: "By the great white-whiskered Old Hughie!"

The boys had returned from lunch and neither Silver nor I heard them.

I invited them to "Come on in," but only Johnnie Burch and Freddie MacBan responded. She accepted Johnnie's presence with dignified approval, and ignored Freddie—but then, Johnnie had whistled while she danced.

THE ODYSSEY OF THE EELS

AN invisible and slippery hegira takes place in the seas and rivers every fall—the migration of the eels. Reading the New York *Sun's* account of the exodus, reprinted from the London *Daily Mail*, we learn that "from all the lakes and rivers of Western Europe the eels set out on that southernmost migration of mystery, the three-thousand-mile run to the Sargasso Sea, where they spawn and die." The account goes on to tell us that "labeled with numbered silver disks, eels have been tracked from beyond Stockholm and the coast of Finland, having traveled for a month at nine miles a day toward the sound and the open sea." The New York *Herald Tribune* says of this strange unseen pilgrimage:

> An urgency even stronger than that which drives the Arctic tern from pole to pole stirs in them at migration time, and, with the same persistency which in summer takes them miles inland to visit new waters, they now set forth for mid-ocean.
>
> The naturalists of antiquity were fascinated and baffled by the mystery of the eel, and, indeed, it is only within the last few years that any scientific certainty has attended speculations about their travels and breeding habits. Specimens have been tagged; they have been pursued and watched for, and bit by bit—largely through the brilliant investigations of Johannes Schmidt, the Danish biologist—their wonderful Odyssey has been pieced together.
>
> In the Atlantic abysses north of the West Indies, between the Bahamas and Bermuda, the American eels encounter the eels from European waters, and there both species breed, the offspring being

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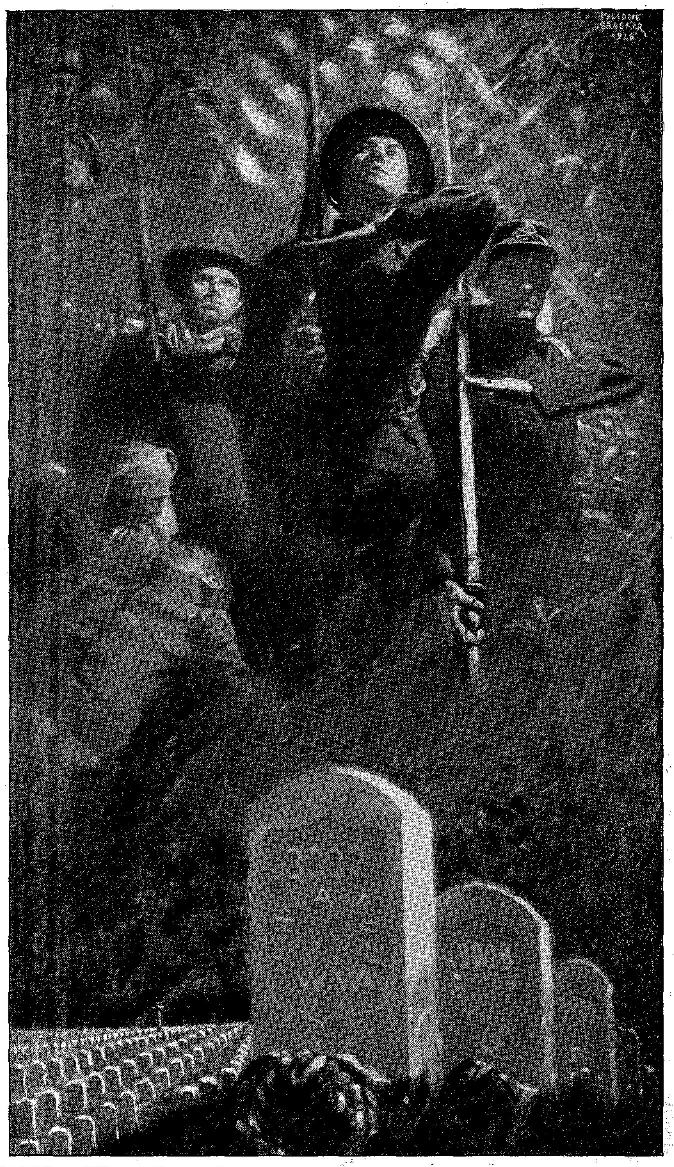
produced during the spring and summer. It is believed that the parents die after the spawning takes place. Between the nuptial migration in the fall and the return of the European elvers to fresh waters, years intervene, while the pelagic larval stage of the American eels terminates in about one year. By this second summer the infant European eel has reached the central Atlantic, and some time during his third summer he arrives off the coasts of the "old home" he has never seen. Here, attaining the elver stage, he swims up the water-courses in the spring—back to the little ponds and lakes where, when some future autumn comes, from five to twenty years hence, the whole strange, arduous ceremony will be begun again, and, hearing the inaudible call, the eels will take their invisible road to appointed regions of the sea.

THE ANT-PLAGUE IN JAMAICA

After reading the article on "white ants," quoted recently in these columns from *The Engineering News-Record,* Dr. S. H. Bartlett, a missionary in Jamaica, writes to The Digest as follows:

> I had not before known that these pests attack buildings in the States, tho I had a long experience there before coming as a missionary to Jamaica. But the writer of this article needs some further information about wood ants.
>
> Placing buildings on concrete foundations will not save them. I live next door to one of our churches. It is built of reenforced concrete to the eaves. In one of the angles of the wall I found a channel or runway of the termites, called here duck ants, built from the ground up the outside of the concrete wall to the woodwork of the roof. I destroyed this runway over and over again, and they rebuilt it working from both above and below till they met, but as the days went on I found they grew less expeditious and finally gave it up. But after a few weeks I found it rebult again. These ants are white, but seem to have enslaved another type of termite with black heads and brownish bodies, somewhat smaller than the white ants.
>
> These ants nest in trees. Their nests can be found everywhere, great bulky things, sometimes four or five feet long and half as broad. When I first came to Jamaica I had an interesting time with one of these nests. It was in a great Poinciana-tree just inside King's Gate, the gate to the Governor's mansion. I had to wait for a tram-car here almost daily. Every time I waited I destroyed the runways to this nest. Soon the lizards and the common black ants learned of it and took occasion to have a feast. The black ants, tho smaller, would pick up these termites and carry them off bodily. They would even run into the ends of the runways and attack the termites. In a few weeks the nest was deserted. Break up one of these nests and throw the pieces into your chicken park and the chickens have a fine feast upon the ants. Young chickens thrive upon them. Another sure way to kill the ants off is to mix calomel with sirup and dig a hole into the nest and pour it in. The termites eat it greedily and die. Then their fellows eat them and die and so on till a small portion finally exterminates the colony.
>
> But if you just tear up their nest, you may expect trouble. My associate missionary tore up a nest near his study. In a night they took possession of his desk, sealed all doors and drawers shut and moved in. His papers were in riddles and



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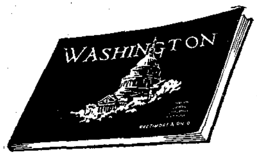

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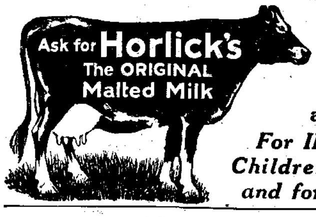

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BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES
Continued

books shredded when he, after much trouble, succeeded in opening the desk.

A Standard Oil man told me that in South America they made ant-proof houses by leaving a channel around all concrete columns so that oil could be kept to a little depth all round the column, and then let the steps be separated from the house a couple of inches. The ants will not cross a channel of oil.

But we have another type of termite here that is more difficult to fend against. Every spring at mating season they appear in endless quantities in the house, bearing wings. At first we thought they came in from without and tightly closed the windows, but the next morning their wings, which they had shed, were more than an inch deep on the window-sill. The termites were between the coverings of our beds, running over our table, in desks, everywhere. They burrow into the wood and live there. They need no contact with the ground. Their droppings, little dry pellets of wood, cover our beds and tables and floors. Creosote wood preservative is the only remedy, but even it protects only the wood treated, and we can not treat all the wood of our houses and have them livable. No wood is too hard for these ants. The woods that are distasteful to them are safe. Our native cedar is immune from ants, but the supply is very limited, and it costs more than imported lumber.

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"Wordsworth saw in the French Revolution a new error of happiness."

"The Magna Carta occurred in the reign of King John. The barons compelled him to sing it."

"Lack of indiscretion was Stephen's greatest personal enemy."

"Altho Henry was not outwardly offended with Cromwell, after he had made him a baronet he sent him to the block for being a nuisance."

"Wolsey was a great, daring and bold warrior. Some of his chief victories were the capture of Quebec, the battle of Waterloo and the battle of Trafalgar Square." (Student appears to have made the Cardinal a composite of Wolfe and Wellesley, with a dash of Nelson.)

After telling of the clash between Henry VIII and the Pope, one student concluded: "England was freed from the ecclesiastical jokes of the Pope"—the most amusing of which appear to have been his bulls.—*Boston Transcript.*

Add Traffic Perils.—JOAN—"Do you think short skirts are dangerous?"

JOHN—"Yes, I do."

JOAN—"To a girl's health?"

JOHN—"No, to mine. I hit two telephone poles driving my car in town to-day, while I was watching them."—*Allston Recorder.*

Bally Outsiders.—BROWN—"What broke up your country club?"

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Hors d' Oeuvres. Elaborate as well as simple forms. *Photos:* Shrimp Cocktail, Caviar in Lemon Basket, Tomato Suprême.

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Meats. How to prepare. What not to do. Fancy and plain cooking. How to carve. Diagrams: Cuts of Beef, Lamb, Veal, Pork.

Poultry. Schedule of time for cooking. How to prepare. Delicious dainty dishes of chicken, duck, turkey, pigeon, guinea hen. Also game. *Photo:* Proper Way to Hold Knife and Fork in Carving.

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THE POPE'S APPEAL TO MEN TO REFORM WOMEN'S DRESS

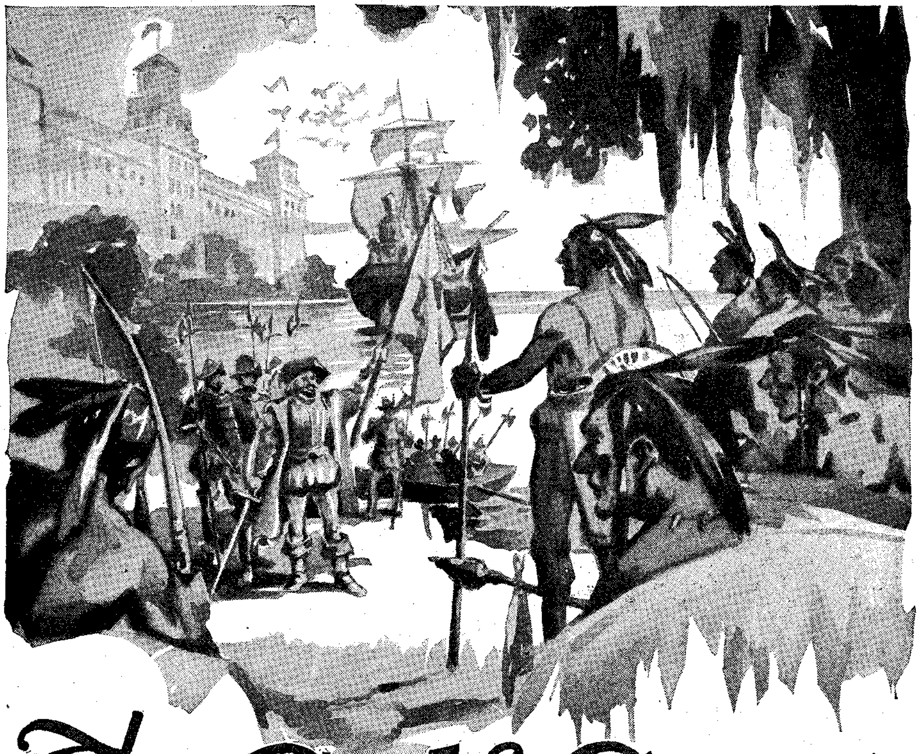
Continued from page 28

understand that the appeal for dress reform is in the interest of the weak of both sexes. We do not blame women for throwing off the oppressive forms of dress that prevailed in former times. But there is another extreme to be avoided. Methodist preachers are admonished to avoid both "antiquated singularity" and "fashionable foppishness" in the matter of dress. Women should avoid the two extremes of too much and too little in dress.

Catholic editors have preached constantly against the modern extremes of fashion, for, as *The Catholic Telegraph* of Cincinnati puts it, these extremes "destroy all sense of modesty and often incite to sin. They are certainly responsible for many of the crimes against girls and women that shock the world from time to time with their horrible details in the newspapers. They appeal to the sensual." Furthermore, asserts this paper, "no consistent Catholic woman would wear them, and if Catholic societies of women would enlist in the campaign against them, they would soon fade out of the scene." "No matter what the trend of fashion and society may be," believes *The Indiana Catholic* of Indianapolis, "the good Christian mother will always see to it that her daughter's apparel is within the bounds of decency. More than this," continues *The Indiana Catholic:*

> We believe the average Catholic girl who has been properly raised in school and home, will not be likely to be found among the offenders. In our opinion the Holy Father strest the matter on this particular occasion in order to stir men to set their faces against immodest dress as it prevails in the world round about them. If Catholic men and all Christian men showed that they discountenanced the tendency complained of, there is no doubt the effect would be salutary in a short time. It would also help the sale of a larger amount of dress goods to the average woman shopper.

The dictates of fashion, observes *The Catholic Citizen* of Milwaukee, seems to be more influential with the average Christian maid and matron than the counsels of religion. "And the concern seems to be not what we shall do for our girls, but what shall we do for our boys? One consoling thing," thinks this paper, "is that we get accustomed to things. After awhile we cease to be shocked. We stop taking notice. And then, perhaps, fashion changes." A more passionate protest against extreme décolleté comes from *Signs of the Times* (Seventh Day Adventist), which rejoins to the dictum that "to the pure all things are pure" its assertion that "the majority of men are not pure, and for them to see a woman arrayed in all the revealing suggestiveness of some styles now in vogue is only to inflame their imaginations and to engender their evil desires." And, says the Adventist paper:



The Gulf Coast
Has Always Been A Land of Sun Worshippers —

Four hundred and fifteen years ago Ponce de Leon's first glimpse of this wonderland showed the native Indians worshipping their Sun God, who was shedding his glorious rays of warmth, health and happiness. De Soto a quarter of a century later found the same reception as did La Salle in 1673, and finally Iberville, the founder of the Gulf Coast, when he made his historic landing at a point near Biloxi.

These native Indians, known as the Choctaws, the Biloxis, the Pensacolas and the Pascagoulas, were there in great numbers; and the early history of both their peaceable and war-time relationships with the Spanish, French and the English was woven around their appreciation of the health, strength and joy-giving properties of the sun.

Centuries have passed and the Gulf Coast is now studded with splendid modern hotels (where moderate prices prevail), old battle grounds have been turned into golf courses, and modern highways have replaced the Indian trails—but the sun still shines on the Gulf Coast nearly every day in the year. The climate is delightful and one can revel in the balmy air enjoying every outdoor sport at its finest, or visiting the historically-interesting sights, with which no other section of America is so richly endowed.

See your nearest ticket agent, or write R.D. Pusey, Gen. Pass. Agt., L. & N. R. R., Room 301, 9th and Broadway, Louisville, Ky., for a descriptive booklet about the Gulf Coast as a place to visit, a place to live and a place to prosper.

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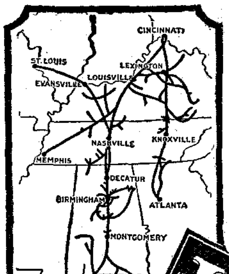

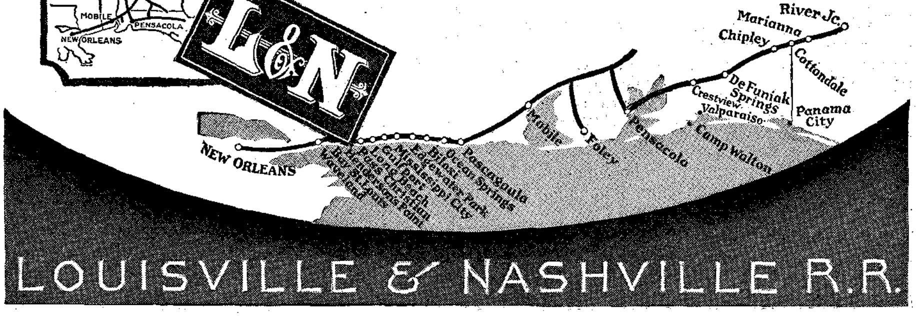

"Why Was I Fired?"

"I've worked my head off for them people!" exclaimed Jones to his wife. "Yet the very minute business gets slack, out I go!"

"AND THIS IS THE SECOND JOB YOU'VE LOST, DEAR," answered his wife sorrowfully. "We're surely up against hard luck."

A few hours before this conversation, Jones was himself the subject of a conversation between the business manager and his assistant.

"I don't like to let Jones go," the manager said. "Married man with a wife to support. But I simply must. He's willing enough and faithful, too. *But his English! You know how he talks, Bill.* Maybe he didn't go to school long enough—but if that's the case why doesn't he try to improve himself. After hearing him talk to customers and hearing him dictate letters I can understand why his sales record stands still. He's not a very big asset to the house and it would never do to advance him."

Don't Be a Job Hunter

And so, Jones, because he was careless in his use of English, like many another man and woman before him, not only fails to advance, but is ACTUALLY REDUCED TO A JOB-HUNTING STATE—a condition he would never have reached if he had spent a few minutes of his spare time every day in improving his speech by a little study.

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THE POPE'S APPEAL TO MEN TO REFORM WOMEN'S DRESS

Continued

It is deplorable that many men have only such moral standards as the women insist upon, but it is nevertheless true. Every woman should recognize this fact, and order her deportment and her attire accordingly. It is within the power of woman to lift some men to heaven or cast them into hell; and God will hold her accountable for her influence.

There is a trinity of evil powers abroad in the world to-day, and all of them are hell bent: Salacious literature, which has so amazingly increased in volume and daring since the war; the motion-picture, with its erotic themes and eternally warring triangles; and the lowered moral standards of women as revealed in their dress, or lack of it, their increasing use of the cigaret, and their promiscuous familiarities with the men, as in "necking" and "petting" parties.

These three are increasingly with us, and they mean deterioration and destruction of a Christian society and civilization. Unless they are checked, our history will parallel Rome and those other nations of history whose lust and passion sent them with their wine, women, and song to the gates of hell and oblivion.

Of course there are women who do not follow the extremes, and there are thousands, observes *The Baptist* of Chicago, "whose sense of nobility, dignity, modesty, decency and other proprieties may be matched with that of the Pope, and who are as quick as he to detect moral danger. They follow with discrimination the prevailing fashions in dress. They dignify and ennoble the clothes they wear." If, however, we are told, the Pope refers to those women who, however clad, skirt the edge of moral catastrophe, "we wish him success. Any costume that accents the presence of such a woman is, of course, of the devil. On this ground the Pope's protest is probably timely." The only way extreme styles can be corrected, says the Cincinnati *Christian Leader* (Disciples) is to have respectable people dress modestly. "Then the indecency, which is sometimes almost nudity, will be made to stand out in its obscene and disgusting character and the sense of shame may drive some of them to cover."

And now for those who do not see a temptress in the modern daughter of Eve, or any increase in immodesty since woman began making a little silk go a long way, to put it paradoxically. In the opinion of the Boston *Christian Leader* (Universalist) there is about the same proportion of immodest women there has been for some generations—no more immodest in short skirts than in long. As this Universalist weekly sees it:

> Their immodesty is not due to their dress but to their souls. Women's dress is evolving, now slow, now fast, now directed by a coterie of fashionable dressmakers, then again freeing itself, but always in the direction of that freedom of movement which means efficiency, health, and happiness.

Along the way we will find the freakish and bizarre, the suggestive and degrading, but these are incidental.

One can not safely assume that swathing, wrapping or bandaging the human form is moral and its uncovering immoral. The thing goes far deeper than that. "Blessed are the pure in heart," was the key to the riddle nineteen centuries ago and is now. Toward that high ideal we must slowly climb, and the Pope, priests, and ministers of every degree must help us.

We sympathize deeply with the high moral purpose of the Holy Father. But we fear that he does not know well a good-sized fraction of humanity or he would not call on husbands, fathers, brothers to issue orders to that fraction.

With clear conviction, knowing whereof we speak, we affirm that no man, Pope or humble layman, is eligible to tell women what to do. It takes a woman to do that.

In similar vein, *The Presbyterian Advance* of Nashville believes it futile to discuss women's dress. They "will wear what they want to wear—even if their wills are turned out at wholesale from tailor shops." And without desiring to defend the present styles, "tho they are obviously far more sensible than fashions which convert women into strait-jacketed street-sweepers," the Nashville weekly says this:

> The present styles are neither "irreverent" nor "immoral," these being denunciatory terms said to have been used by the Pope. It is high time that we learned the truth taught so plainly in Scripture—that the issues of life have nothing in particular to do with either elbows or knees but are "out of the heart." A woman—or a man either—can be pure and modest, reverent and moral, regardless of the apparel of the body, and if there isn't "a clean heart and a right spirit" within, all of the clothing in the world can not make up for the lack.

Nor can any sort of legislation effect reform in woman's dress, thinks the Chicago *Northwestern Christian Advocate* (Methodist), saying that laws have been tried, "not only in certain recent American legislation, but by some law-making body or other in every generation since laws were first invented. And Mrs. Partington," says this member of the *Advocate* family, "putting her broom against the Atlantic, was a marvel of conservative effectiveness alongside those who think by law to lengthen or shorten, narrow or widen, the garments which women wear, or to add or subtract a thread of them." *The Lutheran*, of Philadelphia, would not "hazard a classification of the fair sex on the basis of their wearing apparel." Furthermore, says *The Lutheran:*

> One must give weight to the testimony of numerous leading women in America, who claim on the basis of direct investigations that even flappers have a moral code that is not lewd. The environment of women engaged in wage earning roughens their expressions and exposes them to contacts that make ignorance and even reticence on many subjects impossible, but dress styles are claimed to rest on "comfort" rather than employment. Probably many factors determine what is proper.

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INVESTMENTS ▾ AND ▾ FINANCE

WHO BUYS FOREIGN BONDS—AND WHY?

"THE AMERICAN DOLLAR is becoming the mainstay of world finance, both public and private," comments Dr. Max Winkler, Vice-President of Moody's Investors Service, as he calls attention to the fact that American foreign investments last year totaled $1,906,705,101, and that our total investments abroad at the end of 1926 had reached the impressive total of more than $13,000,000,000. The Commerce Department calculates that the value of foreign securities sold in the United States during the twelve months of 1926 was $1,354,824,670, or about 6 per cent. greater than the sales of 1925. It will be noticed that this sum is somewhat smaller than the one stated by Dr. Winkler, but his total of nearly $2,000,000,000 includes not only new securities offered for public subscription, but issues placed privately with American investors, direct American purchasers of foreign property not involving the public offering of securities, the acquisition of foreign securities already outstanding, and the purchase of foreign internal issues. Publication of these facts lends a special interest to the attempt Dwight W. Morrow makes in the current *Foreign Affairs* to tell just what section of our population buys these bonds and why these people invest their savings in such securities. Before citing any of Mr. Morrow's conclusions we may quote Dr. Winkler's observations on our new position as the money-lending nation of the world:

> Just as the Napoleonic wars brought about a transfer of the financial hegemony of the Netherlands to London, the World War appears to have been responsible for the shifting, for the time being at least, of the financial supremacy from the classic center of finance to New York. Whether we shall succeed in getting the leadership away from London permanently, time alone can tell. The unprecedented flow of American capital to foreign countries bankrupt by the war is not, I dare say, the result of superior knowledge of or greater familiarity with international problems, but was brought about rather by the immense developments of our resources and the enormous accumulation of gold, combined with the exhaustion of Europe and the destruction of working capital in the Old World.
>
> The successful functioning of the League of Nations, the going into effect of the Locarno Treaties and the politico-economic rapprochement between France and Germany will doubtless create a feeling of security among investors, and the export of American capital during the coming year is not likely to be interrupted.

According to this statistical authority, our foreign investments at the end of 1926, and earlier were distributed as follows:

	1926	*1925*	*1913*
Canada	$3,515,000,000	$3,027,000,000	$750,000,000
Europe	3,837,600,000	3,025,000,000	350,000,000
Latin America	4,814,000,000	4,306,000,000	1,300,000,000
Miscellaneous	1,086,000,000	998,000,000	225,000,000
Total	$13,252,600,000	$11,356,000,000	$2,625,000,000

Our attention is called to the fact that:

> Of the total net amount exported abroad in 1926, about 43 per cent. or $812,632,980 went to Europe, borrowing on behalf of corporations amounting to $537,920,230, the balance representing securities sold in behalf of governments, states and municipalities.
>
> German borrowing accounts for $435,856,300, or 23 per cent. of the total, and about 54.5 per cent. of total for the whole of Europe. Government, State and municipal loans show a slight decrease from the 1925 total, amounting to $87,460,750, as compared with $94,514,000 in 1925; loans floated or credits established on behalf of German corporations, totaled $348,395,550, against $203,229,500 in 1925.
>
> Canadian borrowing during 1926 constitutes about 26 per cent. of the total. South America accounts for $402,688,920, followed by Central America with $115,341,880. An interesting feature of Latin-American financing during 1926 is the trend of American capital into South and Central American enterprises, especially to companies engaged in the production of raw materials.

The most striking contrast between 1925 and 1926 in this connection, in the opinion of the New York *Herald Tribune*, "is the substantial decline in the number of new issues coming out of Europe and the counter-balancing increase in loans to Latin America." This is found "interesting both as an indication of Europe's growing ability to finance herself and as evidence of the growing importance of South and Central America as an outlet for American funds."

So much for what is done with our money. The extent of this investment gives point to the three questions put by the distinguished member of the firm of J. P. Morgan and Company: Who buy these bonds? Why do they buy them? What do they get when they have bought them? The Morgan firm, which has managed the flotation of a number of the most important foreign issues here, has made several analyses to find out who the ultimate consumers of the bonds may be. In 1926 it made inquiries about the sales of twenty-four investment houses which retailed about 25 per cent. of five large foreign loans aggregating $380,000,000. "These loans were offered to the American public within the past three and one-half years: the $25,000,000 Austrian 7's in June, 1923, the $150,000,000 Japanese 6½'s in February, 1924, the $110,000,000 German 7's in October, 1924, the $45,000,000 Argentine 6's in June, 1925, and the $50,000,000 Belgian 7's in June, 1925." On the basis of the sales made by the twenty-four houses and assuming that their sales constituted an adequate sample, says Mr. Morrow in the *Foreign Affairs* article, these five foreign issues were distributed as follows:

Name of Issue	*Indicated Total Number of Buyers*	*Indicated Average Amount Of Each Sale*
Austrian 7's	8,350	$2,944
Japanese 6½'s	38,412	3,905
German 7's	34,440	3,194
Argentine 6's	10,381	4,335
Belgian 7's	13,130	3,808

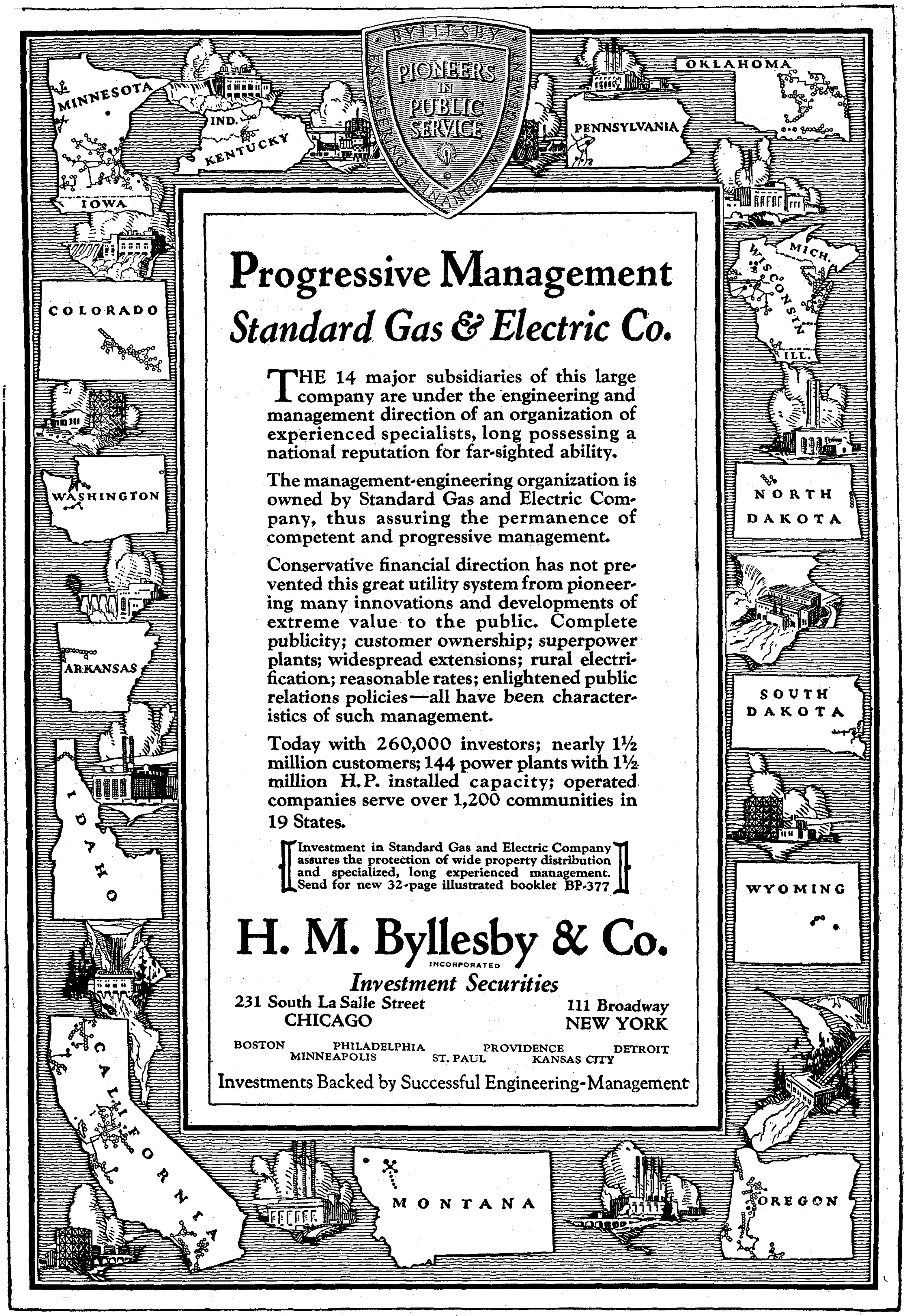
From these figures, says Mr. Morrow, it will be seen that:

> From 80 to 90 per cent. of the number of sales in the case of each issue were made to investors whose purchases were limited to $5,000 or less. Only from 3 to 5 per cent. of the number of sales for each issue were made in amounts over $10,000. It is clear that in number the large investors were relatively unimportant.

Of course, he continues, the small investor is more important in respect to the total number of buyers than to the aggregate amount of sales. So Mr. Morrow does a little more figuring to show what proportion of the bonds subscribed were taken by the small purchaser:

Name of Issue	*Per cent. of the Total Number of Buyers who took $5,000 or less*	*Per cent. of the Total Amount of the Issue Purchased by Buyers who took $5,000 or less*
Austrian 7's	90.1%	62.9%
Japanese 6½'s	88.4%	44.2%
German 7's	90.9%	53.6%
Argentine 6's	79.4%	42.7%
Belgian 7's	86.6%	51.4%

From these figures Mr. Morrow thinks it reasonable to conclude at least that "more than 85 per cent. of the people who bought these foreign bonds purchased them in small amounts ranging from $100 to $5,000, and that approximately 50 per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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Continued

cent. of the total amount of these foreign issues was purchased by these small investors." Then—

> The answer to the question about who buys foreign bonds is clear. The purchasers are people all over the United States who are investing their savings. If the investment in these bonds is helping American foreign trade, it is this saver of money who should be thanked. If the investment in these bonds is helping the restoration of the rest of the world to a normal condition, it is this saver of money who is entitled to the credit.

Now comes Mr. Morrow's second question—"Why did these people lend money to Austria, or Japan, or Germany, or Argentina, or Belgium?" Of course sentiment plays some part, we are told—

> Many men in this country bought German bonds, after the successful launching of the Dawes plan, not only because the interest rate was attractive and the principal seemed secure, but because they felt that they were thus associating themselves in a fine venture to help Europe back on her feet. But after all proper weight is given to such considerations as these, the question of safety of principal and of interest, and the attractiveness of the rate of interest, remain the considerations uppermost in the mind of a man who has done without the present use of his own money and is investing that money in order to protect the future of himself and family.

But, then, "how does the man in the Middle West who responds to an invitation from his investment banker to buy an Austrian or Japanese bond, know that his investment is safe?" If the investor should be asked this question, Mr. Morrow thinks that he would "put in the very forefront of his reasons for making the investment the fact that he had confidence in the banker who offered him the investment." Now comes the final question, "What does an investor get when he buys a foreign bond?" Of course, all he apparently gets for his money is a promise and that a "promise of a group of people associated together on the other side of the earth," and indeed, "a promise designed to be kept by the children of men now living." But in view of the fact that our whole civilized world to-day is run on the basis of a belief in promises, "when one says that the purchaser of a foreign bond has nothing *more* than a promise, the answer can be made in all seriousness that he has nothing *less* than a promise." Mr. Morrow writes at some length to show that he does not believe in the collection of government loans by armed force. Then he concludes:

> Loans are made to foreign governments in reliance upon the capacity and the good faith of those governments. The intelligent investor recognizes that in the long run a Government which defaults upon its obligations hurts itself even more than it hurts its creditors. Even in cases where specific taxes or customs are allocated for the service of a loan, the main reliance of the creditor must be upon the desire of the debtor Government to maintain the particular revenues and keep them available. Even when a foreign expert is placed in charge of revenues, the arrangement is helpful only when made with the hearty concurrence of the debtor Government, and with the belief and expectation on the part of the debtor Government that the fiscal arrangement will rebound to its own advantage.
>
> If the foregoing be true, how safe are these investments? To my mind that inquiry is much the same as an inquiry as to the safety of a domestic bond. Some domestic bonds turn out to be good and some turn out to be worthless. There is no reason to expect that it will be otherwise with foreign bonds. Those nations who are borrowing in America because they actually need the money for a constructive purpose; who have a solidarity of national feeling and a sense of the meaning and the value of national credit; who are not incurring obligations beyond what may fairly be considered their capacity to handle—all those nations may be expected to pay their debts.

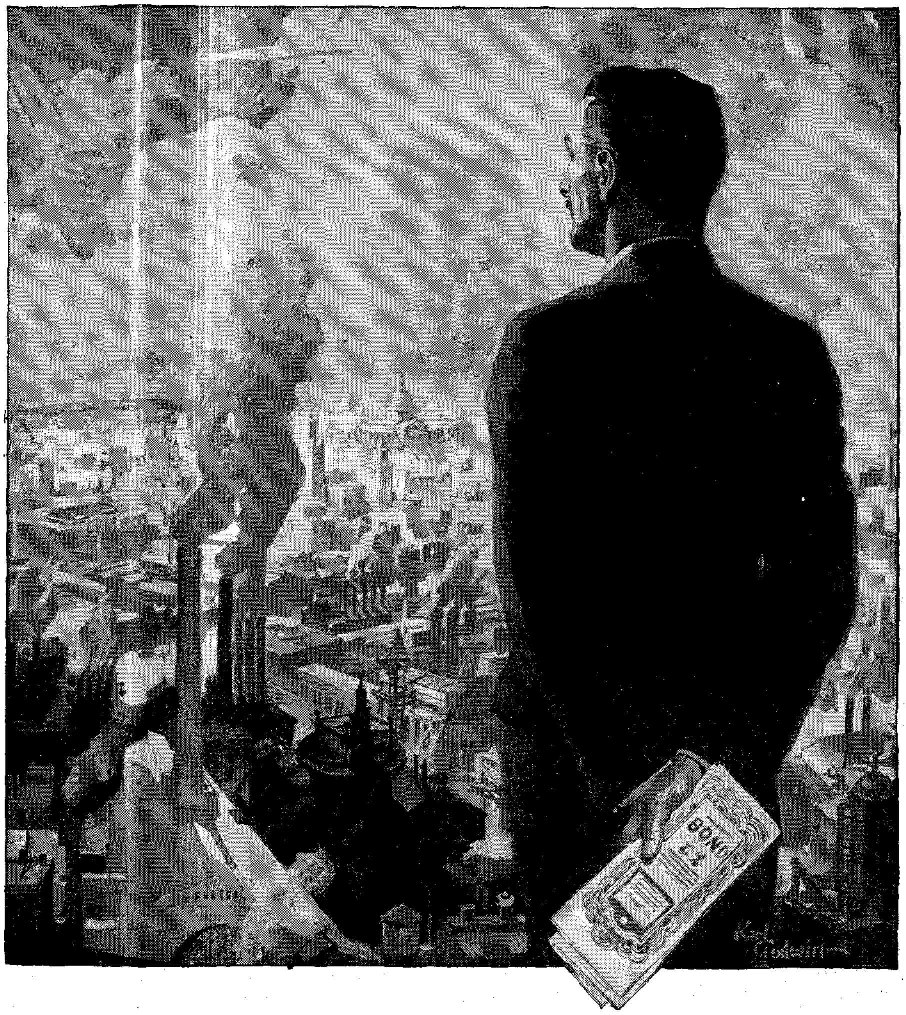
Still another pertinent question with regard to our enormous absorption of foreign securities is raised by the New York *Journal of Commerce:* "What is the value to this country of funds and other assets that must remain abroad, that can not be brought home for the enjoyment or benefit of those in this country who put them up and who have no desire to dwell or even go to the countries where their capital is at work?" That such investment is distinctly worth while is the answer made by this daily:

> Great Britain, France and some other countries found it very helpful to be in the possession of such assets at the outbreak of the war, and for that matter constantly find it much to their advantage from day to day at the present time. Indeed the fact is now fairly plain that Great Britain is being able to maintain itself in a position of solvency despite heavy liabilities to this country largely by reason of its possession of valuable property abroad. Should we ever find ourselves in a position of serious international difficulty, when we could not easily maintain our export trade at normal levels, our foreign investments, assuming that they are sound and productive, might easily make all the difference between life and death. In any case, the time presumably will come, many years from now, when we shall have so increased in population density in relation to our domestic productivity that foreign holdings will be more than useful.
>
> Meantime it is not to be forgotten that under any wise and well-managed foreign investment policy and practise, individuals by and large are able to "cash in" on their earnings on foreign investments and even on the investments themselves if, when, and as need requires. This, of course, is possible as a result of the presence within the country of investors who are regularly willing to send abroad what others need to bring home, or the equivalent of it. Relative liquidity from the standpoint of the individual investor and relative fixity viewed from the national standpoint are the leading characteristics of foreign investment. Without question these investments are well worth-while provided they are well and wisely made and do not grow too heavy in relation to home conditions.

AMERICAN INDUSTRY IN SHANGHAI

As the Cantonese armies approach Shanghai, it is interesting to be reminded that American business interests have a great deal at stake in that commercial metropolis of China. Writing in *Commerce Reports*, our Consul-General at Shanghai says that when we speak of our trade with that city we think in terms of American import and export houses dealing with trade between China and America. But he points out that Americans in the city itself are engaged in important industrial activities of various kinds. "The aggregate capitalization of these undertakings totals several million dollars, and, in addition to the American executive staff, they employ about 3,000 Chinese workmen." The following facts are then noted:

> Perhaps the largest American enterprise in Shanghai is tobacco manufacture. At present there are two purely American cigaret factories in the city, in addition to those of a joint British-American company. These two factories have a combined capitalization of approximately $1,250,000 and employ about 1,560 Chinese. Another important American establishment is a branch of a large New York electrical company which manufactures incandescent bulbs, glassware for lighting purposes, and porcelain wiring devices. The local capitalization of this company totals nearly $1,000,000, and gives employment to about 240 Chinese workmen. There is also in Shanghai a very modern American-owned factory, capitalized at $1,000,000, which specializes in the manufacture of telephone, telegraph, and kindred materials.
>
> One of the most modern American undertakings in Shanghai is a fiber-container plant. It has a capitalization of $125,000, and employs about sixty Chinese operatives.
>
> Shanghai, moreover, has a sanitary engineering and plumbing company owned by Americans, which has facilities for the manufacture of cast-iron pipes and sinks, pipe fittings, and special castings; acetylene welding of steel tanks; and the fabrication of vitriolite. This company is capitalized at $75,000 and employs fifty men.
>
> The United States can claim one tannery, capital about $60,000, engaged in the production of sole and kid leather. There is also a small leather-goods factory.
>
> As a result of the predominance of American automotive products, Shanghai has a number of American-owned motor-car agencies and repair shops.
>
> An American drug-store, capitalized at $500,000, operates a factory for the production, on a large scale, of pharmaceuticals and cosmetics. It employs approximately 130 Chinese operatives.
>
> Another American concern, capitalized at $500,000, operates a sawmill.
>
> Shanghai boasts of six American periodicals, altho only one has its own printing-plant. There is also an American motion-picture studio, controlled by Chinese who are American citizens.
>
> One of the large American oil companies operates four factories engaged, respectively, in making tin containers for kerosene, founts, lamps, lamp-chimneys, and lamp-burners. It also operates a candle-making factory. Other American undertakings include a bakery, two optical shops, a can factory, a tailor shop, and a woodworking and dry-kiln plant.



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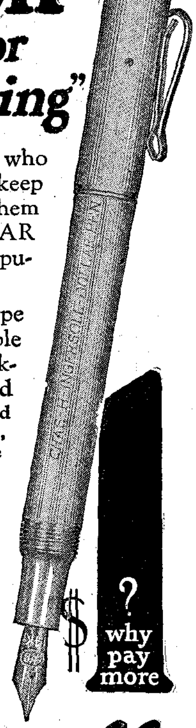

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CURRENT EVENTS

FOREIGN

January 12.—The Mexican Government charges, and the Secretary of the Catholic Episcopate denies, that the Episcopate is responsible for the revolts in various parts of Mexico, in which eighty-nine men are reported killed.

Dr. Juan Sacasa, head of the Liberal government in Nicaragua, states to the Associated Press that he has no agreement with Mexico or any other Government, that no Mexican officers fight in his army, and that he bought arms first from the United States.

The American authorities order missionaries to leave some places in Fukien, China, and to prepare for immediate departure from other places in that province.

January 14.—Dr. Julius Curtius informs President von Hindenburg of Germany that he is unable to form a Cabinet, the Centrist party having decided against cooperation.

January 15.—The Mexican Government announces the seizure of fourteen more pieces of Catholic property alleged to have been abandoned by priests; but denies that any Catholic priest has been executed in Mexico City.

Three planes of the Pan-American good-will flight around South America visit Managua, capital of Nicaragua, and take off for Punta Arenas, Costa Rica.

January 16.—Four American oil companies apply for an injunction in the Mexican courts to protect property rights threatened under the new oil laws.

January 17.—Anti-Christian mobs throng the streets of Foochow, China, maltreat foreign missionaries, and sack churches and missions.

More than 100 rebels are reported killed by the Federal troops near Tehapitan, State of Jalisco, Mexico.

President Diaz of Nicaragua informs the Associated Press that he can not accept the offer of mediation between his government and the Liberals, made by President Jimenez of Costa Rica, alleging that the latter is already prejudiced against the Diaz régime.

The Russian Soviet Government denies Secretary of State Kellogg's charges that it regards Latin America, and particularly Mexico, as a base for Communist activity against the United States.

DOMESTIC

January 12.—Commissioner of Baseball Landis completely exonerates twenty-one baseball stars charged by Charles Risberg and Harold Gandil with buying four games from the Detroit Tigers for the Chicago White Sox in 1917.

The Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce reports unfavorably, 8 to 6, on the confirmation of former Ambassador Cyrus E. Woods of Pennsylvania, nominee for the Interstate Commerce Commission.

Secretary of State Kellogg informs the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate that Bolshevik leaders are using Mexico and Latin America as bases of activity against the United States.

The House Appropriations Committee votes to increase the Army by 3,750 men, to a total of 118,750.

January 13.—Wholesale corruption of the members of the New York police force by the Communists active in the recent strike of the New York Fur Workers' Union is charged in the report of the investigating committee of the American Federation of Labor.

Senator Borah attacks the Administration's policy in Nicaragua and proposes that the controversy between the United States and Mexico over the Mexican land laws be submitted to arbitration.

The McNary-Haugen farm-relief bill, with its equalization fee feature, is approved by the House Agricultural Committee, 13 to 8.

January 14.—Senator La Follette criticizes Secretary of State Kellogg for issuing "a fishy piece of propaganda" against Mexico in the Secretary's statement before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, and terms the United States' course in Nicaragua unjustifiable. Representative Eaton defends the Administration's policy, and asks whether his fellow Representatives stand for the "President of the United States or the President of Mexico"?

January 15.—The Supreme Court of Tennessee upholds the constitutionality of the State law forbidding the teaching of the theory of evolution in tax-supported schools, but at the same time reverses the judgment against Prof. John T. Scopes, who was convicted of violating the law.

The House Naval Affairs Committee approves the elevation of turret guns on all the battle-ships, and says that it is permissible under the naval armaments treaty.

President Coolidge designates the period between January 31 and February 7 as a time during which effort should be made to inform all veterans of the World War of the right they have to reinstate lapsed insurance and to convert it into United States Government life insurance.

January 16.—George Young, seventeen-year-old youth of Toronto, Canada, is the only finisher in the field of 102 entrants for the marathon swim across the San Pedro Channel from Santa Catalina Island, California, to the mainland, making the distance in 15 hours and 45 minutes.

January 17.—Peru rejects Secretary of State Kellogg's proposal that Tacna and Arica be ceded to Bolivia to end the dispute between Chile and Peru over those provinces, according to a memorandum delivered to the State Department.

The Senate Appropriations Committee orders the naval appropriation bill reported, with provision for beginning construction on three additional scout cruisers.

January 18.—Daniel J. Moody is inaugurated as Governor of Texas, succeeding Miriam A. Ferguson, the first woman Governor of the country.

The Senate fails to ratify the Lausanne Treaty with Turkey, 50 to 34, a two-thirds vote being necessary to carry.

Senator Robinson of Arkansas offers a resolution by which the Senate would approve the submission of the dispute with Mexico to arbitration, and Secretary Kellogg announces approval of the plan.

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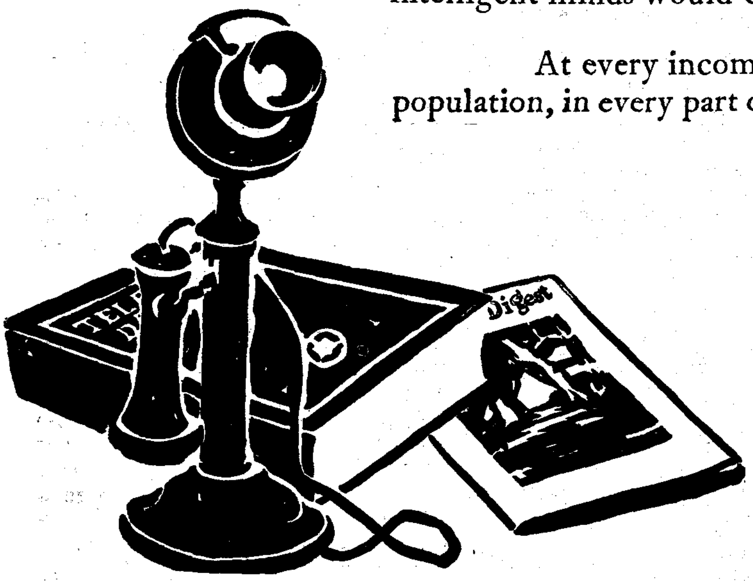


—the most alert of the alert.

(*Adv.*)

THE SPICE OF LIFE

Call Again.—Too much of the talking that money says to most of us is, "Good-by."—*Arkansas Gazette.*

Waterproof Justice.—
JUDGE KILLITS WILL SIT IN
RUBBER CASE
—*Toledo Blade.*

Climbing Higher.—"So your wife is determined to move. What's her idea?"

"She's convinced that she can keep up with a more rapid bunch of neighbors."—*Boston Transcript.*

Feeling His Oats.—Rabbi Herman Hofstadter will read services and speak on "But Jeseurum waxed fat and kicked Denteranamy" Chapter 32:15.—*Tarrytown paper.*

Where Only Man is Vile.—VISITOR—"How does the land lie out this way?"

NATIVE—"It ain't the land that lies; it's the real-estate agents."—*Good Hardware.*

Roadside Tinker.—BROWN—"I hear Jones is letting the rest of the world go by."

GREENE—"Retired, eh?"

BROWN—"No, bought a used car."—*Allston Recorder.*

No Questions Asked.—LOST—On Tuesday night, a chicken dinner somewhere between Christenson Street and the Rubber City bowling alleys. Please return to Henry Lerch.—*Connecticut paper.*

Bantams That Don't Bant.—The guy who named small change "chicken feed" evidently never took a girl out to supper.—*Judge.*

Vanishing Miracle.—TILLIE—"What would you call a man who hid behind a woman's skirts?"

WILLIE—"A magician."—*Awgwan.*

"Who Beat?"—"Every American is interested in some kind of game," the European visitor observed. "One can always safely begin a conversation by asking, 'What was the score?' "—*Life.*

Good-by, Maiden Blushes.—JOSH—"Where is the old-fashioned girl who used to hang mistletoe in the front room and blush shyly when kissed?"

HIRAM—"Oh, she's put a parking light on her roadster now."—*Allston Recorder.*

Prefers the Simple Life.—MIKE—"I got one of those suits with two pairs of pants."

GUS—"How do you like it?"

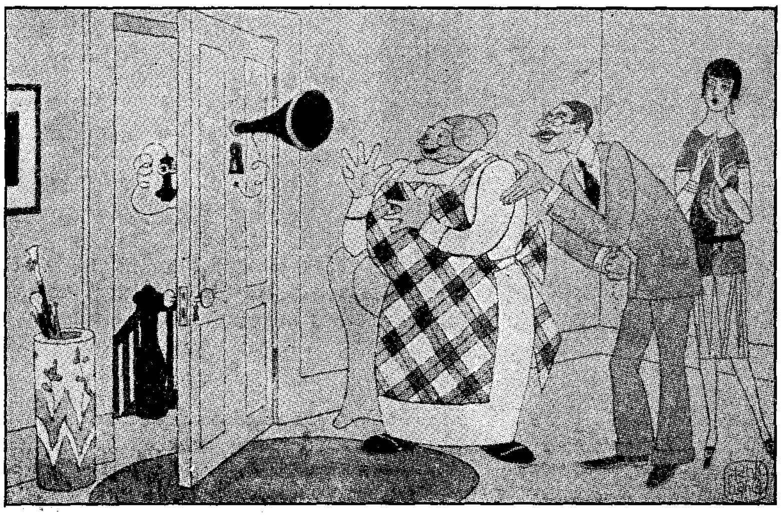
MIKE—"Not so well. It's too hot wearing two pairs of pants."—*Chicago Tribune.*

At the Zoo.—"That's a new one on me," said th[illegible]onkey as he scratched his back.—*Widow.*

Regrets or Congratulations.—Some nice hogs have been killed here in the past week.—*Lenior (N. C.) paper.*

Drawing the Long Bow.—MAN (to wife who has had twins)—"Will you never get over the habit of exaggerating?"—*Chanticleer.*

Might Go to His Head.—Undoubtedly personal liberty is a good thing, but we don't like to ride with a driver who is full of it.—*Dallas News.*



"See, Hulda, your Christmas present. We want you to be contented here. We've had a keyhole made so you won't have to bend down to peek in, and earphones to help you hear what we're talking about. —*Judge.*

Can You Blame Him?—A soapy dishrag, slapped across the face of a burglar by a housewife in Indianapolis, Indiana, recently, put him to fight.—*Iowa paper.*

A Tall Match.—HESHE—"Did you hear about the wooden wedding?"

SHEHE—"I'll bite."

HESHE—"Two Poles were married."—*Blue Jay.*

Anti-Freeze Excesses.—The association went on record as being in favor of a law providing for taking away the license from drivers of motor-vehicles found drunk for a period of one year.—*South Dakota paper.*

The Psychological Spot.—
'Tis done beneath the mistletoe,
'Tis done "beneath the rose,"
But the proper place to kiss, you know.
Is just beneath the nose.
—*Boston Transcript.*

The Whole Hog (So to Speak).—"Statistics show," declared the bespectacled woman lecturer, "that the modern, common-sense style of woman's dress has reduced accidents on the street-cars by 50 per cent."

"Why not do away with accidents altogether?" piped a masculine voice from the rear of the hall.—*Life.*

Fraternity House Problem.—"Is this dance formal, or can I wear my own clothes?"—*Carnegie Puppet.*

Some Angel in Trouble?—WINGS and one tooth lost somewhere on main road somewhere between Dryden and McGraw.—*Cortland (N. Y.) paper.*

Past the Vanishing-Point.—Arrests of pickpockets throughout this area during the last two weeks have been 150 per cent. fewer than during the same period last year.—*New York Times.*

Wise Virgin.—HOSTESS—"What's the idea of bringing two boy friends with you?"

GUEST—"Oh, I always carry a spare."—*Life.*

Let 'Em Rip.—"How do you tune these jazz instruments?"

"You don't."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Many Did.—
HAVE YOUR
INTERIOR PAINTED
FOR CHRISTMAS
—*Ad in a Pennsylvania paper.*

Razzing Fido.—"Are you sure it was a marriage license you gave me last month?"

"Certainly, sir; why?"

"Because I've led a dog's life ever since."—*Columbia Jester.*

No End of Eats.—Beginning next Wednesday night, and continuing throughout January, a supper will be served at the Underwood Memorial Baptist Church.—*Wisconsin paper.*

Wholesale Spanking.—"Herod had such word," said Jared, "and sent forth men to slap the babes in Bethlehem."—*Serial story in the Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Nize Baby.—The motion-picture story of the week concerns a producer who has recently imported an alien star.

"She's a nize girl," he announced, "and I'm gonna loin her English."—*The New Yorker.*

Piccadilly Busy.—"This talk about getting London is a —— lie!" shouted Amos Q. Pipp as he broke out of a telephone booth at the Battery, an exasperated wreck, this morning. "I KNOW! . . . I've been trying for two hours to get Brooklyn!"—*H. I. Phillips in The New York Sun.*

A Flier in Meteorology.—HARDWARE CLERK (to lucky stockbroker)—"I suppose you've pulled off any amount of good things lately?"

THE STOCKBROKER—"I picked up a good thing recently. It stood at 44 when I discovered it, and last week it touched 78."

"Good heavens! What was it?"

"A thermometer."—*Good Hardware.*